THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAY 13, 1922

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Vol. 194, No. 46. Published weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

H. H. KOHLSAAT—ROLAND PERTWEE—THOMAS BEER—AUGUSTUS THOMAS
ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE—JAMES H. COLLINS—JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

2 TRUCK TIRES in One

The nationwide topic of talk among owners and drivers of trucks—
THE GOODRICH SEMI-PNEUMATIC.

The *solid* tire with the *air chamber* center. *Two* truck tires in *one, solid* combined with *pneumatic. Air space* where you need it; *solid rubber* where you must have it.

To see Goodrich Semi-Pneumatics at work on a truck is to know them at once for the greatest contribution to the truck in years.

Think of it. All the *puncture-proof*, heavy-duty *durability* of solids with none of their drawbacks.

Most of the smooth-running, easy-riding resilience of pneumatics, yet none of their risks. Semi-Pneumatics multiply the work *one* truck can do—the amount of work and the variety of it.

[Write for the full story of the tire that is revolutionizing old ideas of truck service. Ask for our booklet, "Two Truck Tires In One."]

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Goodrich Semi-Pneumatic TRUCK TIRE

The Solid Tire with the Air Chamber Center fits any S. A. E. standard wheel. No special wheel equipment. No flanges. No bolts. No extra costs. Applied by any Goodrich Distributor with a hydraulic press the same as solid tires. Just as quick and easy. There are Goodrich Distributors in all large cities and truck centers, and their friendly, efficient co-operation is a vital service in keeping your truck at work.

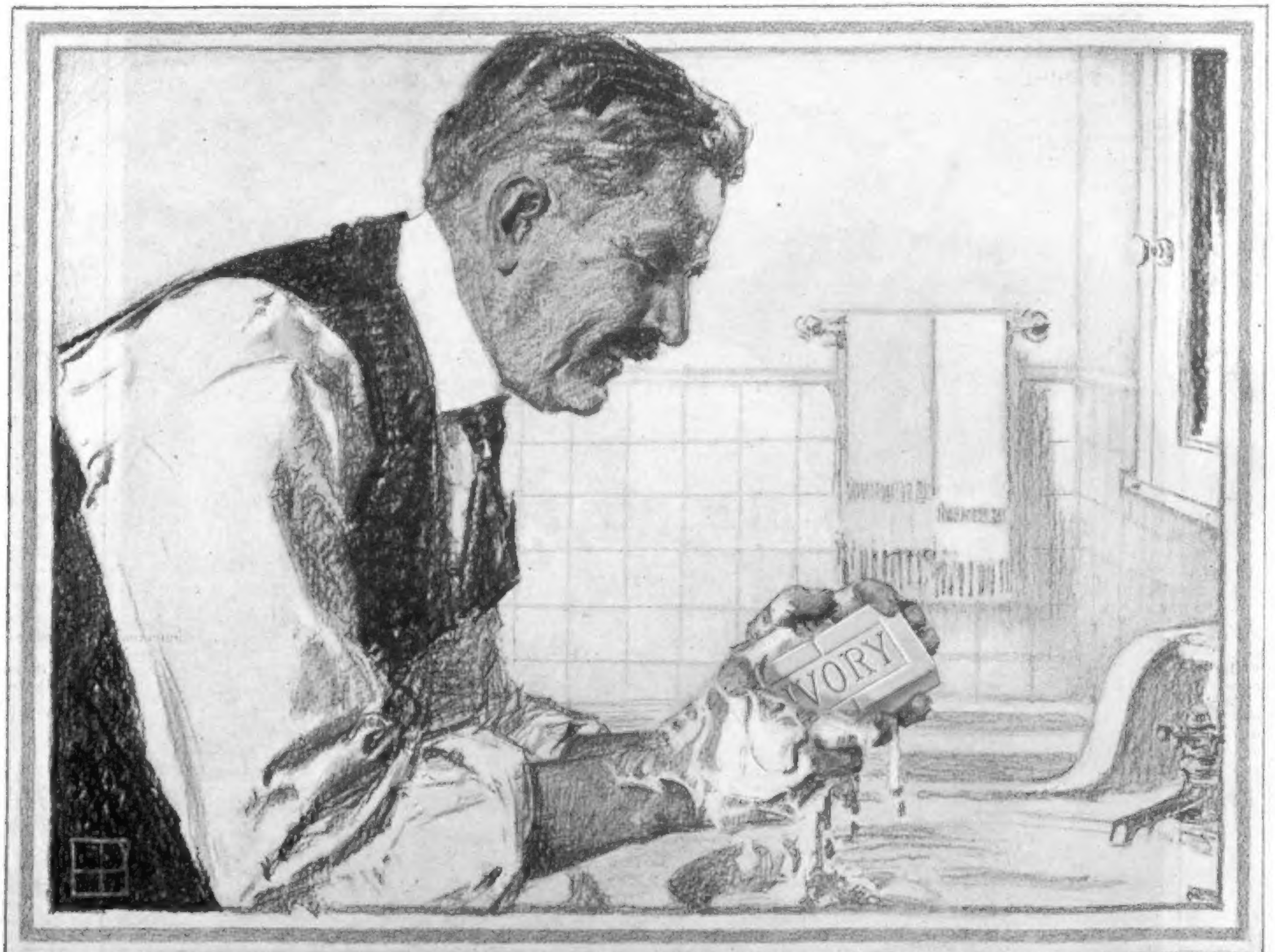
Society Brand Clothes

For YOUNG MEN
and
MEN WHO
STAY YOUNG

There's a certain style in clothes in which you look particularly well, and that looks particularly well on you. That's what style means.

In Society Brand Clothes for Spring you'll find *your* style—there's variety to match the difference in men.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS, CHICAGO, NEW YORK · IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LIMITED, MONTREAL



COPYRIGHT 1922 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory.

HOW can you decide whether the soap you are using is the best to be had? Though its virtues be suggested in the pictures of pretty faces and extolled in claims almost impossible of fulfillment, the practical man—or woman—determines the *real* worth of a soap by asking these simple questions:

1—Does it lather abundantly?
2—Does it rinse easily?
3—Does it feel mild?
4—Has it the purity to insure perfect safety?
5—Has it the whiteness that indicates highgrade ingredients?
6—Has it the unobtrusive fragrance that refined people prefer?
7—Does it float?

If you must answer "No" to any of these questions, you are not enjoying the greatest possible satisfaction that soap can give.

If your answer is an unqualified "Yes", you undoubtedly are a user of Ivory Soap. All seven of the fundamental qualities that soap should have are developed to so high a degree in Ivory that its superiorities are an open book to its millions of users. They *know* that Ivory is as nearly perfect as soap can be, and they are given fresh proof of it every time they use it for toilet, bath, shampoo, nursery and fine laundry.

IVORY SOAP..... IVORY IT FLOATS .....99 44/100% PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1922, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 13, 1922 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 46

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

THE first time I met Maj. William McKinley was in Canton the day after the presidential election of 1876. Mr. Gus Dannemiller introduced me to him with the remark, "Let me introduce you to our next congressman. This is Major McKinley's first term; he will be heard from."

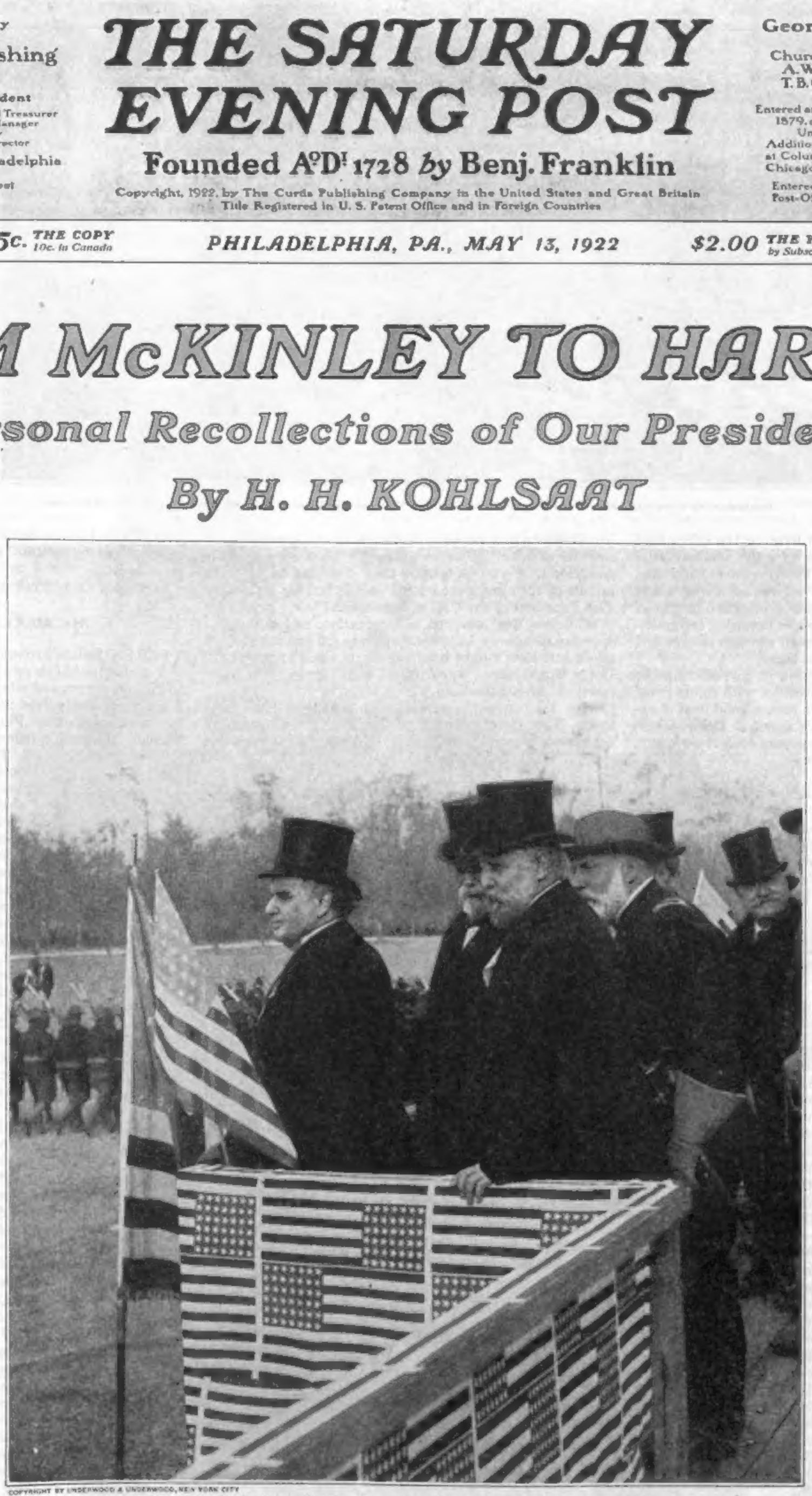
McKinley was an extremely handsome young fellow of thirty-three, with an air of distinction that drew me to him at once. I was ten years his junior, and believed Mr. Dannemiller was right when he said "He will be heard from."

We seldom met until I was an alternate in the Republican National Convention of 1888, in Chicago. The night before the convention met, speakers of national reputation addressed a large audience in the Auditorium, among them Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. He was received with great applause and as he praised the candidates to be voted for he was loudly cheered by their partisans.

Loyalty

SUDDENLY he switched from politics to religion and made one of his characteristic attacks upon Christianity. For a few moments the 5000 men and women present were silent; then suddenly someone hissed, and from all over the house came a sympathetic response. It sounded like the escaping steam of a locomotive. Ingersoll stood like a man in a dream by the sudden transition from cheers to hisses. He raised his hand for silence. The audience refused to allow him to proceed and with one impulse left the hall.

The convention met next day. McKinley was chairman of the Ohio delegation. When the nominations for President were made McKinley in an eloquent speech nominated John Sherman, of Ohio. During the balloting someone cast a vote for McKinley. It received great applause from the spectators. When the cheering subsided McKinley mounted a chair. His face was white and tense. In a voice full of emotion he said, "No true friend of mine will put me in a position of being a traitor to John Sherman." The effect on the convention was dramatic. For a moment there was dead silence; then they broke into cheers, and McKinley was more than ever the popular favorite. The Illinois delegation was instructed for Judge Walter Q. Gresham. He was nominated by Colonel Ingersoll. What chance he ever had was killed by Ingersoll in his speech the night before.



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

President McKinley at His Inauguration, March 4, 1897, Washington, D.C.

As the fight developed against John Sherman, Indiana put Senator Benjamin Harrison in nomination. Mr. Harrison, who was in Chicago when his name was proposed, left for Indianapolis, his home. He was finally nominated, and was elected in November.

In the years from 1889 to 1891 I saw McKinley frequently, and when I purchased the control of the Inter Ocean, in 1891, we came in contact very often. I never lost my youthful ambition to see him President.

In 1892 the Republican organization offered me a place on the Illinois delegation to the National Convention in Minneapolis. I accepted with the understanding that after the first ballot, for the renomination of President Harrison, I was free to vote for whom I pleased. Only one vote was taken, however, and Mr. Harrison was renominated.

The Limit

MY VOTE was for Harrison. My choice was McKinley. I did not like President Harrison. Although I recognized his ability and honesty, his manner chilled me. Many people admired him, but he had very few warm friends. It was said of him by Tom Reed that Senator Harrison carried his lunch in his coat-tail pocket during the Senate session, and then ate a cold lunch.

I came in personal touch with him two or three times, but there was no contact of enthusiasm. Perhaps I was somewhat prejudiced by our Illinois senator, Charles B. Farwell, who hated Harrison with all his nature. There was little in common between the two men—both Presbyterians, but of different schools. Senator Farwell was famed as a poker player and sat in many a game with Marshall Field, George M. Pullman and John W. Doane. It is told of Mr. Farwell that his wife, a devoutly Christian woman, remonstrated with him at one time, saying, "Charlie, I wish you would stop playing poker. It has a bad effect on the children." He answered, "Why, mother, don't you worry; we only play for a five-cent limit!" "I know," she answered, "but why have any limit?"

President Harrison and Senator Farwell fell out over patronage. It was said of Mr. Harrison that when he gave a man an office he did it in such a churlish way the recipient went away angry. In contrast in manner was McKinley. Senator Billy Mason used to say that when McKinley could not give a man an office he looked so unhappy about

it the seeker would go away filled with sympathy for the President.

I was present once when a labor leader asked McKinley for some favor he could not grant. The man was hurt and rather truculent. McKinley told him how pained he was to refuse his request, and as he shook hands with him asked him if he was married. Taking a carnation from his coat he gave it to him, saying, "Give this to your wife with my compliments and best wishes." The astonished man smiled and said, "I would rather have this flower from you for my wife than the thing I came to get."

McKinley made lifelong friends of that man and of his wife.

During the preconvention days of 1892 Eugene Field, in his Sharps and Flats column of the Chicago Daily News, printed an item to the effect that I was going to Minneapolis to work for the nomination of a colored man on the ticket for Vice President, and that I would pay the expenses of any colored man who would go to Minneapolis to help secure the nomination for one of his race. Field knew of my interest in bettering the condition of the colored people in Chicago through library and reading rooms, and played on that fact.

The next morning when I arrived at my office in the Inter Ocean Building the halls were filled with colored men and women eager for the trip. It took a good deal of explaining to convince them that it was one of Field's jokes! Some of the small Southern newspapers took it seriously, and I was subjected to a lot of comment more forcible than elegant.

William E. Curtis, of whom Field had borrowed $150 some years before, came to Chicago from Washington en route to the Minneapolis convention. He called on Field and reminded him of his debt. Next day Field printed this paragraph in his column:

> William E. Curtis, the well-known correspondent of the Chicago Record, is in the city for a few days looking after some of his permanent investments.

Not Too Big

THERE are few places in the country hotter than Minneapolis after the middle of June, and the June of 1892 was no exception. The convention was held in a newly erected building, finished on the inside with fresh unseasoned pine, from which the rosin dripped continually under the awful heat from the sun and the 15,000 or so human beings crowded under its roof. My seat in the Illinois delegation was directly in front, close to the platform. McKinley was chairman of the convention. When the balloting began he was fanning himself gently with a large palm leaf. Without any warning somebody started voting for him for President. He looked down at me and shook his head and began to move his fan faster and faster. As the voting proceeded he became very much agitated, and when Ohio cast her vote for him he challenged it, as his proxy had voted for him. But President Harrison won, although it is doubtful if he could have done so on a second ballot. Blaine and McKinley polled within one-half of a vote of each other.

During the nomination for Vice President a delegate from Tennessee, with a delicious Southern accent, got up and said, "I nominate for Vice President that grand old man from Maine, Thomas B. Reed."

One of the Maine delegates asked him by what right he proposed Mr. Reed, as he was not a candidate. The Tennessee man came back with, "By no right, suh. I do not know the gentleman. I wouldn't know him if I met him in the middle of the road, suh; but no man is too big, suh, to be Vice President of the United States, suh!"

Whitelaw Reid was put in nomination, and during the speeches Chauncey M. Depew came to me and asked what effect Mr. Reid's fight with Big Six of the Typographical Union would have. I told him I didn't know. Mr. Reid received the nomination.

After the convention adjourned I left the hall and went to the West Hotel. As I arrived at the hotel entrance an enthusiastic crowd surrounded McKinley's carriage and took him on their shoulders and carried him into the hotel. McKinley looked very distressed and unhappy, and more so when he saw that the leg of his trousers was up nearly to his knee, exposing his bare skin and his garter. He vainly tried to pull it down, but feared losing his balance.

They finally dropped him at the elevator, and he asked me to take him to my room, as he knew he would find his room crowded. He was exhausted with the heat and excitement. On entering my room he at once removed his outer clothing and, clad only in his underwear, lay down on the bed, from which I had thrown back all the covering. I did the same. Nothing was said by either of us until a knock came at the door and someone from Mark Hanna asked if McKinley was in the room. I said, "Yes, but Major McKinley does not want it known, as he is all in."

McKinley said, "Tell Mark to come up here."

Confederate Veterans, the G. A. R. and Loyal Legion Welcoming President McKinley, Huntsville, Alabama

Mr. McKinley's Bad Luck

WHEN Hanna arrived I took the top sheet and threw it over one of those awful plush sofas. Hanna stripped to his underwear, and all three of us lay panting for breath. Some ice water revived us. Hardly a word was spoken for fifteen minutes or so. Finally Mr. Hanna said, "My God, William, that was a damned close squeak!"

There was no real intention of nominating McKinley in 1892, as it was felt no Republican could be elected—it was not a Republican year—but I am sure that Mr. Hanna thought if McKinley made a good showing in the convention of 1892 it might help him to win in 1896. The first work for McKinley's nomination was done in that room by three men in their underclothes.

Mr. Hanna's fear that 1892 was not a Republican year was realized. President Harrison was defeated and Grover Cleveland elected for the second time.

But the organization to nominate McKinley in 1896 was actively at work. The most minute detail was not neglected. Each man who declared himself favorable to McKinley's nomination was enrolled alphabetically under Mr. Hanna's supervision.

McKinley was governor of Ohio, and in constant touch with the situation through visits to Mr. Hanna and Myron T. Herrick in Cleveland, and through the visits of both of them to Columbus.

February, 1893, Governor McKinley promised to deliver the Washington Birthday address before the Ohio Society of New York.

I was in New York at the time, stopping at the Holland House. Eugene Field had come with me as my guest for a few days' rest. We were eating breakfast on the twenty-second, when Field exclaimed, "Good Lord! McKinley is busted!" and read me a dispatch from New Castle, Pennsylvania, saying McKinley had received word that a friend of his, Robert L. Walker, of Youngstown, had failed, and that he had turned back to Youngstown and wired New York, canceling his engagement with the Ohio Society.

The dispatch stated that Governor McKinley was on Walker's notes to the extent of $17,000.

I knew something of McKinley's finances and did not believe he could

(Continued on Page 148)

PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Presidential Tallyho Party in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California

WASPS

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

IT WAS just like that, Glenn Thenamy told himself; the city was a wasps' nest. He was sitting alone, through the evening, in the narrow drawing-room of Morris Caner's narrow house on a narrow street. Glenn never before had stayed in a dwelling so crowded in upon, and it oppressed him. He had been in the city now, at Caner's, for six days, and the time, reaching forward and back, had begun to seem interminable. Thenamy was there, so far from Bennings County, in Kentucky, with a most splendid chance for Morris Caner, who had connections in Louisville—and incidentally for himself. Glenn Thenamy knew of a large tract of oil-bearing land on which he could, he was certain, force a foreclosure, and then secure for the absurdly small sum of twelve thousand dollars. It was in the interest of that he was North. Caner, he had thought—already interested in the by-products of oil and gas—might well furnish the money for the property.

The fact was that Morris Caner had practically decided to do this for the purpose of extracting gasoline; but he had to be sure first of the depth of the oil, and an analysis was being made. In the meanwhile Caner had unavoidably gone to New York, leaving Thenamy the hospitality of his roof and servants. Those servants, together with a great deal else, bothered Glenn. They didn't in the least embarrass him or set him ill at ease; nothing of the sort; they simply annoyed him. They were, for instance, in the way principally of his eating. Glenn liked food on the table, where it could be weighed, consumed, balanced against its whole; and this thing of a man appearing and disappearing through a soundless door, with an effect of stage magic, was a source of irritation. But what above all else disturbed him was the city, packed around him on every side, in brick and stone and metal. Glenn had an illusion that he couldn't breathe properly; that he couldn't stretch out his long arms. He was actually very long; long and humorously thin, seriously hard and brown.

His mouth closed tightly almost without a mark of its joining; his black hair straggled to the rim of his coat collar.

Glenn's face was dark, a business of ridges and hollows; but the darkest, the blackest thing about him were his eyes. They were like flakes of coal, with a rapid glancing like the flicker of light on coal.

The truth about his eyes was that they inspired neither confidence nor calm in those who were subjected to their glittering scrutiny. No optimism could describe them as frank; they were open in no sense of the word. But if his gaze was restless, his hands, long and thin, were absolutely composed: the fingers never twitched; they rested, wherever they happened to be, with an inexorable quiet.

A hand moved now in a smooth precision to the clumsy old gold-cased watch in his waistcoat pocket. It was not yet nine, and he replaced the watch with a sigh. He would have gone to bed at eight, but there was a chance of Caner's return after dinner—Morris Caner called it dinner—with, it might be, a decision important for Glenn. He spoke aloud, wondering what in the name of a bitterly qualified Omnipotence kept the other. Why didn't he produce the designated sum of specified money and let Thenamy get back to Lexington and Bennings County, where, the further elaborated Creator knew, he had an overwhelming amount to attend to.

Glenn Thenamy had at first gone out with Caner, and alone, to stores and public buildings and parks, restaurants and theaters; but, unaccountably, it had tired him physically. Then he was a little past all that in years, fifty-four in a little while; and in addition he was anxious to get back South to his wife and to the oil lands situated in a country where nothing could be predicted from day to day. The weather as well was bad, a November of icy rain. Thenamy had never noticed the weather in Bennings County, but here in the city it was like an uneasy knife at his back. No, while he was obliged to stay here he preferred sleep, the slow chewing of tobacco and an easy-chair to excursions for any improvement of mind or amusement.

It was reasonable to suppose that, here on a relatively quiet street, he would feel comparatively free; but this was not the case. Quite on the contrary, the houses crushed against Caner's on each side, with partition walls that blurred but didn't deaden the voices and sounds on either hand, particularly bothered him. There was, every little while, an audible sharp buzzing, often angry and threatening; and that was what made him think of a wasps' nest.

"You Know James Heming Pretty Well, and You Realize He's Uncertain and Vicious. You Can Gather He's Desperate Now as Well"

He was, shortly and comprehensively, uneasy. These weren't his conditions and people and dangers. Danger, in swift red spurts of explosions, was an integral part of his existence. In the faces of the varieties he understood he was almost serene; but, conscious of a pervading inimical influence here, he couldn't recognize it, he didn't know how it was to be met. Caner's servant had, with an expression Glenn Thenamy had wanted to pound into his skull, brought him a spittoon; and Glenn, with a foot, moved it to a more convenient situation. It was by no means close, but not a stain fell short to disfigure the gray velvet carpet. Glenn bit a fresh semicircle from an oily wedge of tobacco, and, comfortably uncomfortable, determined to stay up until ten o'clock.

An automobile passed, swift and silent but for the sudden stuttering blare of its horn, and an assault of rain-heavy wind beat upon the two front windows. There was a light under a ruffled green silk shade at the back of the room—if they wanted light, why, in an exact characterization, did they cover it up?—and a floor lamp with a belt of bronze-colored glass beside him. Between them the gilded eagle on the mantel clock seemed to flutter its lifted wings. Glenn's eyes, no matter where in that interior they rested, always glanced back at the eagle. There was something familiar, satisfactory, about that effigy of a bird, anyhow.

The rest of the furnishings—the scrubbed marble and soft velvet, the chairs and hangings and pictures specially—only added to his vague discomfort. They weren't easy; that was it! The pictures, Glenn severely thought, belonged in the saloons of the past; they ought to have no place in a home; and with the corners of his lips relaxing he imagined his wife with such scenes to hang. That one with the girl in a swing, her skirts flying! Yes, the wickedness here he was ignorant of; it had a misleading air of being something else; there was a pretense that all was right. Glenn Thenamy, though, knew better. What, he supposed, made him nervous was that it was a wickedness not controlled, frankly, with the leveling of a gun.

There, exceptionally equipped, wholly adequate, Glenn was at ease. This menace, like the wind, played at his back in an ambush that was itself invisible. No, it couldn't be shot at, stopped with the shock of a steeled bullet. No stones were handily to be picked up, and there was nothing really to throw them at. He diverted his mind by the thought of the actual dangers that waited for him in the Bennings oil tract. It was difficult to exaggerate these, yet they didn't disturb him. His hands, along the arm of the chair, were as still as the hands of a sleeper, of a dead man; but there was a tenseness in their immobility far from death.

The sound of voices behind him, in the other house, grew louder, clearer and angry, and he could almost distinguish the words. They were, as usual, the tones of a man and a woman; the woman cold, biting—and young—the man speaking, but it was nearly shouting, in rushes of uncontrolled anger. Glenn speculated about them. He had seen them both, in passage, on the adjoining exterior steps. The woman, muffled in a blue cape, a blue cloth hat low over her eyes and with a concealing brown veil, was slender enough to be described as a girl; the man, too, was young, with a flushed face and bright, hard blue eyes.

Glenn Thenamy had asked Caner about them; but he, knowing them both well, had been indifferent in his reply. They were the Hemings, James and Ava. She had been someone or other—Glenn couldn't see the importance of this—and she rode horses very well—a fact Glenn seized on at once. James—no one, it seemed, called him Jim—had a bad temper, made worse by the whisky he continuously drank. That was about all there was, Caner pronounced, to James. Oh, yes, he was

a good live-pigeon shot; and, younger, his taste for fighting had been celebrated.

Glenn was interested; and now, with the contention beyond penetrating to him, he wondered what in a named locality the trouble was. He could, he thought, detect whisky in the masculine voice. The clamor rose and then sank, stopped, abruptly; there was a loud closing of the door; and then after a short space a second shutting of an outer door.

This was followed by the sound of steps at Morris Caner's entrance. The servant went noiselessly through the hall, and the woman, infinitely more like a girl in a simple white dress with a low neck and no sleeves, came into the drawing-room.

She was surprised but not disturbed as Glenn Thenamy rose, and continued to advance with a light security. She had thought Morris was at home, she explained. He frequently sat here in the evening and she often informally ran in. She was Ava Heming.

"I knew that," Glenn replied. "I asked him about you."

When, naturally, she demanded why, he was embarrassed, and in answer shifted his tobacco from one flexible cheek to the other.

"Don't bother to think out a lie," she continued, dropping into a low chair and crossing slim knees. "You see, I really don't want to know. I was just talking. Your name is Glenn Thenamy, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"You are here about oil in Kentucky, and you met Morris in Lexington."

"All correct," he indorsed this. "I'm right flattered to have you know so much."

The servant, undemanded, entered, and on a low table between them arranged a filled decanter, tall glasses, small blocks of ice and a pitcher.

"No water," Glenn directed sharply.

"I thought only women took it straight," his companion observed.

"No, ma'am!" he replied with emphasis. "In my country we like it small and quick. And not so small, either," he added with a gleam of humor.

"I was going to stop you there," she admitted. "It's always pleasant in here," she went on; "I suppose because it's usually quiet. James and I have so many rows our house is like ——"

She paused.

"A county circus," he suggested. "That's why I asked about you," he admitted; "you can hear them in here."

"The deuce you can!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of that. Well"—she made a gesture of indifference—"Morris understands it, and the Jaynes, on the other side, are in Egypt." She clouded her straight features, her straight gray gaze, with cigarette smoke.

Glenn Thenamy was shocked. He was displeased at the legs free of covering, at the cigarette, and particularly at the fact that she swore. His uneasiness at the city grew. Before him obviously was what he must describe as a fine lady, a thoroughbred; and she had the manner of—of a mere creature. At the same time he liked her. Against so much that he couldn't penetrate, account for, in her there was a great deal that he could. If Caner hadn't told him that she rode well he would have guessed it. There was no mistaking her lithe, poised body, the weather-hardened skin of her face, the sinuous strong fingers. Amazingly, at that exact moment, she said:

"Do you know, I like you, and I am specially glad you are chewing tobacco. Somehow it is a tonic for me. The spittoon, in Morris' drawing-room, on this street, is a scream. I'd like to lead a hundred people, all within a hundred yards of us now, around it."

"That," Glenn told her in an impulse of confidence—"that is what I don't rest against up here. There are too many people too close; you can't tell what they are about."

She studied him coolly.

"You don't seem to be a coward."

"I am," he assured her cheerfully, "in an assortment of ways. I've been scared clean out of my boots any number of times. It—well, it goes with my life."

She leaned forward.

"What is your life?" she demanded.

"Oil, I guess, as much as anything; though it didn't used to be that. When it was opened up in Bennings County I sort of opened up with it. For a while, back there, I had a good piece of money. Then it ran dry. But if Caner'll listen to me now we'll both be right. I've stepped plumb on a fat rattler this time."

She asked, "Won't it bite you?"

He smiled.

"Not me; I've been handling snakes too long; I'm expert."

"I believe you are," she said slowly, gazing thoughtfully at him. "Do you know, I believe you are the worst-looking man I ever saw. Yes, the very worst. That, I suppose, is why I am attracted to you."

"Not to boast," he assured her, "I have just that reputation. You ain't a lamb yourself."

"I am not," she answered crisply. "Though my opportunities for anything decided are not very good—they're no good at all."

"Mine," he put in, "have been nonpareil."

They Had Killed—and Been Killed

"You fill me with envy. The truth is I hate all the slush I'm caught in." Her gaze, he thought, was the coldest he had ever seen in a woman. "I want to kill somebody, but it would cost so much—more than it's worth. I'd lose what liberty I had, the only thing that keeps me on my feet."

"There you are wise," he agreed with her. "It's a mistake to kill anyone if you haven't got things kind of fixed in your direction. Most of the men I knew who had right bad luck set out to kill in a place—a town, maybe—where they were strange. You can't get it done safe to yourself."

She plainly showed that she was fascinated, and to his enormous relief she didn't ask if he had killed anyone. She seemed to realize that, emphatically, he had. Settling back silently into her chair, her expression was gloomy. Glenn nervously changed his position and set his gaze upon the ceiling, the gilded eagle whose wings seemed to be gathering for flight. He, Glenn, wished intensely that he might fly too; back to Bennings County and the life, the perils, he knew. A grinding of brakes sounded outside. It was one of those taxicabs, with Morris Caner back from New York, decided, probably, about the oil tract.

"Never," Morris Caner declared, "have I seen two worse characters in consultation!"

A large man, vigorously made, he wore clothes which misleadingly appeared to be carelessly chosen and worn. His features were heavy, but his eyes held a perpetual light of humor, so that it was difficult to know when he was serious. Glenn Thenamy could never quite decide this, and in consequence he was always at a slight disadvantage when talking to Caner. A curious thing, in connection with that individual, had happened to Thenamy.

"Your Kentuckian," Ava Heming observed, "I like very much; we have exchanged everything but his tobacco. I know him, I fancy, as well as he does me; and that is more than a dash. At the same time, Morris, he enrages me; he makes me perfectly furious—he is so satisfied with himself."

"Why—that—that's not so!" Glenn protested. "How could it be—a man like myself? Whatever put that in your head to say?" he demanded, turning to her.

"It's quite true." She rose. "Thanks, Morris; I must see you again, and I want James to meet you—you'd appreciate each other. He really is fit to associate with us."

When she had gone Glenn directed a silent question, a series of questions, at Caner.

"You see it all," he replied. "There is nothing mysterious; no sleeve to hide it in. Good stuff—I like Ava immensely—but wasted. She'd be better off without any of her spirit. Discontent! All the good ones have it here. James is sullen; I can't find more in him than that."

Glenn Thenamy speculated over what he had been told. Caner, he decided, hadn't been satisfactory. Sleeve or no sleeve, there were qualities in the Hemings that absorbed him, qualities hidden. She was, she had said, lost in slush. It was too bad. Not like his wife or any other woman he had encountered, Mrs. Heming was superior in her coolness. His thoughts were interrupted by Morris Caner's voice. Was it light or serious? Glenn wished desperately that he could make out.

"Look here, Glenn, I have had a very bad report of you. I don't mind telling you they couldn't well have made it worse. It included murder; but, of course, arson, false pretenses, accessory in any number of crimes, and specially treachery. I don't know what to say to you; I don't, and that's a fact. It's the treachery that disturbs me. The rest we could talk over, but there is something in betrayal I can't touch."

Glenn Thenamy rose, straightening out his habitual stoop.

"Mr. Caner," he began—to his own surprise he found tears rolling over the rough inequalities of his cheeks—"I've been all of that," he went on again, "and some they forgot to mention. I've been a bad man, and in Bennings I'm supposed to be, right now.

"But where you are concerned, where anything that belongs to you comes up, I'll take care of it for you with the last motion in my miserable hide. I'm your friend and you are my friend, and nothing can ever change me or threaten me a mite in that." He raised his right palm. "Your oil is my oil, Mr. Caner."

"You will have to swear to that, Glenn," Caner retorted. "The report from the tract was good; so promising that at the price it looks suspicious. The man who went South for us doesn't think you can get it done."

Glenn Thenamy's expression relaxed; he chewed securely.

"Leave that to me," was all, however, that he said.

"You see," Caner went on, "the conditions, in spite of the price, are not entirely favorable. Twelve thousand is only a half of the purchase, and in order to get that we have to put up a thirty-thousand-dollar bond that we'll bore four wells within six months. I don't know these other holders. They might be more interested in the thirty thousand than in developing the oil."

"Leave that to me," Glenn repeated calmly.

Caner's voice developed a note of impatience.

"That's a curious way to do business."

"This business is right smart curious all through." Glenn was undisturbed, patient, almost ruminative.

"But it's a queer way to invest money," Caner still insisted. "Even with what I've done, I can't see how you are going to run it."

"Now, lookahere, don't bother me!" Glenn exclaimed. "If you think you'd like to hear all the little details you're wrong; your system couldn't stand them. I said—didn't I?—that we'd go in with a half of this and come out with it all. Ain't that enough?"

"No murder," Morris Caner directed sharply.

"Murder!" Glenn was plainly disgusted. "Who said a word about that? I warned you not to run me in a corner. You're not fitted, as you stand, to do business in Bennings. By yourself your money would be plumb wasted. The—hark to this! I used to use her when I had those elegant offices—personal equation is what counts there. Yes, sir, just that! At the same time, understand, I don't want you to give me a hard look if there's an accident. That's mighty apt to happen with the raw corn they're drinking now. Oil's a chancy thing too; don't go and forget it."

Morris Caner sighed and laughed.

"You ought to be hung, Glenn," he asserted; "I suspect we all ought to be. Well, it was left to me; but I won't make a decision to-night. To-morrow's Saturday—you can go back to Kentucky, Sunday."

"I don't believe I can stand it that long even with you," Glenn Thenamy admitted. "I reckon I'll get on, and you can send me a telegram to Lexington. This city has me worried. Why, a simple shooting, that seems to stir you all up, is nothing to what's going on here all the time! I can't see it for the walls, but she's there just the same. It's badder'n I ever dared to be."

"Nonsense! Either you're small or romantic."

"I expect they're bad names, but they don't upset me. I tell you, this is a wasps' nest!"

"Why, you old fool," Caner cried, "there's not a wasp in it that can touch you!"

"They've got me a lot of ways," Glenn insisted doggedly. "I'm not just green. Take that in with the Hemings, that wicked buzzing, and her in here with her frozen eyes, and bold legs, her drinks and cigarettes. You talk about me, but have another look at Heming's face—he's a killer. That ain't the worst—I hate the house on your other side, with that man crying at night."

"I told you Foreham had temporarily broken down," Caner said impatiently. "It's not to be wondered at when you remember that he is in the foreign-exchange department of a great banking firm."

"That's it, and again it isn't." Glenn rose. "I'll get along down to-morrow."

He Had Been Carried Back for Dead, Shot Through a Lung

"You will not!" Caner retorted. "It's not quite as crazy as that. There are some questions I must have answered. No, you'll have to put up with it here till Sunday. I don't mind admitting that I think—I think we're on. And there's your friend Ava Heming; don't forget about her. I could see she was interested in you." This, very much embarrassed, Glenn loudly disclaimed. It wasn't right, he insisted, and with them all married. His wife would comb him if she caught any such loose talk. However, Morris was a bachelor, and they were the hard ones; everybody knowed that.

In his flowing, coarse, white nightshirt, with the minute pattern in red Jenny had worked about the neck, Glenn Thenamy's appearance had a grotesqueness contradicted—or perhaps caused—by the grimness of his face. When he was alone, or thinking, he seemed older than his actual years; then he showed the effect of the strain in which a great deal of his life had been passed. The room in which he slept lay across the house, at the back, with the fluctuating anger of the Hemings on one side, the cold tones like steel and the hammering voice like a club; on the other was the man who sobbed spasmodically. He was still now, but at any moment, Glenn knew, he would begin again a hopeless, deadened crying with a catch in the breath.

This, somehow, brought back to Glenn Thenamy all the stormy course of his life; it lay before him troubled and, as it were, visible at a glance. He was—he reminded himself he had always been—sort of religious; that is, if anyone decried religion or the church he permitted himself a sarcastic difference of opinion; it hardly went further than that. He was, in addition, a good husband; he recognized that clearly. The girls, to speak generally, had no power of fascination over him. He was true to his Jenny. And this brought him to his feeling, his loyalty to and for Morris Caner.

In that he was steadfast, beyond assault. He had been, as Caner had proclaimed, false to associates in the past. Mark Sonders he had killed—but it was probable that Mark had intended to kill him; he had planted oil and falsely testified about it later; politically—but there was no use in going into that. The politics of Bennings County, like its business, was peculiar. What was the feeling he had for Caner? It was respect, but that wasn't enough to account for his attachment. It was—he was dogged if he knew what.

What actually occupied his mind was the unusual speculation of exactly how bad he was. The city, which he hated—yes, and feared—had put that question in his mind. Suddenly he didn't want to be a part of the city. The crying was resumed, long and hopeless. To Glenn Thenamy it seemed not sorrowful, but evil, the suffering tormented out of a man by —— That was what he did not understand. He wanted to take the victim to the peace—he thought of it here as that—of Bennings County. How bad was he? Pretty supernally damn bad! But this mysterious thing around him was worse. He opened his windows, feeling choked; but at the subdued menace flowing in, the sound that was no sound, and which yet filled his hearing with its threatening, he slammed the sashes shut.

The room was furnished in gray, with touches of pink; a soft luxurious bed with fleecy blankets, deeply comfortable chairs, small intricate lights, and a bathroom inconceivably filled with means of cleaning. He had forgot to fetch up the spittoon, and he spat gingerly into a porcelain basin. Glenn wished for Jenny. She would have appreciated all these traps and fixings. This, he told himself, was no way for a man to live; it was for women.

The bed was so soft that he found it uncomfortable; anyhow, sleep evaded him. He wished that he had his life all to live over again; he'd be different. He would have made a regular thing of saying his prayers—no use to begin now. It would look like he was cowardly. The stinging accents of the Hemings started up. As it was, he reflected, there was little could be done there. They were too much alike, fighters; a woman for Glenn's taste must be—well, like a woman. Jenny had as sharp a tongue as any; but it was only sound, the evidence that she had been worried about him. This Mrs. Heming was more like a man; no, that wasn't right, he didn't know what she resembled. He thanked a designated grace that he was not tied to her. But she was different from the city—the riding had done that for her.

He had seen women a little like her in the horse-show rings of the South, and on the great Kentucky racing estates; but he had never, as he phrased it, met up with one before. Mrs. Heming was like that, only more so, a great deal more so; and at the same time she had a hardy look. He could see her in worn calico, dusted with dried clay, in the doorway of a mountain cabin; he could see her with a pipe clenched in her teeth and a baby at her bared breast. The Hemings had no children, Glenn had discovered.

It was lucky, he thought, that his absurd vision was his own, unrevealed. How he would be jeered for it by Caner, by Mrs. Heming herself, by everyone! She was a lady, and he had been picturing her as a mountain woman! That vision, though, persisted. He even saw at her back the single room of the cabin, or perhaps an interior cut in two. He saw the small wood-burning stove, the pipe led through an informally cut hole in the wall; the walls themselves, chinked with mud and partly covered with the faded and flapping colored sheets from past newspapers; the beds, bagged straw, in the corners.

God, how often he had stayed in such cabins, slept in them beside a husband and wife, male and female relatives and uneasy children! They had got up before dawn, with the room filled with the odorous sputtering of bacon; and, the women subdued in voice, the men silent, hurried through breakfast and gone out with rifles into the flush of morning. They had slipped through the underbrush like shadows, like wasps on foot; or ridden along the rocky courses of dried streams, winding about the bases of the mountains. They had killed—and been killed. He had been carried back for dead, shot through a lung; but he had recovered, except for a pain that sometimes now burned within him. He had been slashed with a knife, in Lexington, at noon, in the midst of the day's throng, and he—he had stood on his feet again. He reckoned that he, Glenn Thenamy, was a very tough man.

That was all to be expected; it was regular. It was his present situation, in a room of gray and pink, with a bathroom like a conundrum, that was strange. What had brought him here? His badness, he supposed; but he hoped that it was something else. He wanted it to be his feeling for Morris Caner, whom he was going to treat squarely; for whom, if it were strictly necessary, he would sacrifice so much. He fastened on that, for it alone seemed to give him some security, something to hold to in the rottenness around him. Strangely enough, although it wasn't real, like, for example, the little lamp he could put his hand out and touch, Glenn felt that it was more solid than the lamp, than the floor or the walls of the house. Stronger, he added, by far than walls through which came such dirty sounds.

The crying had stopped, but the Hemings hadn't; that, Glenn realized, couldn't go on. Something—with those two—ugly was bound to happen. They were like that; two dangerous individuals tied together. Any self-control was leaving them fast. It wasn't his concern. Whatever happened would happen after he had gone, when he was free from the city. He would naturally forget the Hemings. It wouldn't do for him to stroll about Bennings with his mind away from the concerns surrounding him, but now he was sorry. He liked her in spite of her brazen manner.

At noon on the day following, still without committing himself to the purchase of the oil tract, Morris Caner told Glenn that Ava Heming had asked him to dinner at eight o'clock that night.

"I reckon we'll go," Thenamy replied.

"I wasn't invited," the other explained. "You see, I am not a—a novelty to them." He paused obviously to alter his phrasing.

Glenn said instantly, "That's not right. Why, I'm with you! So far as they're concerned, I am you."

"In Bennings County, yes," Caner informed him; "that is your form of

(Continued on Page 142)

"I've Stepped Plumb on a Fat Rattler This Time"

She Asked, "Won't It Bite You?"

How Do They Get That Weigh?

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ONE'S personal point of view certainly has a big effect upon what one can accomplish. You can go just as far as you can see in this world, and by that I don't mean the horizon which is discernible to the naked eye or with cheaters doctored to your proper prescription either, but as far beyond as you are capable of perceiving with a healthy imagination.

Let me illustrate: One day I was driving my tin Lizzy along over what purported to be a country road, when I came upon what was pretending to be a town. Not that it was making any very obvious effort about it, however. I should say that sometime in the past a couple of tramps had been thrown off the train thereabouts and, feeling too discouraged to go any farther, they established Presto. At any rate, whoever got the idea of making this town had so far accomplished a post office and general store on the Siamese-twin style of architecture, a cow barn, a hen coop which had lately been promoted to the rank of gasoline station, besides two half-portion bungalows. The railroad company had thrown in a second-hand depot, and there was also the usual real-estate signboard to the effect that this was

PRESTO-ON-THE-RAILROAD. BEAUTIFUL HOME SITES. LOTS FOR SALE. ONE DOLLAR DOWN AND A DOLLAR WHEN WE CATCH YOU. WHY NOT BUILD HERE?

Stopping Lizzy beside the only citizen in sight, I aroused him from his Rip Van Winkle long enough to answer a question.

"Why Presto?" I asked.

The old boy untangled his whiskers from about his feet and stood up. "Young lady," says he, pointing, "it's called that because we are very centrally located here. Do you see that railroad station yonder? Well, you can go any place in the world from that!"

This remark of Father Time's registered heavily with me, and I at once read into it one of those personal interpretations which can be suggested by anything if we are ripe for a particular bit of knowledge. I took him to mean that one can accomplish wonders, provided one really desires to. Of course he may not have intended any such wise crack, but acting upon my understanding of it I have since made many a long journey, and of these none has been more astonishing to me than the road from slimness to fatness and from fatness to a perfectly normal weight.

A few months ago I wrote an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in which I told half the truth concerning this experience. That is to say, I described the alchemy by which one might grow thin. Having by certain methods got rid of a lot of weight, I thought it would be a kindly act to pass along the how. The fact that I had lost fifty pounds in seven months, after having jumped from ninety-eight pounds to one hundred and eighty-seven, would, I believed, bring forth a large, interested response. It did. From thin folks who wanted to know how I had grown fat. I will now oblige with the story of that earlier experience.

Three Causes of Light Weight

AT THE age of nineteen, and the weight of ninety-eight, I was not extra-specially worried about my slimness except as it affected my collar bone. Of course in those quaint, old-fashioned days us society buds wore, with our evening gowns, waists which were recognizable as such. But unfortunately even these naïve bodices did not go all the way up, if you get me. They left the collar bone entirely exposed except for the conventional dangling fresh-water pearl on its thread of woven gold chain.

In those days I was so thin I could have worked as a model in a spaghetti factory. You might have parked a pint of water in the hollows of my neck, and when I got out of my bath I had to lean over and let the water run out before I could get dry. As I look back upon those lean years I recall with gratitude that legs were as yet officially unknown. Even my bathing costume, purchased in England, had full and mercifully concealing bloomers, and at that time all ladies also wore a corset into the briny deep—a stalwart corset, capable of holding a substantial amount of padding.

Once She Wanted to be Fat

Of course in an age when hips were an asset and it was considered chic to reveal, upon lifting the ruffled skirt at a street crossing, a fat leg coyly overlapping the top of a tightly laced boot, it was a nuisance to be so slender. But except in the matter of one's décolletage skinniness could be camouflaged very effectively if not in complete comfort. The bustle manufacturers were still in business, and it was a comparatively simple matter to ruffle up a little muslin at home and pin the result across the front of one's corset cover, so that one's Gibson shirt waist stuck out satisfactorily.

And so, taking things by and large, I was struggling along with my slimness without undue discomfort, when quite unexpectedly a serious reason for discontent overtook me. I threatened to pull a Camille.

I put it lightly, but it was no light matter for me, except when I stepped on the scales. Ninety-eight pounds and a spot on one lung is a pretty poor combination, particularly if one is also a wage earner whose money is needed by the rest of the family. The doctor said it nicely, but it was hard to stand up under, just the same. Two years, if I obeyed him implicitly, was what he gave me. He was a leading authority on tuberculosis, but he was wrong about me. For he counted on perhaps a 50 per cent adherence to his rules on my part, whereas I made it 100 per cent faithful, and fooled him. At the end of that two years I weighed one hundred and eighty-seven pounds and he pronounced me cured. I have had no return of the trouble, although I have, since my period of probation, lived a perfectly normal life, have a healthy child, and have done my work with joy and regularity.

Now just for luck I am going to give the regimen which cured me. It may not suit your case. Indeed, I hope sincerely that you have no such case to suit. But at least it certainly cannot hurt you to try my methods if you are desirous of putting on weight. However, the cruel fact is that if you persistently remain thin in spite of a normal diet, and are only moderately active, the chances are that there is something wrong with you. For heaven's sake see a doctor. See him anyway before you try my prescription; let him read it through, and that will let me out. Passengers will take this flight at their own risk.

Roughly speaking there are three main causes for a twelve-and-a-half collar on a neck which ought to demand a seventeen: First, disease; second, an easily correctible chemical deficiency in the organism of your body; and third and most likely, misspent lunch money. I want to lecture separately on these three subjects, and am going to grab off the most unpleasant one first and get rid of it, partly because T. B. is the instinctive fear of every overthin individual, and also because my own thickening-up process occurred in this connection. And again because T. B. is so obviously curable, provided, first, that you catch it in time; second, that you follow the rules absolutely; third, that you keep on doing so until the doc says yes, you can have one smoke a day.

High Life in New York

IT WAS the belief of the physician who effected my cure that tubercular patients should and could get well in the climate where they are obliged by their business to live. He considered it a mistake to send a man from Long Island out to Colorado unless the Long Islander was going to send for the other trunk and ice box and everything, and make Colorado his headquarters for the rest of his life. In other words, the theory was that though Colorado would probably cure, a return to Long Island would occasion a relapse. I had, by reason of my circumstances, to live in New York City, and so the roof of my apartment house was the change of climate prescribed. For a period of eight months I spent twelve hours a day lying in a steamer chair on that roof, and it was there that I wrote my first novel. The winter was severe that year, as it has a way of being in Manhattan, and the roof of 501 Fifth Avenue was often covered with snow. I wore gloves, and mittens over the gloves, and wrote eighty thousand words with a lead pencil up on that snow-clad city peak. The novel, incidentally, found a publisher. By which I mean no brag beyond pointing out that I could and did keep on with my work. Two hours a day were spent indoors, receiving friends, and so on. I even gave, during that winter, a costume party, to which I went in the character of Madame Récamier, for a part of the treatment was that on days when I ran any temperature I was to lie down and not get up until the temperature departed. So life, you see, for such a patient need not be all hardship. At the end of the eight months I weighed one hundred and thirty pounds and was considered well enough to move about occasionally.

Now here are the rules I followed:

I. Never under any circumstances or in any weather remain in a room or a conveyance where all the windows are closed. Never.

II. Never walk an unnecessary step if you have even half a degree of rectal temperature. Lie down. The fever will pass, and next day, most likely, you can move about in moderation. Take the temperature twice daily.

III. Eat no sweets. That seems a curious rule, but it is a vastly important one. Eggs and milk, green vegetables, simple meats cooked plainly, and fruit in moderation make the best diet, supplemented by thoroughly cooked cereals.

IV. Take no medicines. Especially no cough medicines. I implore you. During the two years of my illness the only medicine I took was an occasional dose of old-fashioned sirup of rhubarb, as required.

V. Don't cough. I know that sounds like nonsense, but it can be done. Fully 50 per cent of any cough is habit, and coughing, once you permit yourself to start, spreads worse than poison ivy when you scratch it. Concentrate on not coughing. When you feel the cough coming content yourself with a mild "Ahem!" You can positively control it if you will use your will power. The rack of uncontrolled coughing soon becomes uncontrollable, and the resultant exhaustion will be your worst handicap. Don't sneer at this last recommendation. It is feasible, and of incalculable help.

VI. Keep occupied and happy. You can't get avoirdupois without poise.

That is absolutely all I did. In two and a half years I was completely cured, and so fat that I had to reduce.

Now the second cause of chronic thinness to which I have referred, I know less about. Come to think of it, I have been spared a lot of troubles, thank heaven! But I do know that there are a lot of fancy acids which you ought to have in your stomach, and that somehow or other there was an oversight concerning them when some people were assembled at the plant.

To remedy this condition you can take powders and things, and in time the trouble with your carburetor will be corrected.

However, I have, though a woman, long endeavored to confine myself to talking only of things which I know about—that is, except when asking questions. Your doctor is better equipped to tell you all about it, and he will probably write a little chemical shorthand on a slip of paper, the way they do, and say five dollars please, as is only natural.

And then you will be free to go and give the drugstore man the prescription and the rest of your money, and after that you will in all probability begin to get fat on ordinary food.

I am not kidding about the doctors, God bless 'em! I am merely pointing out that essential acids are something which I have known to be acquired by the overly thin, and that their lack of development, or disappearance, generally comes about through the use of improper foods and careless habits of life.

All sane and really sensible people now go to their dentist twice a year for an examination. They go in fear and trembling that the doc will find a little work for himself, but if they go regularly they soon discover that a little work is all he ever does find, for an ounce of prevention goes a mighty long way in a profession where fillings are weighed by the gram. And why shouldn't this go for the medicos too?

Of course we all hate to do it in either case unless we actually have a pain or a complaint of some sort. But just stop and consider what a grand thing it would be to know you are in good health. The improvement in one's psychology would repay the office fees, for a lot of worry is wasted over ills which are purely imaginary. Why not go and let the doc reassure you so that you will be free to worry about something else? The human race would soon become physically perfect if we would only have our bodies looked over, to be sure they were in good running order, with as much regularity as we put our automobiles into the shop for the same purpose. No reasonable owner would expect even a flivver to run more than six months without watchful care, and yet that same flivver owner will let his body go without proper greasing, adjustment, taking up, or even burning out the carbon, until he absolutely has to. As for knocks and squeaks, the common practice is to let 'em go as long as the old body will run at all.

The Proper Diet

IF YOU are, however, perfectly healthy except for the fact of being underweight, it may be that you are one of the many who believe the way to grow heavier is to eat certain foods which are erroneously although popularly supposed to be fattening.

I know a girl in that class who wanted to plump up a bit and so she went on a fattening diet. In the morning she ate a couple of bananas and some sweet buns with sugar frosting and butter. For lunch she went around to Murphy's Fountain and had a couple of Murphy's French pastries and an ice-cream soda. Then for dinner she got mommer to provide candied sweet potatoes, plum puddings, pies, cakes and waffles. Between times she stoked up with candy. At the end of a couple of months she was a skeleton.

Now the truth of the matter is that a diet consisting exclusively of sweets and starches is one of the worst things a thin person can indulge in. The case in point was consistently creating an acid in her stomach which precluded proper digestion. This would have happened with almost any one type of food if that food had been eaten to the exclusion of all others. Milk contains a larger assortment of the various elements requisite to a balanced diet than any other single item, but milk alone will not make a normal person fat. There are certain things which I would advise cutting out if you are serious about not liking your slimness, and here is a list of them:

FORBIDDEN

All pastry
Candies, excepting chocolate or milk chocolate in moderation, and that only in place of dessert, after meals.
Ice-cream sodas and fountain drinks containing charged water.
Synthetic fruit drinks.
Bananas.
Cake.
Rich sauces on ice cream.
Rich sauces on meat.
Highly spiced sauces.
Relishes, such as pickles, green olives, chili sauce, catchup and other meat sauces.
Russian and Roquefort salad dressing.
Fresh pork, dried beef, canned meat and canned fish.
Pickled tripe, pigs' feet, calves' head.
Liver, kidneys, brains, sweetbreads and other innards.
Raw meats.
Pickled fish, lobster and crab.
Cole slaw.
All but a very little raw or canned fruit.
Fritters, waffles, griddlecakes, hot breads.
Fried foods.

Above all, avoid richness in cooking. Thickened gravies, sweets, starches in excess are fatal. And lay off of candy. Folks have heard a lot about fat being undigested food. And a great deal of surplus fat comes from just exactly that cause. But no wholesome meat can be put on your bones unless you first of all digest what you eat, and cake, candy and many of the starches are not digestible under certain conditions. I'm not saying they are not pleasant. I don't myself like a big box of homemade fudge much more than I do my right eye, but I also have a pretty good notion of what it does to my tummy if it is given the opportunity. Rich eating may bloat you if you keep it up long enough, but it will never give you your normal weight.

There are still a few enjoyable things left on the menu, however. You may have all you need of anything on this next list, but don't stuff yourself. Just remember that you are not preparing yourself for the market—that is, not unless you are the skinny daughter of an impatient Oriental parent. And even if you were attempting to land a job as fat lady in a circus, stuffing wouldn't speed things along

Eat until you are satisfied, and then stop. Don't overeat. "Let," as the poet says, "good digestion wait on appetite." And don't ever forget that you must assimilate what you take aboard.

PERMITTED

Milk.
Eggs.
Bacon, much bacon; this may be fried.
All cereals with cream and sugar.
Baked potatoes.
Macaroni with cheese, not with tomato.
Baked beans.
Rice.
Butter, of course.
Chicken, chops, steaks, lamb, beef.
Ripe olives.
Fish.
Grapes.
Oysters and clams, not fried.
Green corn, peas, beans, squash, spinach, okra, carrots, beets or any fresh vegetables, creamed or plain
Bread of any kind, except newly baked hot breads. Gluten, whole-wheat or Graham breads are preferable.
Mayonnaise dressing.
Peanuts or peanut butter.
Rice pudding, baked custards, tapioca, rennet, plain ice cream.

What and When to Drink

CONFINE yourself to these desserts, supplemented by an occasional bite of sweet chocolate. And don't you dast to go and jazz those puddings up with a lot of spice and sugar and fancy sauces! Make 'em in boiled custard or rich milk only. A few currants or raisins may be added if desired. As a matter of fact, nuts, raisins and dried figs are about as good a dessert as one could wish for, and are extremely desirable for the would-be fat. Stewed prunes are good too, or any other home-cooked stewed fruit. I said stewed, not preserved.

When you lean up against the soda fountain you are to remain on the wagon. Three drinks are to constitute your entire repertoire, and the first of these is milk. The second is malted milk, and the third is fresh orangeade made with plain water.

Which leads naturally to drinking with your meals. And drinking at any time leads, even nowadays, to the subject of alcohol. Now the first thing I want to say about alcohol is that where you are concerned it is out. Very likely you have heard that it is fattening. It is not. It will merely bloat you. In acid cases alcohol is most injurious, and in tubercular patients the use of it is a fatal mistake. It increases temperature, gives a false stimulation, inducing unwarranted exertion, and is in every way objectionable. To the skinny dieter it is of no help, for it merely creates an abnormal appetite for food and induces the eating of more than the system can properly take care of. Lay off of all alcohol, even if you are able to get it.

Drinking water is another matter, but water must be taken in moderation at mealtimes. Don't swill your food around in it, for if you do the gastric juices won't get a chance to do their duty by their country. Take one glass of water with your meal and try to remember to drink a quart between meals.

And by the way, don't eat between meals unless you do it at stated hours. What I mean to say is, don't go around nibbling at things. No candy or crackers in the pockets. This habit annoys your friends and it won't make you fat. All it will do is to spoil your appetite for your three squares a day. But if you comfortably can, take a glass of milk and a cracker in midmorning and a moderate tea in midafternoon. Don't eat cheap bakery foods at these times; take a malted milk or a bit of standard sweet chocolate and a ripe orange or apple, if you prefer them. But shun the intricacies and the elaborations

And Then She Decided to be Thin

(Continued on Page 151)

THE CHAP UPSTAIRS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

JOHN HARVEY was preternaturally old, but really quite young. He did not belong to the type that sits on the front seat of an omnibus. His nature was too retiring. He sat behind and did not complain when the flying sparks from the pipes and cigarettes of the gallant and debonair passengers in front took refuge in his eyes. He was too forbearing. His wardrobe spoke his character in simple phrase. It intoned the word "sobriety." Within were fifteen suits, but only two suitings. His ties were numerous, but in pattern identical. They had no pattern. On a shelf in his dressing room were seventeen pairs of shoes as closely resembling one another as the members of a temperance society.

He had got into a groove. His favorite sitting room in the flat was lined with bookcases from floor to ceiling. He read everything—good, bad or indifferent. To him books filled the place adventure occupies in the mind of the average man of thirty-five. Also they were his friends, his enemies, his source of enlightenment or despair. He was on excellent terms with a number of sturdy figures in literature—men and women, too—who in real life would have paralyzed him into instant speechlessness. Speech was always a difficulty with John Harvey. Words are winged, and, alas, he did not possess skill as a fowler. When occasion arose and he had the will to talk, behold his sentences died stillborn.

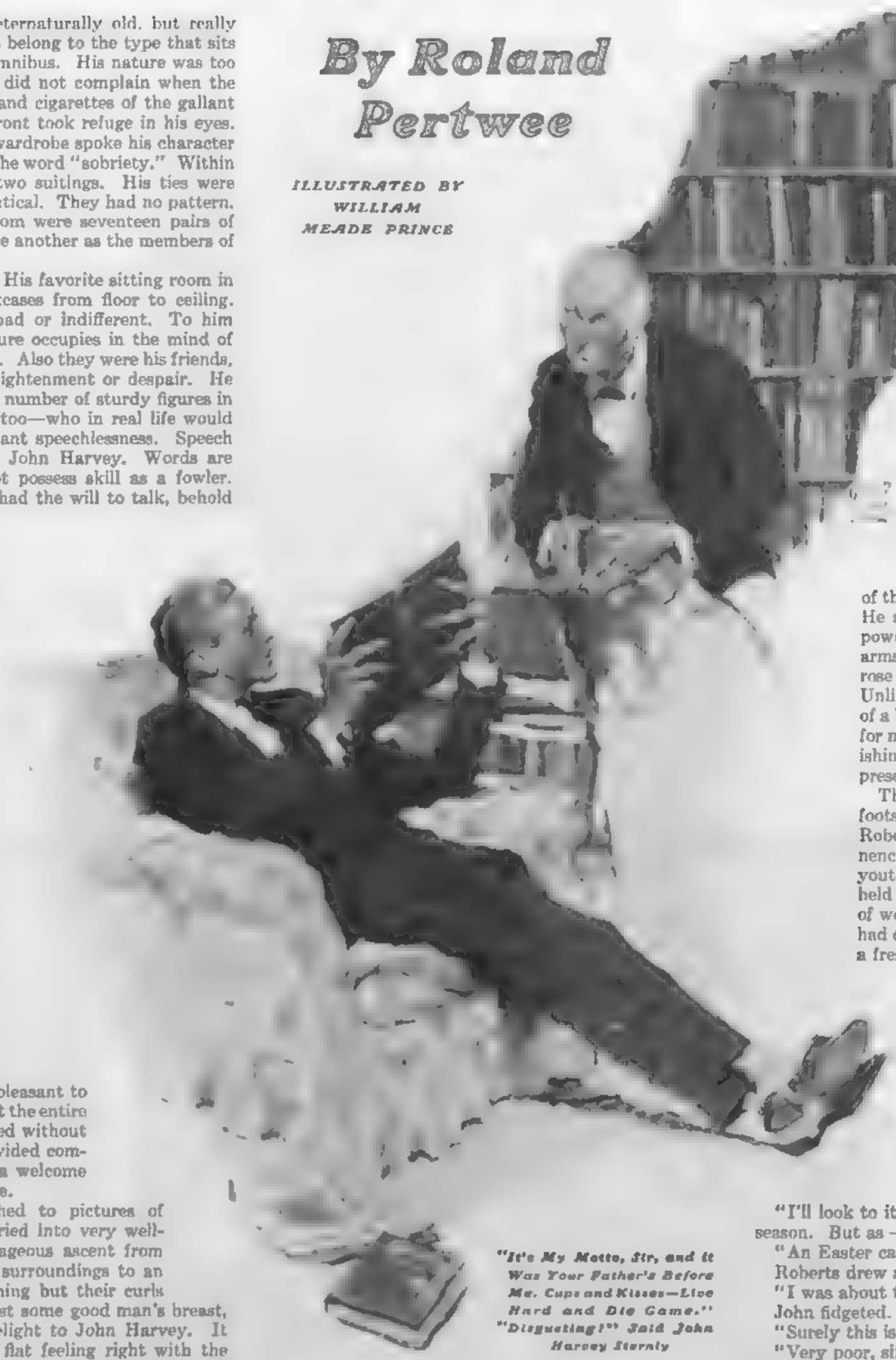
But he could talk uncommonly pleasant stuff to persons who had no interest in listening. Men who laid carpets or cleaned windows, women whose mouths were full of pins while they fitted loose covers to chairs and sofas—to such as these he was eloquent. But of what avail?

Silence makes for loneliness, and he was desperately lonely, although he would never admit it even to himself. To allay the poignancy of loneliness he indulged in a secret vice, and like all other vices it grew upon him and was his master. He became a devotee of the movies—secretly at first, but later with growing brazenness. The movies became part of his life far more readily than the theater could have. The lowered lights gave rise to private thoughts, and it was pleasant to him to see in this mysterious art the entire gamut of emotions being ranged without a single spoken word. It provided comforting reflections, it offered a welcome and a refuge to the inarticulate.

Particularly was he attached to pictures of unhappy foundlings who married into very well-furnished rooms. Their courageous ascent from melancholy and uncharitable surroundings to an approved finale in which nothing but their curls could be seen, storming against some good man's breast, was an unfailing source of delight to John Harvey. It sent him home to his lonely flat feeling right with the world. It was only the screen maiden whose eyes he dared to meet. In their company his courage was immense. He could look them squarely in the face, even when, to express the immensity of their emotions, the projector had need to multiply their normal proportions by eight diameters. In real life a close-up would have filled him with terror, but at the cinema he accepted it unflinchingly and his sympathies were aroused in direct ratio to the grief or gladness reproduced. He found the spectacle of eyes that measured three feet across and shed half-pint tears was particularly moving.

But these intimacies taught him no lesson of valor which he might apply to everyday life. In female company he remained as self-conscious and retiring as heretofore. In a crowded railway carriage he would offer his seat only to women of advanced middle age, for he did not dare to meet the grateful or reproachful glances of the fair. Here was a failure of courage, not of chivalry, since the agony he suffered while remaining seated drove needles of remorse into his very foundations.

The flat in which he lived was comfortable and expensive, but not so stoutly built as to exclude all neighborly sounds. Thus, when the youngest daughter of the tenant below, inspired by hopes of a musical career, embarked upon five-finger exercises, her occasional failures to strike the right note were as audible in John Harvey's study as in her mother's drawing-room. If both windows chanced to be open at the same time he could hear the words passing between pupil and teacher, the slaps provoked and the shrill protests.



"It's My Motto, Sir, and It Was Your Father's Before Me. Cups and Kisses—Live Hard and Die Game." "Disgusting!" Said John Harvey Sternly

"*Mon Dieu!* 'Ow must I often tell you to keep up the wrists?" Whack!

"Woaow! You're a horrid beastly beast! I hate you. I hate all mam'zelles! I wish I was dead!"

Tears.

Then John Harvey would close the window, because he did not like tears.

But the sounds that came from above were very different. Quiet footfalls, bath water, chair springs that squeaked luxuriously, softly closed doors—and never any voices.

John Harvey decided that the tenant above must be a man after his own heart. Their hours of rising and of retirement synchronized, and in all sorts of silent ways their lives seemed cut from a single pattern. He had never seen the man, never tried to see him, but he devoted an extraordinary amount of time to thinking and making up stories about him. They were attractive stories, too, which invested the mysterious unknown with honor and with virtue.

Often John Harvey would suddenly cease reading, cock an ear at the ceiling and listen, with smiling content, to the faint sounds which percolated through from above. It eased his solitude to reflect that a fellow creature was occupying just such a room as his, following, perhaps, the same pursuits; killing, perhaps, the same idle unproductive hours; sharing, perhaps, the same queer and wistful loneliness.

"I've half a mind to drop in on the fellow one of these days," mused John. "Still, I suppose I never shall."

Half-a-mind is a retrogressive state. It seldom has been known to mount a flight of steps.

John Harvey was the despair of Roberts, his manservant. Roberts was an heirloom, part of the personal estate of John Harvey's father. He started his career as a small silk-hatted, powdered-haired youth, who rode with folded arms on the box of the Harvey barouche, and rose at last to the post of confidential valet. Unlike his son, the late Mr. Harvey was a bit of a blade; he had a roving eye, a pretty taste for neckwear in Spitalfields silk, and an astonishing capacity for remaining unmoved in the presence of mixed drinks.

That John had failed to follow in his father's footsteps was matter for lasting reproach with Roberts. He did not understand such continence and could not tolerate the spectacle of youth wasted without excesses. As a man who held somewhat Oriental views on the subject of women, he felt called upon to protest. He had done so before, but this did not discourage a fresh attempt.

He chose an afternoon when spring was peeping over the edge of its winter coverlet and the sparrows in the square below were celebrating the occasion with appropriate song.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but to see you sitting here day after day—growing older, sir, and nothing happening, sir—breaks my heart, sir."

John was nothing if not oblique.

"Roberts," he replied, "I've a fancy I should like a crumpet for tea."

"I'll look to it, sir, though I believe them to be out of season. But as ——"

"An Easter cake would do," said John.

Roberts drew a deep breath.

"I was about to remark, sir ——"

John fidgeted.

"Surely this is very poor coal they are sending us."

"Very poor, sir. To claim the privilege of many years' service, it does seem a pity to me, sir, you spend so much of your time alone."

John raised his head sharply and listened.

"Yes, sir?"

John shook his head.

"No, no; I thought I heard the chap who lives in the flat above; but it wasn't ——"

He picked up a poker and stirred the embers in the grate. Roberts stuck to his guns.

"I had the offer to-day of a puppy, sir. Very companionable beasts, puppies. I thought, sir, you might fancy a puppy?"

"No, just a crumpet, thanks," said John. "Nothing more."

It was hopeless to argue with such a man, but the gallant Roberts made a final effort.

"Properly speaking, sir, woman is man's true companion. I am speaking again on privilege, and as a man who has been married himself on sundry occasions."

John Harvey shivered protestingly; the Mormonish characteristics of his servant had always provided him with uneasy sensations.

"I dare say all that is very modern and true," he replied, "but I find the subject disturbing."

"It does a gentleman good to be disturbed, sir."

John checked the interruption with a raised forefinger.

"The world as I see it is divided into two classes—men who live for themselves, and men who share themselves with the other sex. They might be classified under the headings Bibliophiles and Polygamists. As to which is the more ideal state I would be reluctant to decide, since for my own part I know nothing about women and have never had the temerity to investigate my loss."

Roberts wound up the argument with an eighteenth-century ring.

"Well, sir, it's my opinion that a man can't, properly speaking, call himself a man till he's drunk three bottles at a sitting and had his arm round the waists of a dozen wenches."

Scenting interruption and banishment he proceeded swiftly. "It's my motto, sir, and it was your father's before me. Cups and kisses—live hard and die game."

"Disgusting!" said John Harvey sternly. "Go away and never come back in that frame of mind again."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Roberts, and retired, fighting.

As he reached the door an electric bell sounded, followed by a timid knock.

"I am out," said John, and disappeared behind the covers of a gigantic volume of Burton's Arabian Nights. In the circumstances it was an unhappy choice of literature. A particularly lurid paragraph catching his eye drove him hastily to restore the book to its place in the shelves.

A shaft of late-afternoon sunlight pricked a pattern of spring upon the maroon walls, caught the facets of a cut-glass bowl and blew a spray of rainbows across the ceiling.

The bell rang again and presently Roberts returned. He said, "Sir, there's ——"

"I told you I was out," replied John.

"A young lady."

"I am still out, Roberts."

"She wishes to see you, sir; seems to expect to see you."

"Expect? Roberts, I am more than ever out."

"Very good, sir, but I'm afraid she'll be disappointed."

John hesitated.

"Who is this young lady?" he asked.

Roberts said he had no idea. Thought she was from the country; had that wistful look of a country girl.

"H'm!" said John. "I don't like to send her away. Roberts, do you think I should be safe in seeing this young person?"

Roberts' smile was paternal.

"I think it would do you good, sir."

John Harvey looked up for guidance, and there were such a lot of rainbows on the ceiling.

"Show her in," said he.

He was quite unprepared for what was to follow. He had risen with the vague intention of securing a large book behind which he might retire in case of need. He never did look where he was going; not a week in the year went by but that he ran into a lamp-post, the back of a cart or some other obstruction; it was the penalty of watching his feet rather than their direction.

Roberts' announcement, "Miss Mary Merrow," must have synchronized with the girl's entrance. She came in with a sort of run, and John, who was not fitted with efficient brakes, walked straight into her.

It was a most unfortunate introduction.

Stammering awkwardly he stumbled back a few paces, bumped into a bookcase and stood aghast. Roberts had gone out and closed the door. In the center of the room stood Mary Merrow, rather breathless and blinking her eyes very fast indeed.

She presented an astonishing picture. It would be difficult to describe what.

She had a great deal of hair—wayward and curly which was enjoying a riot beneath an absurd little Mercury cap. Her skirt was very short; she wore very large black boots and white stockings, which rucked and stood in urgent need of suspendering. Round her neck was a ridiculous fur boa, with the ends hanging down behind. It looked more like a compress. She had a white blouse with a blue rosette pinned to the left breast and a pair of carefully mended white cotton gloves. In her left hand she carried, by a ring that protruded from the top, a large square parcel, done up in oil cloth. The conformation of this parcel and the ring by which it was held suggested the accommodation of a wild beast in captivity.

The girl's expression was baffling—at the same time familiar. It contained a happy mixture of expectation and awe. She did not appear to be in any way embarrassed by the oddness of her attire; on the contrary, she seemed quite satisfied about that.

John Harvey was thunderstruck; he could not believe his senses. He touched the bookcase to reassure himself that he was in his own study and not at the cinema. For the first time in his life he realized the meaning of a "film descending on the eyes." It was the only explanation. He had seen Mary Pickford in Daddy Longlegs, Pollyanna, Soapsuds and a score of other screen plays. Secretly, too, he had loved her. As we know, the spectacle of beauty arrayed in rags and her father's boots had never failed to touch him with romance. But as a prosaic and practical young man, of sane convictions, he had never believed such characters had real existence—that lovely orphans with a passion for tamed rabbits, and with stockings that refused to keep up, had any being outside the range of the cinema. The discovery of his mistake was staggering.

She stood in the middle of the room blinking and breathing very fast.

Something would have to be done. John took a grip on himself and spoke.

"I—er—Miss Merrow—that is to say—how do you do?"

"Thank you very much," said Mary, as artless as you please.

It was difficult.

"Oh!" said John. "I see. Um! Please forgive me—I—er—wasn't for the moment expecting—that is—er—you wish to see me?"

"Yes, please." She nodded..

Her simplicity gave him a measure of self-confidence.

"Well, here I am—at least, I think so." The sentence ended there. He started a fresh one. "Do you sit down—I mean will—won't you sit down?"

And again Mary said, "Thank you very much."

Dash it! The girl talked like a subtitle.

He put a chair for her and took another himself, announcing as he sat down, "My name is John Harvey."

"Yes, isn't it?" said she.

Assuming she had regarded his name as an observation on the weather, he politely subscribed, "Very for the time of year."

"I know," said Mary.

She had pulled off her gloves and was rolling them into a ball. Her hands were surprisingly smooth and white. John marveled at that. He found himself watching them.

(Continued on Page 176)

She Raised Her Chin, Their Faces Were Only a Few Inches Apart. It Was John Harvey's First Experience of a Close-Up, and It Shook Him

BALLIOL

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

BALLIOL was pretending to be a savage beast. For a small and rather plump West Highland terrier, born in Surrey and largely bred in London, the little dog did it quite well, his master thought. Balliol lay on the baking turf below the veranda and horribly growled at the village of Rawling's Hope; at the vast and placid valley beyond the trickle of white wooden houses; at the Rawling sawmill, which wailed on the edge of a shimmering basin in whose waters great logs were rolling with an animal laziness. In his growl he defied this valley of the Pennsylvania hills, with all its lumberjacks, their dogs, their offspring and their rattlesnakes. He was magnificent.

It seemed to Noel Bretherton that his pet was trying to wave his tail. The young Englishman stood on the steps admiring Balliol, whose growl swelled as an engine slid to view on the narrow track by the dammed basin, towing three flat cars covered with logs. Men swarmed from the waterside and the huge trunks began to splash into the basin as chains were loosed. Fluffs of spray were tossed into the fierce sunlight and Balliol barked.

"Yes, dear heart," said Noel; "that's quite all right when you're half a mile from the trenches. If one of those logs happened to light on you, though ——"

Balliol stopped his noise. A large black tomcat came sauntering easily about the house of gray flint, from the stables, and approached in a composed but ambiguous gait. The terrier paddled up and nosed Noel's boots.

"Just so," Noel told him; "you're a respectable English household dog, old thing, and you don't know anything of that fellow's antecedents. He has a bad eye. Come along. We'll write letters."

But the logs splashing into the basin kept Noel's stare for a moment. He looked with a sort of pity at this process. Men hauled the turning bulks to the margin, using long poles. A spiked chain caught the cedar and pine lengths and dragged them up a runway into the droning mill, to a swift assassination under saws. The spinal stream of this valley flowed into the basin under a bridge of whitewashed timber, and more logs came sailing on its brightness. The pool was dense with floating wood. On the farther shore boys were visible as pink dots, diving from the bank, and some ran carelessly on the logs, chasing each other. A smell of massacred cedar hung in the heat, and mist darkened the valley's depth.

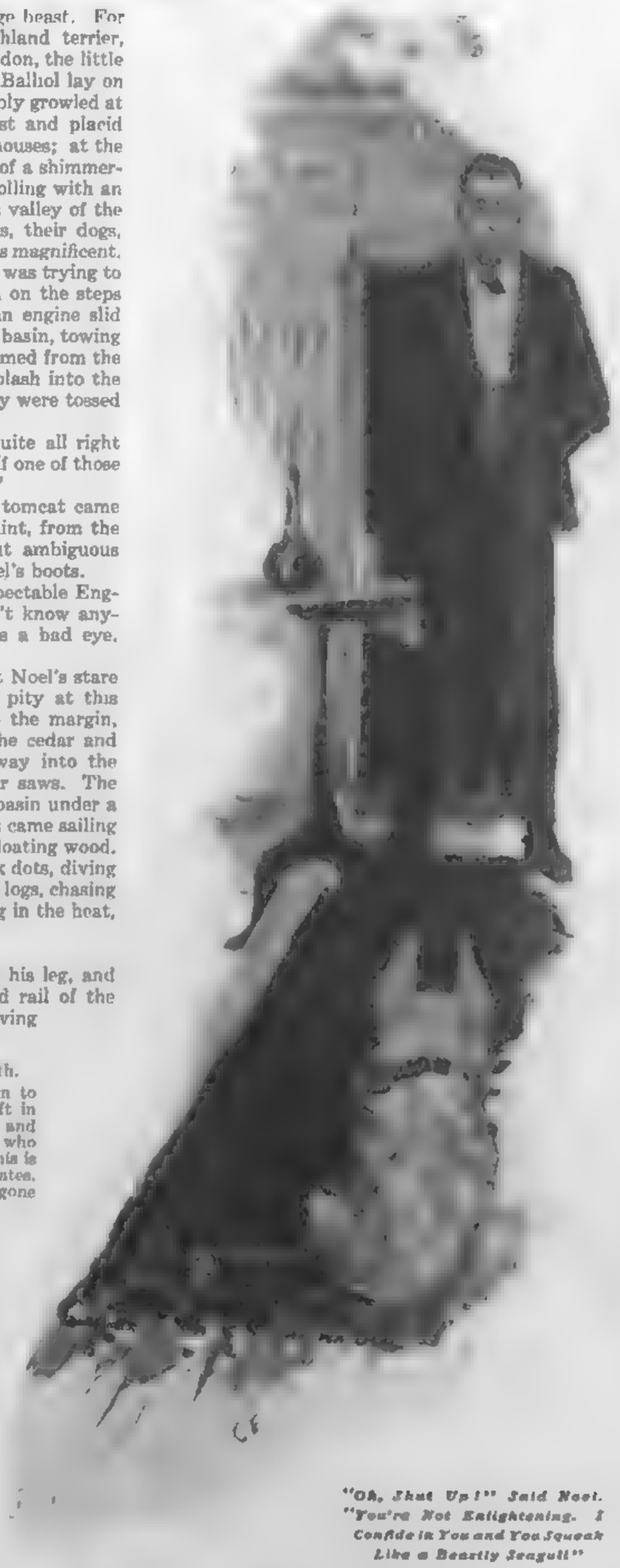
"Stunning," said Noel.

He lounged into a chair, let Balliol climb his leg, and began a note to his father, using the broad rail of the veranda as a desk, aware of the cat observing him from the slope of lawn. He wrote:

RAWLING'S HOPE, PENNSYLVANIA, July 12th.

Dear Parent: Sanford Rawling motored down to Oil City very early this morning and I am left in possession of the Rawling territories, powers and dominions. It is a ghastly responsibility for one who has been here only three days. I perceive that this is a feudal state which has got lost in the United States. I feel rather like a medieval clerk whose lord has gone to the Crusades on short notice. A deputation of savage old women arrived while I was shaving, to complain that the village butcher is profiteering in pork. While I was at breakfast came an old patriarch who is supreme boss of the sawmill, swearing terribly that someone has been raiding the dynamite which they use to blast out rocks for logging paths. Then a Swede lumberjack at least nine furlongs tall came pounding in with some woeful yarn about his foreman. Sanford's father is in New England somewhere and Sanford is in complete charge of the place. These people treat him as God, absolutely, although they call him San.

I am a fearful failure as a deputy deity, and am growing nervous. The Rawling cat obviously suspects me of intentions to run away with four hundred square miles of valuable timber and the house, which has six bath rooms and is lit electrically although it is fifteen miles from the railroad. Three giants are approaching from the village. They probably want me to decide which one of them is to marry Gertie Jones. Women are rather scarce hereabouts.



"Oh, Shut Up!" Said Noel. "You're Not Enlightening. I Confide in You and You Squeak Like a Beastly Seagull"

He halted his pen. Balliol scrambled down the steps and went to meet the three tall men, whose overalls were peculiarly foul below shirts of black muslin. Noel braced himself. He had been taking messages for Sanford Rawling all day. The men stooped over Balliol's pale fur and two of them stayed so.

The tallest came swinging his naked dirty arms up the steps and said cordially, beaming at Noel, "Hey, they say San's went to Oil City?"

"Right," said Noel; "he'll be back late to-night."

"Well, dog-gone," the caller drawled, "and I wanted a gun."

He squatted on the planks and wiped his face with a filthy wrist. A mixed smell of oil, sweat and acids swelled in the veranda. He took a peaked black cap from his head and released a mass of curly black hair. Under his mottlings of coal and grease he was extravagantly handsome, young, white skinned. He gazed at Noel with bright blue eyes and announced, "I ain't had time to come up and meet you yet. I'm Nate Sears. Those are my brothers. They're twins. Hey, kids, you'll get his dog all dirty. . . . We run the train."

The twins tramped up the steps with Balliol trotting between their shoes of soiled canvas, and looked at Noel placidly. They were not so long or so handsome as Nate Sears, and their twinship was startling. It was obvious that they ran the logging train. They must take turns in shoveling coal for the engine. They might be eighteen. Noel murmured "How d'you do?" and the twins nodded politely. Then they sat down to play with Balliol. Balliol's vanity bloomed under their caresses. He sent haughty little barks to the calm cat on the lawn.

"It's a good pup," Nate Sears said, loading a pipe from Noel's tobacco pouch on the arm of the chair. "Well, say. You give me one of San's guns, will you? Tell him I took it 'cause old Conor's actin' nasty. He's been whistlin' that damn tune all week. Last night the kids was sleepin' outside 'cause it was so hot in the house and they heard him whistlin' by the bridge. So I need a gun." He lit his pipe.

Noel lit a cigarette and tossed two more to the twins. Here was a young and healthy male, sensible enough to be trusted with the logging train and allowed at large, inviting him to hand over a revolver—gun meant revolver—by reason of the acts of Conor. Who was Conor?

"You mean that this Conor—er—is dangerous?"

"Sure!" said Nate Sears. "Damn dangerous! When San asked him if he was goin' to make a fight of it if we came back from Oil City he said he wouldn't lay a hand on us. And he ain't tried to. We've been back a week. But he ain't spoke to none of us, and he's whistlin' that tune. And the kids say he was whistlin' round our place last night. Conor's a good shot for a left-handed man."

The less-soiled twin said shyly, "Hey, Nate; he dunno what you're talkin' about." And the murkier twin nodded.

Nate Sears drawled, "Oh, mebbe he don't! It's this way. Conor raised her. She's an orphan. He was goin' to marry her, see? Only she run off with me. We was in Oil City all June boardin' with an aunt I have down there. But she and the twins got awful homesick, see? They hadn't never lived nowheres but here, see? So I phoned San to see how Conor'd act if we come back. And Conor said he wouldn't lay hands on us—which don't mean there ain't revolvers—so we come back. She didn't come. She's with this aunt I've got in Oil City. She wrote Conor to say she was sorry, and like that, and he ain't wrote her nothin'. I don't want her back here unless I see that Conor ain't goin' to be nasty. Only, she's homesick. He killed his second wife, see?"

"Oh," said Noel, "he did?"

"Sure! He caught her holdin' hands with a Danish feller, and killed her. He's kind of jealous in his disposition," Nate Sears explained. He rubbed some soot from the rosy bloom of his left cheek and pondered. "Say! Mamma took me to the funeral. That Dane was an awful sight in his coffin. I seen remains in France that put me in mind of him. Of course I'm some bigger'n Conor, but I dunno exactly could I lick him or not."

The twins said comfortably in twin voices, "Sure you could, Nate," as if this had been much discussed at home. Balliol barked.

"But this fellow has given San his word to—to keep his hands off you?"

"Yeh. Only he keeps on whistlin', see?"

A twin murmured, "He don't understand about Conor whistlin', Nate."

"Oh! Well, when he takes to whistlin' it's what you'd call a bad sign. I ain't got a thing against Conor, see? He's a nice feller but when he's mad. And he's awful mad. And just as mad at the kids as me, see? 'Cause they're my brothers."

The twins seemed highly gratified. Twin grins appeared under their dirty noses. They sat patting Balliol and looked at Noel in a pleased way.

One of them observed, "We was sleepin' out last night. On a blanket. Down by the water. We could hear Conor whistlin'. If he'd got a gun with him he could of plugged us."

"'Cause it was bright starlight," said the other twin.

"Where do you lads live?"

Nate Sears stood up and pointed. "Across the pond. Over where them kids are swimmin'. That's our house where the big tree sticks up. See?"

Noel saw a tree that soared far above the general green across the basin, but verdurous shadow hid any house. He said "Oh!" and watched the pink points which were boys on the margin of the water. What in law and order should one do? What would Sanford Rawling do?

"You think this is liable to end in a shooting?"

"Conor keeps on whistlin'," said Nate Sears; "and that means he's boilin' mad. I'll take one of San's guns. You be sure to tell him I took it." He went tramping through the wide doors of the house and sang out to the English butler inside, "Hey, Cooper, expect you're feelin' awful sassy now you got an English feller to wait on!" He laughed against the servant's horrified mumble.

Noel blushed. The twins finished their cigarettes and threw them away with uniform jerks of grimy hands. One said, "Nate got a medal in the Army for shootin'," and the other added, "He could thrash Conor. He ain't so heavy, but he can hit awful hard."

"Just who is Conor?"

They said responsively, "Bosses the gang down to the runway. He's a old Irishman."

"And he's been married before?"

"Oh, sure. Three times. Two of 'em died. He ain't lucky with women. He was goin' to marry her, but he's

such a lot older. 'N then she wanted to get married with Nate. So we run off to Oil City. Second of June."

A thud shook the trumpet vines of the veranda. Noel jumped from his chair. A boom spread across the valley and a finger of smoke wagged from remote crests of the trees.

The twins peered off at the display and one said tranquilly, "Blastin' rocks out for the new piece of the railway. Say, someone's been stealin' dynamite out of the storeroom to the tool house. Hey, how much'd a pup like this cost?"

"I think I gave ten guineas—fifty dollars—for him."

The twins looked sadly at Balliol. Nate Sears came out of the house with a hunk of chocolate cake in one hand and an automatic revolver in the other. Guns were kept in a closet beside the butler's pantry. The engine driver beamed upon Noel and said, "Hey, Cooper says your father's a lord! How did he get that way?"

"It—it runs in the family," said Noel, groping for an American phrase.

"Well, damn if it ain't interestin'," Nate Sears remarked. He slipped the revolver inside his black shirt. It planed a smudge of coal from his white chest. "Well, you tell San I've took this. Come on, kids. We got to put the engine to bed."

"One minute," said Noel. "I—I'm quite strange here, you know. Would Mr. Rawling let you have that revolver?"

"Oh, sure! Yeh! San told me if Conor got to actin' snorty he'd give me a gun. He knows I won't use it unless I got to. Y'see," he finished, having swallowed the last of the cake, "I ain't sore on Conor. He's a nice old feller. But he's all upset about her marryin' me. He ain't any children, see? I expect that's what's the matter. And he probably loved her. Come along, kids."

Tags of shadow floated on the turf alongside the striding legs of the Sears family. They marched down the driveway to the road and into the shady village. Balliol resumed his wolfhood and growled at the cat, which had gone to sleep under a Rose of Sharon bush. Noel said, "Incredible!"

He went to the butler's pantry and found Cooper, a prim little cockney, reading a volume lettered, Manners and Rules of Good Society. Noel wanted to laugh. He asked, "Do you know this chap Sears, Cooper?"

"Quite a pet of Mr. Sanford's, sir. Very decent lad, I believe. Quite a commotion in the village when he absconded with Conor's intended, sir. She 'asn't come back, I notice."

"And who's this Conor?"

The butler said less readily, "A very rough old fellow. A prize fighter formerly, sir. If I might suggest ——" He spread his fingers on the Rules of Good Society and gave a butler's meek cough.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Sanford has what you might call a most hextraordinary method of 'andling these people. I shouldn't—if I were in your—predicament—sir ——"

"You'd let it alone?"

"If I might suggest, sir."

Noel thanked this burst of tact with a smile. The exiled apostle of good society bridled. Noel said, "Tell them to saddle a horse, please."

"Thank you, sir," said the butler with passion.

Noel rode down the slope, thinking. Sanford would be back by midnight, and nothing would come of this before that hour. Should one do anything? He worried. It was comic. He imagined the flight of Nate Sears and the nameless bride, attended by the twins. And yet the girl was so frightened of Conor that she stayed in hot Oil City. She must be frightened! No girl would want to leave Nate Sears footloose where other women could sympathize with him. Another blast echoed. Noel could not see its source above the trees of the village. He let the horse walk past the smithy, where old men sat in the sunshine on a bench; past the closed schoolhouse; past the red-brick office of the Rawling Lumber Company. Children spotted the dust and chirped over Balliol, who had forgotten his wolfishness and paced with dignity beside Noel's horse. Outside this patch of dwelling was the forest, intricate, hot, solemn.

The horse stopped, unbidden, in an open space by the basin. The engine was moving into a small roundhouse of mossy brick. It vanished, carrying Nate Sears. The twins beckoned to Noel from one of the emptied flat cars. He reined his mount and asked, "Which is Conor?"

"Him in the blue shirt. With the black hat. Lookin' at us," said the twins.

Ten men were pulling logs toward the wooden rim of the basin. The hooked poles splashed. The mounting chain of the runway caught and dragged, rattling. A man at the foot of the wooden trough seemed to watch the chain and its load of wood. His chest was prodigious in a blue shirt. He stood with pink fists on lean hips, and his cavernous hat brim hid his face.

"Lookin' at us," a twin whispered.

"Certainly," said Noel. "If you lads look at him he'll look at you. Don't stare so."

The twins were abashed and swung their long legs feverishly. They muttered, "He keeps lookin'. He come right up to the engine, now, when Nate was cleaning her, an' looked at Nate. Nate didn't pay any attention. He's whistlin'."

The hat brim rose a trifle and showed a shaved jaw, a pursed mouth. Conor might be whistling. The shrillness of blades chewing logs inside the mill drowned any noise less than a shout from the workers. Then the saws stopped. An inhuman lazy whistle came from the pipes of the shingled roof. The chain of the runway fell idle. The men's voices gabbled as they straightened, and a sound of logs gently bumping came from the water. In this peace trembled an air, the sound of a jig whistled merrily. Balliol dropped a cedar chip and jumped over the grass to examine Conor's shoes. A twin murmured, "Ain't it funny? A dog'll always run and talk at him. Look at that, now."

Balliol was hopping up and down before the whistler in exhibition of liking. The little dog's white tail wagged. He was happy. He hopped, absurd and delightful. The twins giggled. A sense of utter inconsequence gripped Noel. This man might kill them. They gurgled because a dog liked him. He had probably doted on their brother's wife and this jolly whistle was a note of defiance, rage, a growl at the world. Odd, frightfully odd. And yet two Danes had stabbed each other to death over a stolen shirt on the day before Noel's coming into this upland. A smell of cedar drifted from the pool. Conor sat down on the moist planks and patted Balliol. Noel dismounted and gave his horse to the nearest twin.

Balliol was in ecstasy, wriggling all over. This man knew how to pat him and did it amiably with his square fingers. Noel approached and deliberately clicked a spur on the wood

Conor looked up and easily said, "It's a fine pup, sir," in the most melodious way.

(Continued on Page 172

"Conor's Gone Off Up the Valley. This Guy Seen Him Walkin' Off Up Past the Graveyard. I Don't Like That"

The Inside Story of the A. E. F.

By GEORGE PATTULLO

Some of the Men of the 314th Infantry, Composed of Pennsylvania Troops, After They Had Pushed the Germans Back More Than Four Miles in Less Than Twenty-four Hours

THE American troops already engaged in the battle are the unanimous admiration of the whole French Army," wrote Petain to Pershing on June 6, 1918, referring to the fine performance of the Second American Division at Bois de Belleau and the Third Division's prompt action in defense of the river crossings near Château-Thierry.

"I therefore willingly accept the offer of all the units which you place at my disposal. The five United States divisions which are to come down from the British zone will be placed on calm sectors in the east, and as soon as possible each will hold a divisional sector."

This was all very fine; but still no move to indicate any intention of building up an American sector! Instead, every step seemed directed toward postponement of this project. For a long while this policy was partly inspired by doubt of what the Americans could do, and fear of intrusting a sector to them, but after the offensives of July there could linger no doubt in the French mind of the value of the Americans for fighting purposes, because they were from then on the shock troops of the toughest operations. Yet even after July no effort was spared to delay operation by the American forces as an American Army under American command.

At a meeting with Foch and General Weygand at the American General Headquarters in Chaumont on June seventeenth, Pershing reported that the War Department in Washington planned to call out enough men to place 3,000,000 troops in France by the end of March, 1919. To this the Allied generalissimo replied by dwelling on the improved morale of his troops through the arrival of the Americans. All the French troops which had contacted them rapidly renewed their fighting spirit, he said.

General Pershing seized the opportunity to urge once more the importance of uniting the Americans into one army. Such a step would not only help morale but add to the usefulness of the Americans very materially.

Postponement

THE Allied commander in chief agreed with the idea in principle, but when Pershing outlined a proposal for grouping a few American divisions—the Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second—as a starter for an American field army, Foch requested him to consider turning over from some of the divisions going into the American training sectors a few of the best regiments of infantry to serve in the most fatigued French divisions—again that persistent idea of utilizing the Americans in small units as replacements!

Foch dwelt at considerable length on this proposition, his pet argument being the necessity of stimulating French morale, and he contended that it would be a matter of a few weeks only. Later these regiments could be returned to American command for incorporation into American divisions—he felt sure this could be done the latter part of July or early in August—and he wanted Pershing to draw up a plan for the scheme.

"We have two tasks facing us," said Foch—"to build up the British Army in man power, and second, to build up the morale of the French Army and in August assemble the American Army."

General Pershing's answer was that he would study the proposal carefully with regard to the needs of the situation.

About this time M. André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, had one of his inspirations. Of all the Allied spokesmen M. Tardieu was ever the boldest in presenting demands and the most tireless in instructing the American people in their duty. But then, he is an editor. Writing to Pershing on June nineteenth he said: "Having been informed that eight new colored infantry regiments are to be organized in the United States, I would greatly appreciate it if you would consider the possibility of placing said regiments at the disposal of the French general staff. These regiments should thus be sent to France when their training is sufficiently advanced. . . . As the A. E. F. is getting organized as an independent body, the American contingents which have enabled us to keep up the strength of our fighting units are going to be withdrawn. Under these conditions, the addition of eight colored regiments to our forces would be a considerable help, while . . . there are no difficulties in using colored troops in close coöperation with white troops in the French Army."

Still No American Army

THE American commander in chief replied a week later: "I regret that I am unable to accede to your request in this matter. As you know, the colored regiments are composed of American citizens and I do not feel warranted in employing them on any basis other than followed in the case of white regiments."

During these anxious months the people at home were sustained by the proud conviction that the United States had an army of its own. Some unfortunate announcements from the War Department at Washington contributed to this delusion; these announcements had spoken of the "American front" and "American sector," and certainly conveyed the implication which the general public took. As a matter of fact we had no army operating in France then; our troops were serving with the French and British armies in divisions or smaller units.

Although the United States had 1,000,000 troops in France every move made by the Allied command for the disposition of American forces reflected an intention to prevent, or at least indefinitely postpone, the formation of an American corps. The orders issued by the French for the employment of the Forty-second American Division was an instance, and General Pershing had an interview with Foch at Bombon on July tenth to discuss the formation of an American sector.

As Pershing pointed out to Petain three days later at a meeting in Provins, the American divisions at this time were scattered clear from the English Channel to Belfort on the Swiss frontier, and nowhere was there a sector known as an American sector. The American people had been given to understand we had 1,000,000 men in France; therefore they would soon begin

Americans Advancing on the Picardy Front

to ask why there was not an American Army fighting as such. They would want to know if the American soldiers were not good enough to hold a front of their own, and failure to meet this inquiry might have a serious effect on the morale of the American people

During the conversation with Foch at Bombon, the Allied commander in chief admitted: "America has the right to have her Army organized as such; the American Army must be an accomplished fact. Moreover, the cause of the Allies will be better served by an American Army under its own chief than by an American Army with its units dispersed. Therefore it is necessary at the earliest possible date to constitute side by side with the British and French armies the American Army; and it is necessary to make this American Army as large as possible."

Official Interchanges

HOWEVER, there was a "but" in this declaration of policy. In order to bring victory to the cause of the Allies, an incontestable numerical superiority was required, and as long as the battle lasted, or threatened to reopen—before the superiority of divisions had been realized—the cause of the Allies demanded that the French and British divisions should be supported, and reënforced when necessary, by American infantry, said Foch.

He wanted the infantry of American divisions which lacked artillery—and at Allied behest, hardly anything but infantry had been shipped for months—to be assigned to filling French and English losses for a certain time, probably two months. As for General Pershing's suggestion to assemble the American forces into an army with a temporary sector in the vicinity of Château-Thierry, this accorded with his general plans, but meanwhile he would need certain of these divisions in attacks he proposed to launch on other parts of the front. In short, by the time the commander in chief had finished outlining his plans for the employment of the American divisions it was very plain that he had no idea of establishing an American sector before October.

And the French went right ahead making disposition of American divisions without consulting the American commander in chief. Orders for the movement of the Fifth, Thirty-fifth and Thirty-second divisions were issued by Petain's headquarters without proper notification to the American G. H. Q.

Also: "It appears that orders to the First Division to move to the region of Toul have been issued direct to that division without these headquarters having been previously informed," wrote Pershing in a note to the chief of the French Military Mission. "This matter has been brought to your attention before, and the undesirability of such methods has been explained. It is evident that unless orders are issued to our troops by these headquarters, all control over our troops ceases. I fully appreciate that in the present case the movement is in exact accord with proposals made by me.

"I must, however, insist that in the future no orders for the movement of our troops be issued until a definite agreement has been made and until these headquarters have issued the necessary orders to the American troops involved."

To this the French mission replied as follows a couple of days later:

"In the future the American command shall be informed, as soon as possible, of the movement of United States units."

We arrive now at what has come to be regarded by most military authorities as the turning point in the war. The first half of 1918 had been disastrous to Allied arms.

The German offensive in March had carried all before it until the depth of its own penetration stopped its impetus; their second grand assault on April ninth menaced the coal supply of France and the Channel ports. French reserves had

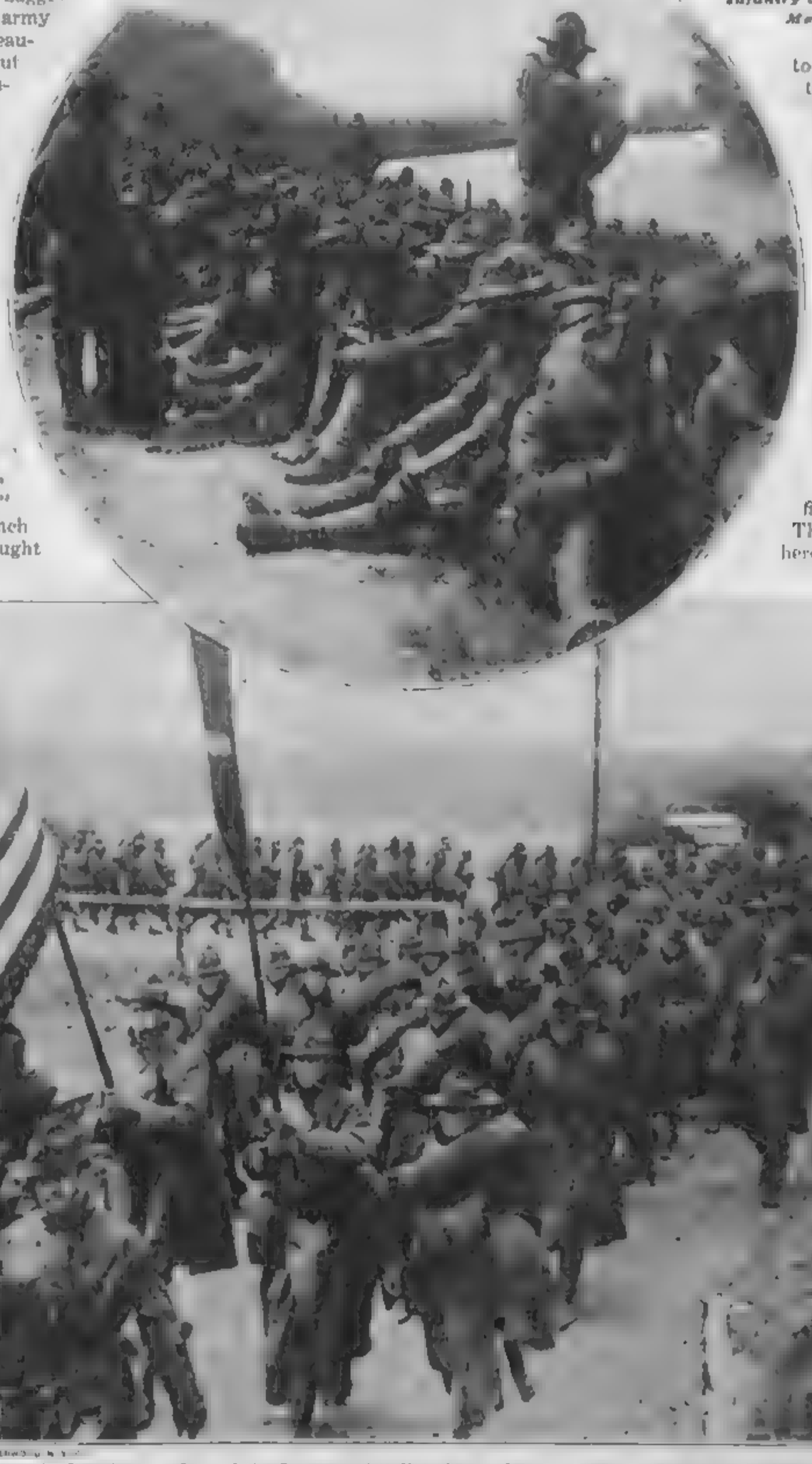
Infantry of the First Division Lined Up for Their First Meal After Twenty Days in the Trenches

to be diverted as far north as Ypres to help stem the tide. On May twenty-seventh the enemy again smashed through the Allied front and swept over the Chemin des Dames, crossed the Aisne, and thence marched almost unopposed as far as Château-Thierry on the Marne. Allied losses were so heavy their reserves sank to the vanishing point. The German armies were now close to Paris; they were flushed with victory; Allied morale was correspondingly low. The capital had never seemed in such peril; people fled from it in hundreds of thousands.

Mangin's Counter Attack

ANOTHER German attack, but on a smaller scale, was launched on June ninth. It gained the enemy nine kilometers and was then brought to a standstill by a counter attack of five French divisions under General Mangin. This counter attack stands out as one of the heroic feats of the war; the French losses were appalling, but they stopped the enemy.

Up to the middle of July all the Allied fighting was on the defensive. If they could check the onrushing Germans they were well satisfied. The power of the German offense loomed as irresistible; it became an obsession. The Allied infantry, discouraged by disastrous failures or ruinous partial successes in 1917, worn out by the Germans' savage onslaughts in overwhelming numbers in 1918, had no longer the heart for attack. Some units of them had; there were troops among the French and British which would have kept on fighting until doomsday; but the bulk of the armies had spirit only for defensive warfare.



American Troops in Flanders on One of the Innumerable Non-Sunny Days. Above—American Reserves, Just Before Being Rushed Into the Counter Attack at the Marne

(Continued on Page 116)

The Test of Lochinvar Bobby

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IT BEGAN simply enough, with a late winter walk. The walkers were little Jamie Mackellar and his big collie, Champion Lochinvar Bobby. Jamie was kennel manager for the great Rufus G. Belden, financial giant of Midwestburg. Bobby was Mackellar's chum—the dog that had spent nearly a year of his youth running wild in the forests and had been reclaimed and humanized by his diminutive Scotch master.

This morning's walk was uneventful enough for both dog and man, until Bobby chanced to pursue a cat down an alleyway. He took a short cut through a mud puddle during this blissful chase. His flying feet slipped on a film of ice and he fell sprawling in the puddle's muddiest depths.

Rolling over, Bobby regained his feet in something like a tenth of a second, but not before his magnificent tawny coat was one thick smear of mud. The cat vanished over a fence; and Bobby, at Jamie's first call, galloped merrily back to his master. Mackellar, frowning ruefully, surveyed his disreputable chum.

"Eh, Bobby, you miserable tatterdemalion!" he sighed. "Not three days ago you had your bath—a grand bath, Bobby, lad!—and not an hour ago I brushed you till you shone. And look at you now! Look at you now, I'm asking you, Bobby. Did you ever see the like of you, for fair filthiness and muck? 'No,' says you, being at heart a truthful tike, 'I never did.' What'll Mistress say when I lug you home looking like one of the children's mud pies on four legs? And what'll I be thinking when all the folk hereabout set eyes on you and get the idea that Jamie Mackellar knows no better than keep a collie in such shape? Home we go, Bobby, lad; home to a bath. Come along!"

Now, naturally, Lochinvar Bobby understood the meaning of only a tithe of Mackellar's words, despite the fact that Jamie had always talked to him as to a fellow human. But from long experience he read the voice and the face of the man with perfect ease. From these he gathered that he was being scolded, but that Mackellar was not really angry at him and that he himself had not committed any sin.

Yet Bobby listened, downcast; and he fell into step behind Jamie with drooping head and brush. Not alone because he was dirty and because he loathed dirt, but chiefly because he had three times heard his master utter that detested word "bath." And Bobby's heart sank dejectedly at thought of the scrubbing and the abhorrent reek of soap in store for him. A few collies really enjoy swimming, but almost none of them like a tub bath.

For some distance through the outskirts of Midwestburg on their return journey to Beldencroft, at the summit of Crescent Hill, the two hurried along. The mud was drying on Bobby's glorious coat. This and his morose anticipation of a bath gave him a furtively tramplike air at utter variance with his wonted proud beauty.

Once only did he rouse himself from his lethargy of gloom. That was when he and Jamie chanced to pass the white-fenced front yard of a house about a mile from Beldencroft. From the steps of this house sprang up a dozing collie—pale gold and white of hue, dainty of line, classic of head. At sight of Bobby this dog cleared the steps in a bound and came charging down toward the pickets, barking in strident challenge. As a rule Bobby paid no heed to swaggering advances from dogs he met on his walks with Jamie. At worst, an impatient growl or a momentary glint of teeth was his answer to such defiances. But to-day he neither showed his teeth nor growled. Instead he cast aside his air of misery and trotted up to the palings with tail awag. For a well-bred collie does not resent the barking insults of the female of his species.

He and the gold-and-white little beauty touched noses through the picket spaces. The new dog wagged her tail hospitably and did a series of dance steps, then galloped madly off for some ten or twelve feet and wheeled to see why Bobby did not accept the invitation for a romp.

Bobby Drove These Off Fifty Times Between Sunrise and Dusk, But as Often They Clamored Back Greedily

The picket fence was Bobby's sole reason for not accepting. Now, as she glanced back at him over her shoulder, he cleared the fence top with ridiculous ease and trotted over the scrap of lawn toward his new friend.

Jamie, missing him, turned about just in time to see an obese and overdressed woman emerge from the house, squalling shrilly, "Lass! Lassie! Come here at once! Get away, you nasty brute! Scat!"

The last half of her speech was addressed to the mud-coated Bobby. He stopped short as she advanced shooingly upon him. He surveyed the woman with no fear at all; but also with no favor. Instinct told him this was not an understander of dogs. His sensitive eardrums, too, were irritated by her shrilly raucous voice. The other collie crouched, terror-stricken, at approach of her mistress, and began to slink away. Plainly experience as well as instinct warned her of danger.

Jamie Mackellar's brows creased in disapproval at sight of Lass' fear. It could spring from but one cause. Knowing collies as he did, he had scant patience with any man or woman who by needless brutality produces that look of terror in their eyes and that cringingly panic way of slinking off.

Tersely he called Bobby back to him. The dog, with one wistful glance toward his frightened new playmate, cleared the palings again and stood at his master's side. The woman, in mid-lawn, scowled after him.

Then turning on the timid-looking little Mackellar she snapped, "I'll thank you to keep your dirty cur off my premises! He ——"

"Asking pardon, ma'am," put in Jamie, "he's no cur. Yon's Champion Lochinvar Bobby, ma'am. There's not his like in America. He's a wee peckle muddy, but that's by reason of a little accident with a cat and a mud puddle. That's a fine young collie you have," he finished conciliatingly. "I—I compliment you on her."

"She was given to me last week," said the woman crankily. "And she's a pest. I'll either teach her to mind or I'll thrash the life out of her. She ——"

"H'm!" commented Jamie, eying the frightened dog. "You've made a grand start—one way or the other. Come on, Bobby, lad!"

It was as they rounded the next corner that an ice truck skidded on the slippery pavement and knocked Jamie Mackellar under its wheels.

When the policeman came puffing up he found an overturned truck with a senseless and crushed driver wedged under it. Some few feet farther back he saw Jamie Mackellar lying, also unconscious, with a scalp abrasion and with a compound fracture of the left leg.

A momentarily increasing crowd surrounded the two victims, but they pressed less closely around Mackellar than around the driver. This because a huge and mud-streaked collie stood guard over Jamie's oddly crumpled body.

Lochinvar Bobby by turns bent whimpering and quivering above his master, licking the muddy face in an agony of grief; then standing erect again to snarl murderous defiance at the spectators. One Good Samaritan had sought to lay hands on Jamie to carry him to the sidewalk. Bobby had flown at the man with a concentrated fury that not only had frustrated the kindly attempt but had kept everyone else at arm's length. There stood the great dog—heartbroken, bereft, savage—above the unconscious little man who was his god. And none dared break in on his vigil.

The policeman turned in an ambulance call. Then, being prudent, he decided to center his attention on the mishap's other victim. While he was still examining the driver the ambulance came up.

At the same instant Jamie Mackellar awoke, dull-headed but sensible enough to know himself to be in a hell of anguish. Stupidly he blinked upward into Lochinvar Bobby's worried dark eyes.

"Bobby, lad," he whispered dazedly, "whatever on earth's happened me? Are we ——"

The ambulance surgeon bustled up. Bobby growled and stood between him and Mackellar.

"Let him be, Bobby, boy!" panted Jamie. "He's all right. Leave him alone! He ——"

Pain and the effort to speak were a combination too strong for Mackellar's tortured nerves. He fainted.

But his order had been given and had been understood. This white-coated human, who stank of pungent disinfectants, was to be let alone. So much Bobby knew. Jamie had said the man was all right and must not be molested; and Lochinvar Bobby had never in all his life disobeyed or questioned a command of his adored master.

Unwillingly, and still growling a little under his breath, the dog drew back. Quivering with misery and with a craving to interfere, he none the less stood quiescent while the white-coated man and another put Jamie in the ambulance. Jamie had said: "He's all right. Leave him alone!" And Jamie's order must be obeyed.

Presently the ambulance drove off. Bobby followed, galloping close behind it through the straggling outskirts of Midwestburg and later through the choked traffic of the city's streets. At last the vehicle stopped in front of a large building, a building which, even from the outside, gave forth to Bobby's acute senses the same disliked odor as had the clothes of the white-coated man.

Jamie was borne carefully indoors. Bobby followed close behind the stretcher. A man at the side door reached out to bar the dog's way. Bobby paused only long enough to slash at the outthrust hand. The man stepped back and aimed a kick. The dog wheeled upon him with such an aspect of silent rage that the man hopped nimbly up on a table. Bobby paid him no further heed, but followed the stretcher-bearers.

Into a room they carried Mackellar. The door swung shut behind them in Bobby's face. Imperiously he scratched for admittance. Then he flung himself in a fury of eagerness against the strong panels. The panels did not give, and no one came to let him in.

Bobby stretched himself out across the threshold with a long sigh, pressing his nostrils to the crack under the door, and prepared to wait.

Inside the room he could hear voices and moving feet Over and above the sickening disinfectant reek he could catch the loved scent of his master. And he was content to wait. Once or twice an orderly or a nurse came past from some other part of the corridor. At Bobby's savage show of teeth these intruders gave the collie a wide berth. Nobody came out through the doorway he guarded.

Meantime, inside the white room Jamie had come to his senses and had told who he was. Someone telephoned to Rufus G. Belden. In another five minutes, at that omnipotent personage's mandate, Jamie was sent home in a private ambulance, with a doctor and a nurse as escort. He was carried out through a door other than that whereby he had entered. Thus only by loss of his master's scent did Bobby know Mackellar was no longer on the other side of that obstinately closed portal.

Jamie was no longer there, and it behooved Bobby to find him. He jumped up and scratched again at the panel. This time someone heard the sound and opened the door to investigate. Into the long many-doored room dashed Bobby, sniffing the hateful air, peering in all directions, running in circles to pick up the scent of Jamie's steps.

But as Mackellar had been carried in and then out again on a stretcher there was no clew. Out of the room sprang the dog, galloping from corridor to corridor in growing desperation. No, Jamie was not anywhere within sight or scent or sound. He was gone! And there was no way of guessing whither he had been spirited.

If Lochinvar Bobby had been a human he would doubtless have gone straight home. But he was merely a dog; and at that a dog of a breed that is prone to think things out. He saw no need of going home. To him home and Jamie Mackellar meant one and the same thing. He had left the Mackellar cottage, back of the Beldencroft kennels, that morning in company with Jamie. Wherefore by all canine logic Jamie was not at the cottage. The nearest spot whither he had traced Mackellar was this ill-smelling hospital, and search and scent showed him Jamie was no longer here. Distracted, the collie trotted out of the building and made his aimless way up the street.

Bobby was the chum and the devoted adorer of Jamie Mackellar, but to no one but Jamie had he ever given allegiance. True, he was moderately fond of Jamie's big Yorkshire wife—who, by the way, felt only the mildest interest in dogs. But he was not devoted to her. Also, he was fond of Jamie's two children. But both of those children were away at school just now. In a patronizing and tepid fashion he was on friendly terms with the august Rufus G. Belden, and with the kennel men. But none of them counted for much in his life.

No, there was no reason for hurrying home, or indeed for going home at all, now that Jamie was no longer there. Nor could he pursue any logical quest for his lost master without a single clew. He must needs accept heartache and bewildered loneliness unless fate should in some way bring him and Mackellar together again.

Yet, collie fashion, before giving up all hope he cast back upon his trail. He retraced the long journey from midcity to outskirts; to the place where Mackellar had been struck down. There he sniffed about the spot on the greasy street where Jamie's body had lain.

As he was giving up this unprofitable task another recognized scent assailed his keen nostrils. Around the corner, from her home in the next block, was walking the large and raucous-voiced woman who had called him a dirty cur and had shooed him out of her yard. By a flimsy leash she was leading the gold-and-white young collie, Lass. In the woman's other hand swung a plaited dog whip—an object unfamiliar to Bobby.

Wagging his tail in friendly welcome Bobby advanced toward his new collie acquaintance. Lass at sight of him sprang forward in playful eagerness. The spring caused the loose-hung leash to dig into the woman's fat wrist and gave her arm a sudden wrench. Angry at the hurt and the jar she yanked vexedly on the leash, jerking Lass back on her haunches.

Lass, foreseeing punishment, dodged behind her mistress' skirt. She did this just as the woman turned to strike her. As a result the leash looped itself around the beefy ankles. Without waiting to extricate herself the woman brought down the dog whip swishingly across Lass' dainty back. Then several things happened.

At sound of the blow and of Lass' pitiful cry Bobby sprang forward, every line of his powerful body abristle with hostility. But there was no need for him to interfere. For as she cried out Lass bounded as far as possible to one side to escape further punishment. The woman, leaning far to that side, aimed another blow. As a result the looped leash not only tightened about her fatted calves but was pulled sharply to the left by Lass' jump.

The woman sat down; very hard indeed. Lass, running backward to get out of the way of the swooping avalanche of flesh, strained against her collar. The collar being loose slipped off over her back-pulled head. The woman scrambling up, purple with rage, flourished the whip and made a wild rush at her dog. As she rushed she bellowed ferocious threats. Lass did not wait to be caught. Incontinently she turned and fled. And shoulder to shoulder with her galloped Lochinvar Bobby.

Life was taking a new turn for Bobby. His mind, dazed by the bitter grief of his loss, yearned toward this new friend of his own species. Having no desired home to return to he followed the runaway steps of gold-and-white Lass.

Aimlessly Lass fled, her one idea at first being to escape from the swishing dog whip and from its bad-tempered wielder. Her brief stay with this mistress of hers had been a period of terror and of pain. In the far-off kennels of her birth she had always been treated kindly, but the woman had made life a horror to her and she was eager to put as much distance as possible between them.

Presently, as she ran, she was aware of Bobby's comforting presence at her side. She slackened pace and touched noses with him. Then she glanced back for her pursuer. The woman was not in sight. The two dogs relaxed their gallop into a leisurely trot. In another minute Bobby came to a stop.

They were at the summit of a hill. Below, in front, was a straggling suburb of the city they had left behind. Beyond the suburb was a plain. Beyond the plain towered a ridge, which separated Midwestburg and its outskirts from the miles of rolling forest and farmland that stretched away almost to Canada.

The sight of the ridge and a whiff of the odors blown thence by the March wind awoke strange memories and stranger impulses in the masterless Bobby. Over that ridge, as a gangling scared puppy, he had scrambled his tired way on a winter night years agone; and he had traveled on to Blake's Woods, beyond it, where under the rotting dance pavilion of other days he had made a lair. Thence for nearly a year he had sallied at nights to ravage hen roost and fold and rabbit warren and partridge copse.

He had loved that wild life and he had thriven mightily on it. He had left it because Jamie Mackellar had found

(Continued on Page 153)

Five Times He Rushed With Shut Eyes at the Elusive Collie

Selling to a Crowd—The Auctioneer

By JAMES H. COLLINS

IF YOU have something to sell and want to get the best possible price sell it at auction. But if you want to buy something at a bargain price go to auction sales where that something is sold; people are picking up bargains at auction every day.

Eat your cake and have it too? How is it done?

Partly by the fellow who does the selling, the auctioneer; and partly by the peculiar mechanism of auction selling itself.

The auction sale multiplies the number of possible purchasers, and pits them against one another. Each bidder has his own idea of values—very often wrong. Or he has his own idea of the price he is willing to pay—and will probably pay more if some other bidder tries to get the article away from him.

Some years ago there was an empty factory in a New Jersey town to be sold in receivership. A near-by manufacturer wanted it and was willing to pay fifty thousand dollars for the building. The receiver advertised for offers and got only one—a forty-eight-thousand-dollar offer from this manufacturer. He decided to put the property up at auction. On the day of the sale several bidders appeared. The first bid was fifty thousand dollars, which was quickly raised to fifty-five thousand, then to sixty thousand. At this point one of the bidders went out to telephone, and coming back, bid more, eventually getting the property for seventy-two thousand dollars. Then all the bidders went to lunch together, and it was disclosed that the purchaser had acted as agent for a New York real-estate operator who had bought the property for a client. Ultimately it proved that the factory was not worth what had been paid for it, and the manufacturer who wanted it in the first place was glad that it had gone to somebody else.

People get bargains, too, because some things are sold below value at every auction. There are bound to be certain articles that few bidders want, and they are knocked down cheap. It is important in auction salesmanship that there be such bargains, for the auctioneer uses them to stimulate buying.

The word "auction" usually brings up a picture of the establishment found in every sizable town where brass watches and glass jewelry are sold to the unsophisticated, with the aid of cappers. This kind of auction room, called a grind shop, is often as crooked as crooked can be—an interesting place we will investigate later. Or people think of auction selling as a sort of last resort to get rid of property that cannot be sold otherwise.

The "Going-Going-Gone" Chant on a Small New England Farm

An Old-Fashioned Country Sale

ACTUALLY auction salesmanship is used to market a very large share of the world's products and merchandise, and most of the selling is honest. Moreover, this is one of the quickest and least expensive methods of selling. Rare books, valuable manuscripts, famous paintings and works of art, with other articles sought for collections, are sold largely at auction. So are secondhand household effects, particularly fine furniture, rugs, plate, China, napery and the like. Auction selling moves great quantities of staple raw materials cheaply, such as furs and wool; also the output of some industries, like carpet making. Much of the fresh fruit marketed in big cities is sold at auction, and a great deal of city real estate. It is estimated that thirty thousand country auctioneers throughout the United States are busy most of the time disposing of farms, livestock, implements and household effects for farmers who are moving, retiring, liquidating estates or undergoing the shifts involved in the changes and chances of farming as a business.

In pretty much every other kind of selling the salesman's objective is the individual customer, one prospective buyer whom he wants to talk to alone, leading him through the four standard steps of a sale: First, he gets his attention; second, arouses his interest; third, secures his confidence; and finally, gets his action in the shape of an order. If other people are present they often distract attention and delay or block the sale. Sometimes the salesman sells to a group—a board of directors or a conference gathering. But generally, wherever it is a matter of choice, he prefers to have the single customer alone.

The auctioneer, on the other hand, sells to the crowd. Without a crowd, or at least a sizable group of people, there can be no auction. The bigger the crowd the better the auctioneer likes it. Selling to a crowd is based upon the same principles followed in selling to an individual: there are the four standard steps of attention, interest, confidence and action. But the methods are decidedly different.

Getting and holding the attention of a crowd is often easier than getting and holding the attention of an individual customer. But in the crowd there may be potential trouble of kinds seldom encountered by salesmen in other fields. The auctioneer has the advantage of working with customers who already want to buy. That is why they have come to the sale. But they are looking for bargains. They are there to match their wits and their wills against his and buy things for less money than he wants to get for them, if they can. He matches his wits against theirs and also pits one bidder against another. He gives them bargains, and at the same time generally realizes higher average prices for all the property sold than it would bring at private sale.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now about to start the sale," announces the auctioneer, climbing into his rostrum.

It is a country dooryard, and a farm is to be sold with standing crops, livestock, machinery and household effects. There are more than a hundred people present—neighbors who have been walking about inspecting the property to be sold. Their interest has already been secured, but it is concentrated on one point: What do I want to buy and how cheap can I get it?

If the auctioneer were a book agent or an implement salesman, talking individually to any of these folks, they would expect him to magnify the value of his goods. Rather strangely, they seldom expect this at an auction. Their chief thought is that Neighbor Stubblefield has been forced to sell out, and that the auctioneer is going to get as good a price for everything as he can, but that they are going to buy as cheaply as they can. If the auctioneer knows his business he takes advantage of this viewpoint right at the start.

"I will state the terms of the sale," he continues, when the crowd has drawn together, and briefly enumerates them: Goods become the highest bidder's property the moment they are knocked down; are to be paid for in cash, or a cash deposit made; to be taken away under such-and-such conditions; and so forth. Then he begins to magnify the value of his goods, just like a book agent—to put them in the show window, as it is called. He has an interested crowd, but it is interested only in certain things.

There are plows, pigs and pickle dishes to be sold, but horses happen to be somewhat scarce in that neighborhood just then, and most of the crowd have come to the auction hoping to pick up one of Stubblefield's big work teams.

"Come, let's begin!" says the auctioneer to his assistant impatiently. "Hand up something—anything—that bundle of forks and hoes. Why aren't you ready?"

He cracks a joke about this lot, and the crowd laughs. As he calls for bids it is discovered that one of the forks is broken. He scolds the assistant for not calling attention to this defect.

"We don't want to sell such stuff without letting people know it's damaged—this lot goes 'as is.'" It is knocked down cheap. The crowd has been drawn together, it is in good humor, it has seen a neighbor get a bargain and begun to think that the auctioneer is an honest fellow. Other things are sold, sometimes big things first, even the farm itself, and sometimes a lot of bargains in little things—dishes, tools and like plunder. The auctioneer has a definite plan in this apparent carelessness, based on the character of the crowd. Sometimes bidding is slow and has to be stimulated, while again interest centers on the purchase of the farm itself; and the bidder who gets the property may be a good customer later for livestock and machinery to work it—a good reason for selling it first.

The crowd is thinking horses. The auctioneer is selling plows and pickle dishes—and thinking pigs.

"When are you goin' to sell the horses?" asks a prospective buyer.

An Expert in Pedigrees

"WE'RE coming to them in a little while," is the auctioneer's answer, and he takes half a minute to talk about Stubblefield's fine mares, his ability as a farmer, his standing in the neighborhood and the pride he has always shown in keeping his place well stocked with the best of everything. Thus the crowd's interest in horses and Farmer Stubblefield's standing in the community are cleverly utilized to get their attention for the next lot brought under the hammer. It is a penful of pure-bred pigs. He sells them not as pigs but as possibilities, dwelling upon the advantages of having good pigs of this particular breed, talking about their pedigree, ancestry, records.

The capable country auctioneer knows more about the different breeds of horses, cattle, hogs and other livestock than the average breeder, for the breeder is likely to be well informed about one kind of animal, and one breed of that, and honestly prejudiced against other breeds, while the auctioneer must know all breeds and carefully avoid having a favorite breed. He follows pedigrees as closely as the racing fan follows dope. Many of his sales are of livestock alone, and he must be able not only to talk as an expert upon any breed of animal brought under the hammer but about individual animals, and to give the crowd fresh, convincing facts about the breed and the individual and the successes made with this particular breed by other people.

He paints a mental picture of what may be accomplished by the purchaser of these particular pigs. Why, a man who owns them may become a leader in the community, and a real benefactor! Bidders mentally fit themselves

(Continued on Page 168)

SLOW-SOUND HORN

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

THE doctor in my little Rocky Mountain town asked me to write this story—as a favor to him and to other doctors who live in the hills and who, in the love of Nature, dislike to see the landscape muddled up with the wrecks of humans and automobiles, to say nothing of what it may do for those humans themselves who start out on a vacation with a glorious prospect—and end in a hospital.

"It's not that I object to the work," he told me, "even though it is a bit trying to hurry thirty miles or so up into the higher hills and try to load someone with a broken hip into an automobile and bring him to town, only to find that the fracture is such that it requires an X ray before setting, thus necessitating a further trip of forty miles to a city and its well-equipped hospitals. It's just that there's no sense in it—and any doctor who's really a true member of his profession believes far more in prevention than in cure."

Hence this little effusion on how to avoid being killed while on your vacation! And in spite of the jocularity of it all, I happen to live in a country where persons seem to insist on needlessly killing themselves during their annual rest period; which, after all, is hardly the way to spend a vacation. It ruins not only their outing but that of everyone else; therefore these few scattered facts about a country which is a foreign land to the majority of the population of the United States, but a desired land, nevertheless, especially at vacation time—the mountains.

By mountains, I mean mountains—not hills. There is a difference. The Catskills, the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridges and the Cumberlands are hills. The Rockies are mountains in the professional sense of the word; and it is of these mountains that the motor vacationer often dreams, coupling that dream with a mental bet that his old cart can take anything they've got on high.

Nor is that assurance purely a thing of motor-car pride or of egotism. Most of us live in cities, where the streets have been carefully graded to admit of the smallest amount of resistance to the work of a vehicle. The municipality that possesses a hill of more than 6 per cent is unusual, and it is in rare cases that such a grade is greater in extent than a block or two. Somewhere outside of town there exists, perhaps, an acclivity that may run as high as 10 per cent, and that is two or three hundred feet in length, to which the motor-car salesman takes the prospective buyer for a test of the machine. Up goes the car on second or low, as the case may be, without an evidence of strain, and certainly without any unfavorable results upon the cooling system. To a person accustomed to flat country the hill appears to be straight up—almost an impossibility for anything to climb—with the result that when the car goes up it easily and as though longing for more, the inevitable pride of a car owner causes the announcement: "Well! If the old boat can make that it can make anything that even looks like a road!"

Ups and Downs

IT IS with the armament of this information that he goes to the mountains—encounters difficulties, trials, troubles, tribulations, broken-down motors and often serious accidents, and comes out of it all no wiser than he was before.

"Must have been something wrong with the old bus," is his alibi. "It never acted like that before."

All for the reason that it never had before been in mountains! For there's a difference. The hill that seems straight up in a flat country is only a medium grade or fairly level country when one bucks up against the professional grades of the various roads the vacationer must travel in the Rocky Mountains. Any car in the world can make a 10 per cent pull for a distance of a few hundred feet. But what happens when that grade extends for miles? A mountain range is not merely a ragged ridge starting out of level country, and smoothing off again on the other side. It is a succession of ridges, each piled upon the other in four or five waves or projections, which gradually mount until the backbone of the continent has been reached, receding on the other side in the same fashion. Fifteen miles out of Denver one can climb a mountain range, and then, at the top, really be at only the beginning of the mountains. There are two more ranges piled on top of this before ever the crest of the continent is reached!

Consequently, once a person really gets into the mountains all sense of perspective seems to be lost. Grades appear to be only flat stretches, while the heavier pulls farther on seem to be only slight things of 1 or 2 per cent, which should be taken easily with the motor breezing along on high. But for some strange reason the machine coughs and gasps and slows down. The inexperienced driver begins to fight his engine, releasing the clutch, allowing the engine to race, then throwing in the clutch hard again, for a spurt. But still the gasping comes, accompanied by cuss words directed toward the carburetor. At last, disgruntled, peevish, into second go the gears, while the engine is raced again, and thrown once more into high. Ding that carburetor! Again and again is it tried—and then something goes wrong with the cooling system. The darned thing's boiling! First time it ever did such a thing in its life. Ever see it to fail, something always goes wrong with a car when you're a long way from a garage? Of course the driving hasn't had a thing to do with it!

Nothing at all—only this much: I have driven many, many thousand miles of mountain roads in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. I have an ordinarily good car, neither cheap nor high priced. With that automobile I can climb one grade of six miles in which the lift starts at 8 per cent and finishes with a grand finale of 32 per cent, experiencing neither an appreciable strain on my motor nor any trouble with the cooling system. The nearest my car ever came to boiling was when I towed a disabled machine up a part of the terrific grade!

A Matter of Practice

THERE is another grade, which extends for fourteen miles, on which the "level" stretches run a minimum of 5 per cent, and the heaviest grade is 18, meaning a steady pull of more than ten miles in second and low. I have never had radiator, oil or engine trouble on that hill. Yet one day I lent my car to a man unaccustomed to mountain driving, and that car of mine, which had sailed over the hump with hardly a realization of the difficulty, boiled eight times in those fourteen miles! The hand at the wheel has a great deal to do with the work of the engine.

More, because the hand at the wheel isn't a practiced one, and because the brain behind that hand at the wheel has either refused to understand the difficulties of mountain driving or has been kept in ignorance of them, there are at least ten accidents a week during the summer months in the driving regions of the Rocky Mountains, and on the various passes leading over the Continental Divide. What may seem strange to the uninitiated, and not at all strange to those who know the hills and who see the occupants of every fourth or fifth car literally shaking dice with death, is the fact that most of these accidents happen when the car is either stopped or going downhill!

Naturally there is a logical explanation. The usual man, when he stops on a hill in town or in the country, sets his emergency brake; and then, if this does not hold tightly enough, reënforces this by throwing the car into low gear or reverse, thus making the engine accomplish what the brake bands do not. On the ordinary grade, when the time comes to start again, the pull of the hill is so slight that if the emergency allows movement at all it is so slow as to be almost imperceptible. But on a mountain grade conditions are different. One can't throw the car out of gear and then step on the starter, trusting the brakes to hold until the engine starts. The pull of gravity is so strong that the minute that extra bindage is released the car starts downhill, and with speed! The result is that the driver, frightened by the strange actions of his car, loses his head for an instant—and that instant is enough. Mountain roads are narrow. They also are crooked. Upon the usual pass road a fifty-foot progress or regress in a straight line inevitably brings a car either to the edge of a precipice or into the stone wall of the mountain itself. There's a crash either way.

(Continued on Page 104)

A Party of Tourists Motoring Through the South St. Vrain Cañon, Altitude 8200 Feet, in the Rocky Mountains

THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

MIDSUMMER in the desert. The road now, but for the shifting of the sands, would have been marked by the bodies of dead cattle, in death scarcely more bone and parchment than for days they had been while alive. The horned toad, the cactus, the rattlesnake long since had replaced the prairie dogs of the grassy floor of the eastern plains. A scourge of great black crickets appeared, crackling loathsomely under the wheels. Sagebrush and sand took the place of trees and grass as they left the river valley and crossed a succession of ridges or plateaus. At last they reached vast black basaltic masses and lava fields, proof of former subterranean fires which seemingly had forever dried out the life of the earth's surface. The very vastness of the views might have had charm but for the tempering feeling of awe, of doubt, of fear.

They had followed the trail over the immemorial tribal crossings over heights of land lying between the heads of streams. From the Green River, which finds the great cañons of the Colorado, they came into the vast horseshoe valley of the Bear, almost circumventing the Great Salt Lake, but unable to forsake it at last. West and south now rose bald mountains around whose northern extremity the river had felt its way, and back of these lay fold on fold of lofty ridges, now softened by the distances. Of all the splendid landscapes of the Oregon Trail, this one had few rivals. But they must leave this and cross to yet another, though less inviting, vast river valley of the series which led them across the continent.

Out of the many wagons which Jesse Wingate originally had captained, now not one hundred remained in his detachment when it took the sagebrush plateaus below the great Snake River. They still were back of the Missouri train, no doubt several days, but no message left on a cleft stick at camp cheered them or enlightened them. And now still another defection had cut down the train.

Woodhull, moody and irascible, feverish and excited by turns, ever since leaving Bridger had held secret conclaves with a few of his adherents, the nature of which he did not disclose. There was no great surprise and no extreme regret when, within safe reach of Fort Hall, he had announced his intention of going on ahead with a dozen wagons. He went without obtaining any private interview with Molly Wingate.

These matters none the less had their depressing effect. Few illusions remained to any of them now, and no romance. Yet they went on—ten miles, fifteen sometimes, though rarely twenty miles a day. Women fell asleep, babes in arms, jostling on the wagon seats; men almost slept as they walked, ox whip in hand; the cattle slept as they stumbled on, tongues dry and lolling. All the earth seemed strange, unreal. They advanced as though in a dream through some inferno of a crazed imagination.

About them now often rose the wavering images of the mirage, offering water, trees, wide landscapes; beckoning in such desert deceits as they often now had seen. One day as the brazen sun mocked them from its zenith they saw that they were not alone on the trail.

For an Hour Molly Sat, and the Sun Sank. The Light of the Whole World Died

"Look, mother!" exclaimed Molly Wingate—she now rode with her mother on the seat of the family wagon, Jed driving her cart when not on the cow column. "See! There's a caravan!"

Her cry was echoed or anticipated by scores of voices of others. They pointed west and south.

Surely there was a caravan—a phantom caravan! Far off, gigantic, looming and lowering again, it paralleled the advance of their own train, which in numbers it seemed to equal. Slowly, steadily, irresistibly, awesomely, it kept pace with them, sending no sign to them, mockingly indifferent to them—mockingly so, indeed; for when the leaders of the Wingate wagons paused the riders of the ghostly train paused also, biding their time with no action to indicate their intent. When the advance was resumed the uncanny *pari passu* again went on, the rival caravan going forward as fast, no faster than those who regarded it in a fascinated interest that began to become fear. Yonder caravan could bode no good. Without doubt it planned an ambush farther on, and this sinister indifference meant only its certainty of success.

Or were there, then, other races of men out here in this unknown world of heat and sand? Was this a treasure train of old Spanish *cargadores*? Did ghosts live and move as men? If not, what caravan was this, moving alone, far from the beaten trail? What purpose had it here?

"Look, mother!" The girl's voice rose eagerly again, but this time with a laugh in it. And her assurance passed down the line, others laughing in relief at the solution.

"It's ourselves!" said Molly. "It's the Fata Morgana—but how marvelous! Who could believe it?"

Indeed, the mirage had taken that rare and extraordinary form. The mirage of their own caravan, rising, was reflected, mirrored, by some freak of the desert sun and air, upon the fine sand blown in the air at a distance from the train. It was, indeed, themselves they saw, not knowing it, in a vast primordial mirror of the desert gods. Nor did the discovery of the truth lessen the feeling of discomfort, of apprehension. The laughter was at best uneasy until at last a turn in the trail, a shift in the wizardry of the heat waves, broke up the ghostly caravan and sent it, figure by figure, vehicle by vehicle, into the unknown whence it had come

"This country!" exclaimed Molly Wingate's mother. "It scares me! If Oregon's like this ——"

"It isn't, mother. It is rich and green, with rains There are great trees, many mountains, beautiful rivers where we are going, and there are fields of grain. There are—why, there are homes!"

The sudden pathos of her voice drew her mother's frowning gaze.

"There, there, child!" said she. "Don't you mind. We'll always have a home for you, your paw and me."

The girl shook her head.

"I sometimes think I'd better teach school and live alone."

"And leave your parents?"

"How can I look my father in the face every day knowing what he feels about me? Just now he accuses me of ruining Sam Woodhull's life—driving him away, out of the train. But what could I do? Marry him, after all? I can't—I can't! I'm glad he's gone, but I don't know why he went."

"In my belief you haven't heard or seen the last of Sam Woodhull yet," mused her mother. "Sometimes a man gets sort of peeved—wants to marry a girl that jilts him more'n if she hadn't. And you certainly jilted him at the church door, if there'd been any church there. It was an awful thing, Molly. I don't know as I see how Sam stood it long as he did."

"Haven't I paid for it, mother?"

"Why, yes, one way of speaking. But that ain't the way men are going to call theirselves paid. Until he's married, a man's powerful set on having a woman. If he don't, he thinks he ain't paid, it don't scarcely make no difference what the woman does. No, I don't reckon he'll forget. About Will Banion ——"

"Don't let's mention him, mother. I'm trying to forget him."

"Yes? Where do you reckon he is by this time—how far ahead?"

"I don't know. I can't guess."

The color on her cheek caught her mother's gaze.

"Gee-whoa-haw! Git along Buck and Star!" commanded the buxom dame to the swaying ox team that now

followed the road with no real need of guidance. They took up the heat and burden of the desert.

XXXVI

"THE families are coming—again the families!" It was again the cry of the passing fur post, looking eastward at the caravan of the west-bound plows; much the same here at old Fort Hall, on the Snake River, as it had been at Laramie on the North Platte, or as it had been at Bridger on the waters tributary to the Green.

The company clerks who looked out over the sandy plain saw miles away a dust cloud which meant but one thing. In time they saw the Wingate train come on, slowly, steadily, and deploy for encampment a mile away. The dusty wagons, their double covers stained, mildewed, torn, were scattered where each found the grass good. Then they saw scores of the emigrants, women as well as men, hastening into the post.

It was now past midsummer, around the middle of the month of August, and the Wingate wagons had covered some twelve hundred and eighty miles since the start at mid-May of the last spring—more than three months of continuous travel; a trek before which the passage over the Appalachians, two generations earlier, wholly pales.

What did they need, here at Fort Hall, on the Snake, third and last settlement of the two thousand miles of toil and danger and exhaustion? They needed everything. But one question first was asked by these travel-sick, home-loving people: What was the news?

News? How could there be news when almost a year would elapse before Fort Hall would know that on that very day—in that very month of August, 1848—Oregon was declared a territory of the Union?

News? How could there be news, when these men could not know for much more than a year that, as they outspanned here in the sage, Abraham Lincoln had just declined the governorship of the new territory of Oregon? Why? He did not know. Why had these men come here? They did not know.

The Horned Toad, the Cactus, the Rattlesnake Long Since Had Replaced the Prairie Dogs

But news—the news! The families must have the news And here—always there was news! Just beyond branched off the trail to California. Here the supply trains from the Columbia brought news from the Oregon settlements. News? How slow it was, when it took a letter more than two years to go one way from edge to edge of the American continent!

They told what news they knew—the news of the Mormons of 1847 and 1848; the latest mutterings over fugitive negro slaves; the growing feeling that the South would one day follow the teachings of secession. They heard in payment the full news of the Whitman massacre in Oregon that winter; they gave back in turn their own news of the battles with the Sioux and the Crows; the news of the new army posts then moving west into the Plains to clear them for the whites. News? Why, yes, large news enough, and on either hand, so the trade was fair.

But these matters of the outside world were not the only ones of interest, whether to the post traders or the newly arrived emigrants. Had others preceded them? How many? When? Why, yes, a week earlier fifty wagons of one train, Missouri men, led by a man on a great black horse and an old man, a hunter. Banion? Yes, that was the name, and the scout was Jackson—Bill Jackson, an old-time free trapper. Well, these two had split off for California, with six good pack mules, loaded light. The rest of the wagons had gone on to the Snake. But why these two had bought the last shovels and the only pick in all the supplies at old Fort Hall no man could tell. Crazy, of course; for who could pause to work on the trail with pick or shovel, with winter coming on at the Sierra crossing?

But not crazier than the other band who had come in three days ago, also ahead of the main train. Woodhull? Yes, that was the name—Woodhull. He had twelve or fifteen wagons with him, and had bought supplies for California, though they all had started for Oregon. Well, they soon would know more about the Mary's River and the Humboldt Desert. Plenty of bones, there, sure!

But even so, a third of the trains, these past five years, had split off at the Raft River and given up hope of Oregon. California was much better—easier to reach and better when you got there. The road to Oregon was horrible. The crossings of the Snake, especially the first crossing, to the north bank was a gamble with death for the whole train. And beyond that, to the Blue Mountains, the trail was no trail at all. Few ever would get through, no one knew how many had perished. Three years ago Joe Meek had tried to find a better trail west of the Blues. All lost, so the story said. Why go to Oregon? Nothing there when you got there. California, now, had been settled and proved a hundred years and more. Every year men came this far east to wait at Fort Hall for the emigrant trains and to persuade them to go to California, not to Oregon.

But what seemed strange to the men at the trading post was the fact that Banion had not stopped or asked a question. He appeared to have made up his mind long earlier, and beyond asking for shovels he had wanted nothing. The same way with Woodhull. He had come in fast and gone out fast, headed for the Raft River trail to California, the very next morning. Why? Usually men stopped here at Fort Hall, rested, traded, got new stock, wanted to know about the trail ahead. Both Banion and Woodhull struck Fort Hall with their minds already made up. They did not talk. Was there any new word about the California

(Continued on Page 129)

They Plunged, Wallowed, Staggered; But the Lead Yoke Saw Where the Ford Climbed the Bank, Made for It, Caught Footing, Dragged the Others Through!

RITA COVENTRY

XXVII

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE Bement baby had arrived while Parrish was in Chicago, and now Bement, craving diversion after his sufferings in paternity, suggested to his partner that they make a night of it in town, going to a show and later to the Midnight Frolic. Of course it would have been nice if Mrs. Bement had been well enough to join them, but she and the baby were getting on all right, and he really needed to get away for an evening from that house and those tiresome trained nurses.

The proposal, finding Parrish in the bitter mood in which he had been left by Rita's abrupt exodus from his apartment, appealed to him. He, too, had suffered. Two nights of white horror. His fatigue instead of inducing sleep expressed itself in a gnawing restlessness. Moreover, his apartment had become hateful to him—for the ghosts which haunt us most persistently are not those of the dead. The perfume of Rita was gone, but something of her lingered; he was continually aware of her gold-mesh bag in his safe, and of her photograph upon his mantelpiece. That photograph picked itself out for him in the room as if a spotlight shone upon it; he had a thought of removing it, but felt a curious embarrassment about doing so; to remove it would be to admit that he had reversed himself, and he was not ready to admit that.

In his need for comfort his thoughts turned to Alice, as those of one in trouble turn to a neglected deity; he gazed for a long time at her photograph upon his desk, but that photograph disturbed him, too, though in a different way. Strange, there seemed to be a look of sadness in the eyes. Why had she not answered his letter? He was beginning to feel just a little hurt by her neglect.

He wrote and told her so.

On Thursday afternoon the partners came uptown together to Parrish's apartment, where Bement and his suitcase were duly installed. As men will when their nerves need soothing, they dined at a Broadway restaurant where there was continuous dancing and jazz music. In the play which they subsequently attended a fat comedian, the victim of unjust suspicion, was obliged to hide under the bed of a pretty but virtuous lady whose husband was jealous of her. The comedian's chief humorous effect was achieved when he crawled from under the bed like a turtle and wistfully eyed the audience. This he did three times, and the play was over, leaving Parrish and Bement free to continue on their round of gayeties.

Through the after-theater crowds they slowly worked their way to Forty-second Street, and passing into the wide corridor of the New Amsterdam Theater, entered the elevator. Within, a little group was already waiting for the car to ascend, and among them Parrish recognized Sam Burke, who bowed to him; then as those within the elevator stirred to admit newcomers he saw behind Burke the latter's wife and Clara Proctor. He advanced toward Clara and was about to ask if she had heard from Alice when her stiff little nod stopped him; and as if further to repel him she turned to converse with Mrs. Burke.

She Kept Coming. He Heard Her Behind Him on the Stairs

He was surprised. Though he did not like Clara and was aware of her dislike for him, hitherto as if by tacit understanding they had been carefully polite. Well, if she did not wish to continue the effort he was satisfied, though he thought it stupid of her to reveal so plainly what he considered to be a jealousy of his hold on Alice.

All evening Parrish remained in a sardonic mood, and when after returning to the apartment the partners sat up for a time talking, Bement found himself amazed at the acidity of the other's observations upon women, life and love. Though he had known Parrish since their college days he had not before realized him to be a misogynist. It must have been coming over him gradually. Bement had never been able to understand why Parrish did not marry, but this, he thought, explained it. A protracted bachelorhood was to him incomprehensible—the world was so full of lovely girls, and married life, in his experience, so happy. He and his wife had long harbored a secret hope of finding the right girl for Parrish, but he now concluded that the fulfillment of such a hope was, if still a possibility, exceedingly remote.

Next morning at breakfast, however, after Parrish had drunk his coffee and what was infinitely more important, had Bement but known it—read his mail, he was noticeably more cheerful.

The junior partner commented upon this.

"It worried me," he said, "to hear you so cynical last night."

"What did I say that was cynical?"

"About women."

"Oh, no," returned Parrish brightly, "you're wrong, old man. I'm not that way at all. All I meant was—you've got to keep them in their place. There's nothing especially cynical about that, and certainly there's nothing new about it." He went on: "Everybody knows it, but when a man's in love he sometimes hasn't sense enough to put it into practice. If a woman does something he doesn't like he should ignore her for a while. It does them good."

It was the note from Rita, lying beside his coffee cup, which had made concrete in his mind the truth of this old dictum. For two days he had ignored her, and witness the result: she had used the mesh bag as an excuse to write an apologetic note, reminding him to bring it when he came to her house on Tuesday. Shrewdly he surmised that if the truth were known she was a little bit afraid he wouldn't come at all. Well, let her be afraid! It wouldn't hurt her to worry for a while!

That day he took the mesh bag with him to the office, wrapped and sealed it, and sent it to her by a confidential clerk. She would look for a note in the package—a reply to hers. When she didn't find it, that would give her something to think about! Throughout the day he dwelt with malicious pleasure on the thought of her looking in vain for that letter, but by the next day he had begun to wonder if, considering the circumstances, he had not been a little too severe with her. After all, she had apologized; he didn't want to be ungentlemanly.

As for her having left so suddenly the other night, though it was frightfully annoying, he had to admit upon reflection that anyone might forget an engagement. He had done it himself. He remembered the time, long ago at Bar Harbor, when he had forgotten to go to a tea party given in his honor. And Alice when he first knew her had forgotten an engagement she had with someone else and gone out with him; certainly Alice was never intentionally careless about other people's feelings; he remembered how upset she had been.

For another day he thought the matter over. Then he wrote briefly to Rita, accepting her apology. But he wasn't going to make it too easy for her—he didn't say definitely that he was coming to her party on Tuesday. "I am very busy," he wrote, "but will come if I find it possible."

When Tuesday night arrived he made up his mind that he would go. He was purposely late, however. She was

surprised and happy when he came in; he could have seen that, even if she had not spoken of it.

She left some people and came halfway across the room to meet him, saying, "Oh—I wasn't certain I was going to see you to-night."

"I couldn't be sure," said he.

"I'd have been awfully sorry if you hadn't come," she said. "Frémecourt is just going to sing some of those negro songs."

She led him about, introducing him to those of her guests he had not met. The room was filled; fully half the people present were famous in the world of music: Cassoli, the cellist; Seevagen and his young rival of the violin, Heimann; Paldowski, the great Polish pianist, with his air of amiable aloofness and his soft aureole of gray hair, talking with Schoen and Elena Cordona, the musical sensation of the year; Wildenstein, the symphony conductor; Liebmann, the music publisher; the Krausses, Bickfords, Stickels, Langtons, and others whose bank accounts vouchsafed them the privilege of association with the artists; and of course Larry Merrick and the inevitable Mrs. Fernis.

The ludicrous endeavors of the vast Frémecourt to impersonate an American negro, handicapped as he was by his French accent, delighted the assembly, and seemed particularly to appeal to the melancholy Paldowski, who presently sat at the piano and played the basso's accompaniments.

Meanwhile there were mysterious departures to the dining room, where a gay conspiracy was evidently being hatched, and when Frémecourt stopped singing there came a great tumult, followed by the appearance of a burlesque German band made up impartially of musicians and millionaires wearing paper caps and playing imitation instruments of papier-mâché, from which they evoked sounds by singing into them. When the band, led by the famous baton of Wildenstein, had frightfully played several numbers it marched gravely out again, syncopating something dimly recognizable as the most mournful of Chopin's compositions. Like the music, the storm of applause which followed was burlesque.

Mrs. Fernis bustled toward Rita.

"Dearie," she demanded, calling half across the room, "where's the young genius you promised us?"

Rita looked at the clock and shrugged.

"That's what I've been wondering," she answered. "I do hope he is not going to disappoint me. But he is an uncertain quantity—*un vrai type*, I assure you."

Parrish standing near was looking at her, wondering if he knew of whom she was speaking, when she, catching his eye, seemed to catch as well the question in his mind, for she added, "Mr. Parrish can tell you what a gifted young man he is." There was a mischevious gleam in her glance. "Mr. Parrish discovered him." And to him she explained parenthetically: "I am speaking of Delaney."

With that she turned quickly away and engaged in conversation elsewhere, leaving him at the mercy of the inquisitorial lady, to extricate himself as best he could.

"How very interesting!" she exclaimed. "And where did you find him, Mr. Parrish?"

"I didn't find him at all," he answered shortly. Then fearing she would think him rude he continued, "Rita's just being playful. It was she who found him. I had nothing to do with it."

"But who is he?"

"That I really don't know," he returned dismissively.

"I heard dear Rita when she sang his songs in concert a week or so ago," the lady went on.

"Then," returned Parrish, "you know more about him than I do. I was out of town."

"He accompanied her, you know."

He nodded.

"There's something interesting about him—so young—and so good-looking, don't you think so?"

Parrish, wondering how Rita could put up with such a woman, said he did think so.

A moment later, as he was speculating on a means of escape from Mrs. Fernis, he saw Delaney enter the room. He was in evening dress and looked very well in it, though obviously the suit was not made by a good tailor. With some surprise he noticed that Delaney appeared perfectly at ease. He paused inside the door and looked about the room; then, seeing Rita, strolled over and with that detached air of his, greeted her. "Excuse me, I must go and speak to him," Parrish said, thinking he saw his opportunity.

But: "I'll go with you," said the lady. "His looks fascinate me. So Hellenic! I want to meet him."

Silently he escorted her across the room to where a little group was gathering around Rita and the young man.

"Of course you remember Mr. Parrish," Rita reminded Delaney.

"Oh, yes," he answered vaguely. "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" responded Parrish. He held out his hand, and when the other had shaken it presented him to Mrs. Fernis, identifying her by saying: "Mrs. Grace Etheridge Fernis, you know." Then as no light of recognition showed in Delaney's face he made a further effort to assist him, adding: "Of course you've read Sifting Sands?"

"Shifting Sands," corrected Mrs. Fernis quickly.

"Well, anyway, I haven't read it," announced Delaney.

"He reads nothing but the Russians," Rita hastened to explain; and to Delaney: "When you get through with those eight volumes of Tolstoy's War and Peace you really must read Mrs. Fernis. One can't be au courant without reading her."

While she was speaking the young man looked at her with a curious intentness that was characteristic of him. It was as if he were listening with his eyes.

"I see," he answered indefinitely. Then after a glance about the room he asked, "Isn't that Wildenstein—that man over there?"

"Yes," Rita answered. "Come over and meet him."

But Delaney did not move.

"I was just wondering," he said ruminatively, "why he took the third movement of the Tschaikowsky Fifth so slowly the other day."

Rita gave a little shuddering laugh.

"Well, don't you go and ask him that!"

"Certainly not. But just the same he ought to stick to Beethoven and Brahms. He hasn't the temperament to do Tschaikowsky."

Again she laughed.

"Since Wildenstein doesn't measure up," she said, "let us see if we can't find someone here who will. Would you care to know Paldowski?"

"Yes, I'd be glad to meet him."

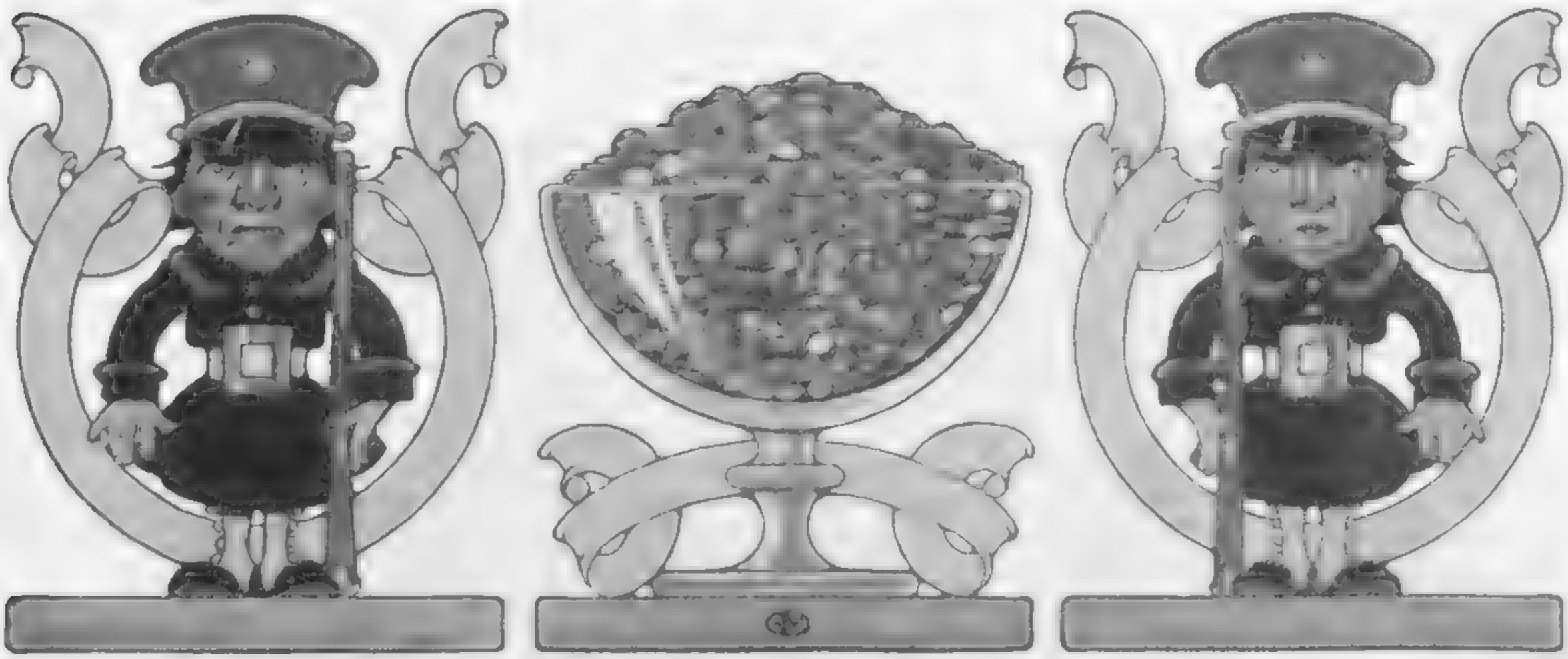
"That," said she, her eyes brimming with amusement, "is probably as great a tribute as he ever received—though perhaps he wouldn't know it."

Some late guests entered and she crossed the room to welcome them.

(Continued on Page 161)

"Of Course You Remember Mr. Parrish," Rita Reminded Delaney. "Oh, Yes," He Answered Vaguely. "How Do You Do?"

INSIDE THE BOOTLEG



By an Anonymous Bootlegger

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ON THE first of next month I'll be winding up my business in New York and moving on to a proposition that has just opened for me in the Middle West. I've closed a deal to take $1000 for the goodwill—just my list of customers and an introduction to them. Then I'll kiss booze peddling good-by and go while the going is good. I have been one of the small fry—I got into the business a little late—but, at that, I have enough saved up, besides that $1000, to give me a start in something else.

The fellow who is helping me to put this down asked me the other day why I am cutting it out just now, when the business sits so pretty. Well, in the first place I've been watching something going on in bootlegging circles. Last fall, when prices ran rather low, I found that one of the big fellows was storing 10,000 cases for a rise. In the bootlegging business the general rule is to get the stuff off your hands as soon as possible. It's dangerous to have. Well, the Christmas rise in prices came along. You'd have thought he'd let go then. But he didn't. The bottom fell out of prices just after Christmas, and then rose again in February. But still he held on. I figured, and I still figure, that something is going to happen. He needn't worry for fear he'll lose. He is too well protected. But the little fellows like me—we'll be ruined. There are other signs. I don't like this dilution business that's going on now. More and more you find that the stuff you get and are obliged to handle is cut with water or worse.

Fortunes Made by Insiders

THERE'S another reason too. When I was eleven years old five of us were playing bandit down on Avenue A. We found the back door of a cigar stand unlatched, and filled our pockets with cigarettes. We were going over the fence, when the cop on the beat spotted us. He got three of us, including me. My folks were away that day, and I had to spend the night in jail. The turnkey looked me over before he locked me up, and I can remember just what he said: "Young fellow, you've got a fine start. I guess it's the electric chair for yours." Well, I was just enough of a kid to think he meant it—that I was going to be sentenced to death in the morning. They got in touch with my father next day, and he fixed it with the district leader; but ever since I've had a horror of jails. That's probably the reason why I've always stayed small fry.

The biggest money in bootlegging is made by fellows on the inside of politics who control the game and collect the graft. Outside of them, the best line is running it in from Canada. But sometime on that Canadian route you may bump something—a free-lance agent from Washington who's been sneaked on to a beat unbeknownst to the fellow you've fixed, or an honest country cop who believes in prohibition. I've always told people that I didn't go into rum running because I didn't have the capital. That's not so. I could have raised it at any time. It was the fear of going to jail. And now I know that if there is a smash-up a lot of us small people may bump against something right here in New York. So I'm pulling out before that happens to me and I have to spend my savings for a lawyer's fees. I'm trading an easy graft for security. The graft won't be so easy from now on, at that.

Before the war I was bartender for Jim Malloy. He had an old-established café in a good location down by the Brooklyn Bridge. That was the time when the breweries were running wild, setting up new saloons. All you needed for a start was a license. Some brewery would put in your plant, furnish you the liquors and cigars, and take in return a lead-pipe mortgage. Then they'd set up two or three more in the same block; or if they didn't some other brewery would. You remember how New York used to look in those days—block after block, you'd find a saloon on all four corners, with a big brewery sign over the door and a little sign giving the name of the proprietor down in one corner of the window. Which was how it should be, for the brewery owned you—lock, stock and barrel. There were so many of these places that the saloonkeeper had to do some kind of dirty work in order to keep going—anything from selling dope up to colonizing floaters. But Malloy had been in business a long time. He'd gone to school and grown up with a lot of the politicians, always worked with them, and could deliver a big bunch of votes at election time, legitimate. He had pull enough to keep these fly-by-night brewery saloons away from his location. Everybody liked him, and people came to the place just to see Malloy. He had been making money ever since he started. Most of it he had tucked away in tenement-house properties, but he kept a floating fund to invest on tips he got from his influential friends.

Jim Malloy's Advice

WHEN the war came I enlisted. My outfit was a long time in France. I was discharged just before prohibition came in, and saw Malloy to get back my old job. And Jim advised me to cut out the business complete.

"You're a young fellow yet," he said, "and you can start in something new. I'm old and I've made my pile. I'd been thinking of retiring anyway." In those days almost nobody in New York really thought it could possibly happen. But Malloy knew the big fellows, and politically he was a wise guy. Though he never bet on an election, he could have made a fortune if he had. I never but once knew him to call the turn wrong. "It's coming and it will be forced," he said. "And it's a Federal proposition. Did you ever see the militia foolin' round with a strike in the old days, and did you ever see what happened when Uncle Sam's regulars showed up? Well then!"

Jim Malloy was a wise guy, but not quite wise enough. Nobody was. A fellow was telling me the other day that in the beginning of the moving-picture game rank outsiders got the big money. Not one of the theatrical managers had the sense to see what was coming. The established saloonkeepers like Malloy and the wholesale liquor dealers made the same mistake. They thought it was going to be enforced—soon, if not right away. They cashed in and quit.

The big money the first year was made by a lot of foreigners. They didn't know a state law from a Federal law, and they didn't much care anyway. Going to jail meant nothing in their lives. In those days the withdrawal permit was the cream of the game. The big stocks held by the Government for medicinal purposes were being withdrawn blind. You got a wholesale-drug license, which permitted you to sign withdrawal orders. That required a political pull, and you needed about $22,000 in ready money. If you could prove your ability to get a permit you could generally borrow that—at pawnbroker's interest—and pay it back in a few weeks from your earnings. First you fixed the grafters. That cost from $15,000 to $22,000 at various times; it averaged about $17,500. Then you got an office somewhere with a bookkeeper and stenographer, bought for a blind about $1500 of common drugs like peroxide, calomel and Epsom salts, and set up as a wholesale-drug broker.

You sold some of your drugs at cut rates to retailers. That was to have something on your books. You were ready now to do business in withdrawals.

How the Profits Figure Out

YOU never handled the stuff yourself. That was one beauty of the game. Acting as broker, you signed the permits for your clients—wholesaler bootleggers—who did the rest. You charged eighteen dollars a case for just signing these permits. When the money was passed three men were present—you, the roundsman for the grafters, and your client. You kept half of the money, or nine dollars a case. The rest went to the grafters, who split it between the big boys. You were allowed to withdraw 1500 cases a week. The demand was so great that you never failed to take the full quantity.

There was fast rotation in office among the prohibition forces. It was figured that any crew was good for an average of thirteen weeks—a quarter of a year. In that time you could figure about like this: Every week you withdrew 1500 cases, on which you made nine dollars a case, or $13,500 a week. So your gross business for thirteen weeks was $175,500. You had paid on an average $17,500 for your original permit. You had invested $1500 in drugs, which you just about had to give away and could call a dead loss. Your office wasn't very expensive, but you needed about two clerks. You kept a chauffeur, who was also a gunman and personal guard, at $100 a week, for your transactions were in cash and sometimes you had $5000 or $10,000 in bills on you. Another gunman to keep watch over the place stood you about seventy-five dollars a week. Occasionally you tipped a cop. Say, $700 a week

[AUTHOR'S NOTE—All names in this article are fictitious.]

for all current expenses, or $9000 for thirteen weeks, and you're probably stretching it.

So it figures like this:

Original graft payment	$ 17,500
Drugs	1,500
Office expenses and guards	9,000
Total expenses	$ 28,000
Gross receipts, 13 weeks	$175,500
Expenses, 13 weeks	28,000
Net profits, 13 weeks	$147,500

When things changed you had to pay for your permit again—if you could get it. Often you'd find you couldn't. It would go to someone who had worked up a longer pull. Often, too, the business was a partnership, and profits were split between two or three men. If a fellow played a lone hand and stuck it out for a year it is easy to see that he was nearly $600,000 to the good. But for most of them, I guess, it lasted only about six months—from the time news of this good graft began getting round, to the final touch-off. On the other hand, some firms fixed it so that they could withdraw a great deal more than the 1500 cases a week allowed by law—sometimes as high as 5000 cases a week. When that happened you made less money out of the excess. You were allowed to keep only about seven dollars a case of your graft money. Further, some of these birds doubled their money financing the rum-running business. There is one foreigner who landed at Ellis Island a little before the big blow-out in Europe without a dollar in his pocket or a word of English in his mouth. But he knew how to handle the East Side gangsters and had made himself so useful politically by national-prohibition time that he got into permits early. Now he owns whole strings of tenement houses.

Of course not everyone who had a wholesale-drug license was a grafter. No more, by any means, was everyone in the prohibition-enforcement offices. But if you held a legitimate permit for legitimate purposes and refused any stiffening to men higher up you were likely to have a hard time. The grafters managed to sidetrack you and pigeonhole you all along the line. The old-established wholesale drug firms, working on a profit of 5 per cent on their capital, played the game straight as a string. And some of them got into trouble on account of it too—the grafters tried to discipline them.

The Details of the System

THERE was one firm so afraid of doing something illegal that when the inspectors came to look over the stock the manager wouldn't even give the boys a drink. In the course of a shake-up some of his staff called the attention of a perfectly honest prohibition chief to an irregularity in the permit of this firm. It was just a technicality—didn't amount to a dern. But this firm woke up one morning to find nearly $500,000 of liquor—practically its whole stock—held up. They tell me that before noon the president of the company was called up by two men whose names would surprise you. They applied to take the case as attorneys, and they wanted $15,000 apiece in fees.

This graft couldn't last forever. One day the big boss came up from Washington and broke the whole thing wide open. He slashed the force right and left, he reduced the withdrawal permits from sixty or seventy to about twenty. At that time withdrawals amounted to 15,000 gallons a day. Afterward they were about 11,000 a month. The graft in wholesale-drug permits blew up with a bang.

Well, bootleggers have to live, and the big boys who control this game see further than day after to-morrow. Already there was a good deal of business done in running the stuff over from Canada. Withdrawals hadn't furnished enough booze, anyway, to supply New York and New Jersey. And men who couldn't get permits but who wanted in just the same were trucking it down, taking greater chances then they do just at present; for the graft wasn't yet really organized. But the state enforcement law had come in by now.

Before that happened I broke in. I'd been working along in the West, going from one job to another. The hard times came and I was out of work entirely. I wrote to Jim Malloy, asking if he could find me anything in New York. He wrote back suggesting that I peddle booze for a while. He's sitting on the sidelines ever since he retired, just watching the game. He may be doubling a bit of money financing a rum runner now and then, but that's the most he does. Jim wrote that the business was pretty nearly a cinch for safety, now that everything was organized under the new state law, and that I couldn't lose if I kept my eyes open.

I took his advice. I spent a couple of days round New York finding just how it was done, and then struck a bit of luck. Down near our old joint by Brooklyn Bridge is a big establishment—call it a printing shop—employing 300 or 400 men. In the old days pretty nearly all the drinkers among them used to patronize our saloon; and they knew me. They had a regular bootlegger who called at the shop every day for orders. Well, just before I showed up in New York this bird distributed round the place, in one or two bottle lots, a case of bad booze. I don't know what was in it, but it made several of the force sick for two or three days. Everybody said wood alcohol—that's always the tag put on bad booze. He didn't do it purposely; he'd been stung himself by a crook on the docks; but it all came to the same thing. When he returned for orders the men in the basement kicked him halfway round the block.

Setting Up in Business

I WENT to see the head guy. I'd done him a favor or two in the old days. I got Jim Malloy to call him up and guarantee me as knowing how to get the safe stuff. Before I was through the boss had issued orders that I was the only bootlegger allowed round the place. They weren't buying much for a week or so. They were too scared. But I did pick up, that day, orders for three cases—one in bulk and the rest in single bottles.

I was living in a lodging house then and had no place to keep any small lots. I had to hire storage with a produce dealer on the East Side. Later I took a small flat in a good safe district where the cops are right. The broker gave me prompt delivery. By the end of the second day I had distributed it all. After paying ten dollars for storage I found I had cleared nearly fifty dollars for two days' work. The shop began to buy more freely after they got over the scare. Though other bootleggers raid my custom a little now and then, I manage to keep this place pretty well to myself, and I've branched out too. Since I really got started I've never made less than $200 in any one week—clear profit.

Before I open up the details of the business I'd better tell how the system works. It's like a flight of steps, with the profits getting smaller as you go down the line. At the top are the big boys who protect the whole game and sometimes help finance it. They're politicians, leaders in the underworld, and bankers. They never show their hands, but they get the biggest slice of the pie. Next below them are the importers, who run it either by truck from Canada or by ship from the Bahamas, Canada or Europe. Next are the brokers who sit in their offices in New York and keep touch between the importer and the retailer. Finally come the peddlers, like me. In the business small fry are never called bootleggers. We give that name to the importers or the big boys.

The importer starts the whisky on its way to New York. He takes a truck or a fleet of trucks to Canada. Each truck has a driver and a guard. He goes along in a touring car and he has a guard too. In Canada he buys standard Scotch whisky at—present prices—thirty-five to forty-five dollars a case. For that sum it is also repacked—taken out of its original boxes, which are too dangerous, and made up into packages of various sizes and shapes. Early in the game they used to load 200 cases on a truck. A case, of course, is twelve bottles. But that was too risky. You lost too much if you were caught. An experienced importer seldom carries more than fifty cases nowadays. When they start back to the U. S. A. the boss in his touring car rides before or behind with a wad of ready money in his pocket, always keeping in touch with the truck and fixing things as he goes. At night he travels very close, so as to be ready with his gun or his wad in case they're held up by high-jackers or cops. At about the time they cross the border he makes his first graft payment—five dollars a case. Farther down the line he pays five dollars more a case, making ten dollars in all. This explains why the big boys are rolling in easy money.

The ten dollars takes him to the vicinity of New York City. After that he has to make his own way into the city, which sometimes takes a little planning. The danger is from flying squadrons of prohibition agents or from such city cops as haven't been fixed and can't be. Those flying-squadron agents are likely to be pretty hard-boiled and to refuse to take money. Still there are a hundred ways to get into the city without looking suspicious.

Somewhere along the line the boss in the touring car flashes to the broker, by long-distance telephone or code telegram, just what he has and when he expects to arrive. They have already arranged a meeting place in New York. There the broker's agent picks him up and tells him where to take it. All the importer wants from this time on is quick delivery. A lot of booze is always a dangerous thing to keep in your possession unless you have a long pull. Usually it's off his hands and turned into ready money within a few hours.

The Bootlegger's Overhead

HIS earnings figure about like this: Let's say he's carrying a fifty-case lot. He will pay for it in Canada from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a case—an average of about forty dollars. He pays as regular graft on the way ten dollars a case. His chauffeur on the truck draws $100 a week, and his two guards from seventy-five to $100. It takes four days to go up and back, and it costs about $7.50 a day to the man for living expenses—say, $120 for the crew of four. Gas, oil, and incidental automobile expenses will average $100 a trip. Sometimes you have to come across to country constables or New York cops. You distribute those charges as overhead over a number of trips. By the time you sell it in New York, averaging trip with trip, the stuff has cost you about sixty dollars a case. You get for it about ninety dollars a case if it is bulk delivery or about ninety-five dollars if you drop it in small lots. Last Christmas bulk wholesale prices to the importers went up to ninety-five dollars; in the March slump, after people had just paid their income taxes and felt poor, it fell to eighty-eight dollars. But ninety dollars is a fair average. That's thirty dollars a case clear profit, or $1500 for a fifty-case lot, provided everything has gone well.

Of course your staff can't turn straight round and do it again. It is hard work, and both the chauffeur and the guards have been on edge every minute of the run. You must rest them a day or two in New York and a day or two in Canada. Then there are other delays, like weather and uncertain help. Guards and chauffeurs are always getting drunk or quitting on you, and you have to rustle round for new men. Month in and month out, a truck will make less than one round trip a week. But even at that, if the importer has the luck not to bump anything he ought to average $1000 a week, even allowing for deterioration of

Continued on Page 46

THE NINTH WAY

By Carl Clausen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

"We'll Give You One Hour to Pull Out—or be Starved Out"

MR. HORACE BLASS, president of the Blass Investment Company, took the letter from Frisbie, his partner's, hand and laid it upon the plate-glass top of his ornate mahogany desk. A wolfish smile rode upon Mr. Blass' salmon-pink face.

"What did I tell you, Frisbie?" he chuckled. "There ain't no criterion about suckers not biting the second time. A sucker's a poor fish once, always and forever."

Frisbie, tall, thin and with a funereal droop of his mouth, leaned back in his chair and fumbled his tie nervously with his long, bony fingers.

"I wasn't thinking about suckers or any other kind of fish," he stated very clearly, as if his partner had misunderstood. "But we're better fixed now than we've been for years. Our cash balance is over sixty thousand, and the results from the Platinum Ridge prospectus will begin coming in in a week or two. There's no reason why we should take any risks. Drilling an oil well is no sucker-list proposition. It takes real money, Mr. Blass." Frisbie always addressed his partner with the prefix of Mr.—perhaps from force of habit, certainly not as a mark of respect.

"Sure it takes money, Frisbie. But don't forget that there's nine ways to skin a cat," he quoted erroneously, "and that I know eight of 'em."

Frisbie heaved a sigh.

"Of course if you insist on risking our hard-earned money on a wildcat oil proposition ——"

"Wildcat nothing!" Mr. Blass interrupted with heat. "You don't suppose a hundred-million-dollar concern like the Buena Vista Oil people would waste time on wildcatting?"

"They haven't begun drilling, have they?" Frisbie objected.

Mr. Blass favored his partner with a pitying glance.

"Your pessimism, Frisbie, makes me sick. No, they haven't begun drilling yet; but ain't you wise to the fact that oil companies never"—here he paused and tapped the edge of the desk with his stubby forefinger—"never begin drilling until they've grabbed all the land they want? Besides, I got Blair's word for it, ain't I?"

"Blair is a crook," Frisbie stated without malice. Being a crook was to Frisbie merely a species of business man.

"Sure Blair is a crook," Mr. Blass agreed heartily. "If he wasn't we wouldn't 've got the tip. But also he's a fine geologist, Frisbie. And Blair ain't gonna give us a bum steer. He's getting too much easy money out of this concern."

"Geologists sometimes make mistakes," Frisbie objected. "The Martinez field, f'r instance. On the reports of Cooper the Texas oil cruiser, the Consolidated sunk half a million in three holes, and didn't get enough oil to lubricate a sewing machine."

Mr. Blass' pink face clouded a slightly darker shade.

"The Consolidated made the mistake of employing a Texas man to look for oil in California," he replied impressively. "Might as well have sent a Hottentot to Greenland to hunt for ivory, Frisbie. Blair is a Californian. What he doesn't know about California strata and—things, ain't worth knowing."

Frisbie spread out his flat, bony palms with a gesture of resignation.

"Of course, as I said before, if you insist on throwing our hard-earned money into a hole in the ground ——"

"I insist on—nothing," Mr. Blass interrupted coldly. His small gimlet eyes glittered angrily. "I thought we agreed once that personal opinions should not interfere with our business." He picked up the letter from the table and tossed it into Frisbie's lap. "File it away and forget about it."

Frisbie picked up the letter and glanced at it uneasily. For the third time he read the following:

INCA, CALIF.,
June 11–'21.

Dear Mr. Blass: Your kind offer came to us in this morning's mail. I will be in Los Angeles June the fifteenth, and will call at your office at two P.M. to talk the matter over with you. Sincerely yours,

NORA MARSH.

Frisbie fingered the letter with his long, bony digits. His glance traveled from the calendar on the wall opposite to the marble clock on Mr. Blass' desk. The calendar said June 15. The hands of the clock pointed to 12:30.

"She'll be here in an hour and a half," he said with a frown that made his long, horselike profile seem to grow longer and more horselike. "You handle her yourself. I'm going to keep my hands off."

He paused and passed the letter back to Mr. Blass. Then he continued: "All I ask is, go easy. Sixty thousand dollars is a lotta money, and we ain't as young as we used to be."

"Leave it to me, Frisbie," Mr. Blass chortled. "You never saw me come a cropper yet, did you?"

"Not—yet," Frisbie admitted grudgingly.

Mr. Blass leaned forward and pressed the buzzer on the edge of his desk.

"Miss Kuhn," he said to the stenographer who answered the ring, "please take a dictation. Carbon copy, legal size."

"Yes, sir," the girl replied, then laid a card upon the desk before him. "Mr. Callister is outside, waiting to see you."

Mr. Blass picked up the card and fingered the edge of it with his fat thumb as if to test it for cutting qualities. He glanced at the name, Ben Callister, then said, with a wink at Frisbie: "Show him in, Miss Kuhn."

The stranger who entered a moment later was a personable-looking young man in the late twenties or thereabout.

He wore a Stetson hat, high-laced boots and gray tweeds, Norfolk cut. His face was suntanned, and his hair a crisp light brown. His eyes were brown also, and direct of gaze. He looked like a man who liked to have his own way—and was used to getting it.

"The Consolidated phoned me your message an hour ago, so I came right up," he said briefly.

Mr. Blass nodded. He tried to affect pompousness, but somehow he failed. He had intended an elaborate quizzing, his usual method of procedure in hiring people. Instead he found himself asking, actually asking the man before him if he would take the job of drilling a well for him. Followed ten minutes of haggling over terms, during which time Frisbie's face grew longer and longer. An agreement having finally been made—at Mr. Callister's terms—the man arose.

"I'll have my crew and the lumber for the derrick on the ground in a week from to-day."

"Very well," Mr. Blass said. Wetting his lips he gave Callister a sidelong glance. "Mum's the word, understand? I don't want things to go off half cock."

"I know how to keep my mouth shut," the driller replied easily. "I haven't been in the oil business for ten years for nothing."

When Callister passed out of the building a moment later he almost collided with a girl entering the elevator. As he apologized he noted briefly the tired look in the girl's eyes and the threadbare suit she wore. Her face was tanned like his own, and her gloveless hands showed the unmistakable marks of hard work.

"Thirty-one Thousand Dollars! For That Thing!"

"Desert girl," he thought as he turned the corner of the building and walked down the street.

II

WHEN Mr. Blass returned from lunch at 1:45, and entered his private office by the side door, Miss Kuhn informed him that Miss Nora Marsh was waiting in the outer office to see him.

"Tell her I'm busy, Miss Kuhn, and that I'll see her in fifteen minutes. When I press the buzzer you can show her in," Mr. Blass told her. The girl nodded and turned to leave. Mr. Blass put forth a detaining hand. "When I send for you later, Miss Kuhn, you'll understand what is expected of you—I mean in regard to the contract I dictated to you before I went to lunch."

"Yes, Mr. Blass," the stenographer replied without a trace of emotion.

Mr. Blass smiled. Miss Kuhn was a bright youngster. He had trained her himself. "That's all, Miss Kuhn," he said.

When the door closed upon the stenographer Mr. Blass slumped down in his heavy swivel office chair and, opening a drawer of the desk, selected a fat black perfecto from a box of his favorite brand and lit the cigar.

He was in an excellent, almost jocular mood. A pleasant smile of anticipation played about the corners of his moist lips as he inhaled the fragrant Havana smoke and blew it ceilingward in long, deliberate puffs. His small gimlet eyes glowed with a sort of breathless expectancy as he considered the case of Nora Marsh.

He had often wondered how it would feel to be a millionaire. He glanced about the luxuriously furnished office with its soft rose-colored window hangings and its overstuffed easy-chairs. He decided that he would be able to afford to have that fireplace which he had set his heart upon installed soon. He had seen the mantel in an antique shop on West Seventh Street a week earlier, and had been captivated at once by its costly massiveness and the fine workmanship of its hand-carved Italian-marble columns. The dealer had confided its price—two thousand dollars—to Mr. Blass with just the right shade of desire-arousing veneration.

Mr. Blass had decided upon the exact spot, to the inch, on the wall where the mantel must be placed to be seen to best advantage, when his eye fell upon the letter on top of the wire tray at his elbow. With a sigh of regret he tore himself away from the joy of the future to the problems of the present, and again began to consider the case of Nora Marsh.

He arose and crossed to the wall behind the desk, where a series of maps was suspended on patent rollers behind a rose-colored drapery that matched the window hangings.

Drawing the draperies aside on their massive brass rods, he pulled down Map Number Six, of Rowans Valley, Cardinal County, California.

Looking at this map, a green, flat expanse of glossy finished cheesecloth, crisscrossed by township rectangles and fuzzy centipede-looking mountain ranges that wiggled in and out among the straight-lined rectangles, and left long serpentine, pale blue tracks behind them, marked respectively Cardinal Creek, Whitney Creek, and so on, you would never have suspected the true character of Rowans Valley.

It was never quite clear why this region had been dubbed a valley. Topographically it might be classed as a valley, but to most people the word "valley" is synonymous with pleasant meadows, lowing kine, orchards and corner meeting houses. The only kine one is apt to meet with in Rowans Valley, with the exception of the gentle burro, navigates like Napoleon's army—on its belly—and carries castanets in the tip of its tail. Of meadows there are none, and the orchards consist of here and there a square mile of cactus-bearing sand, fenced about with barbed wire for apparently no good reason whatever, unless perhaps to guard careless strangers from walking into a bunch of spine-bristling cactus in the dark.

Mr. Blass put his stubby index finger upon a small square marked in red ink on the map, two inches removed from a flyspeck marked Inca. The red-inked square was not the work of the map artist. Mr. Blass had made it himself a week earlier, upon the advice of Mr. William Blair, chief geologist for the Buena Vista Oil Company, that all of Townships 14, 16, 18 and part of Sections 4, 5 and 9 of Township 22 contained oil.

Only the upper ten acres of Section 9, Township 22, came within the report, but Blair had been emphatic about this ten acres being directly in the line of oil; so Mr. Blass had thoughtfully marked the ten acres in red ink and dispatched a letter to Miss Marsh, the owner of the ten acres, the answer to which now reposed in the tray on his desk.

Mr. Blass adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses, which hung suspended from the button on his cerise waistcoat by a white silk band, and regarded the square of red ink with contemplative rapture. His thoughts moved back two years to a certain day when a young girl and her aged, muscle-bound father had called at his office and had brought to him a certified check for sixteen hundred dollars in answer to an advertisement of his. The check was drawn on an Eastern—Iowa—bank, and passed into Mr. Blass' bank and to the credit of his account in exchange for a section of sand and cactus, two inches by map, two miles by crowflight from the flyspeck marked Inca.

During the two years that followed this transaction Mr. Blass had considerable correspondence with Miss Nora Marsh, the drawee of the check, a correspondence that had annoyed Mr. Blass and ruffled his usual serenity to the point of exasperation.

The correspondence came to an abrupt end when Mr. Blass replied one day to a supplicatory and discouraged letter of Miss Marsh's, anent dry farming, that if she did not think her farm was dry enough, to try some other and lower location, the dryness of which he could guarantee absolutely.

Mr. Blass permitted himself a slight frown as he remembered this letter of his. It was regrettable that he should have let his annoyance get the better of him to such an extent, but when he considered that at the time of writing he had not had the faintest suspicion that the land might carry oil he excused himself at once. Still, for the first time in his life he was sorry that he had been rude.

Mr. Blass had acquired the land himself in a somewhat roundabout way. He had grubstaked the former owner of it, an aged prospector, named Tomlinson, to thirty-five dollars and sixty cents' worth of flapjack flour and bacon, in exchange for which Tomlinson had given Mr. Blass a deed to the section, and had congratulated himself upon having driven a shrewd bargain.

Mr. Blass ran the map up and drew the rose-colored draperies together. Returning to his desk he flecked an imaginary dust speck from the knee of his carefully creased pearl-gray trousers and regarded the burning end of his cigar critically. The last inch of the cigar had turned to ash, a perfect section of dark, firm ash, varying not the fraction of a millimeter in circumference—the ultimate test of a first-class smoke.

With a sigh of renunciation Mr. Blass laid the cigar on the ash tray, pulled one of the overstuffed chairs close to the desk, facing his swivel chair, and surveyed it, lips pursed slightly. Then he stepped to the window and drew the draperies apart a little, noted the result, and returned to the desk and moved the chair another six inches, so that the light from the window would fall directly in the face of anyone occupying it. Satisfied with the result he seated himself in the swivel chair, with his own back to the light, and placed his fat forefinger on the ivory button of the desk buzzer.

He answered the knock upon the door a moment later with a pleasant "Come in," and when Miss Marsh entered timidly and closed the door behind her he arose with just the correct amount of deferential alacrity and led his caller to the chair beside the desk, and glanced at the marble clock.

"Promptness is a sterling virtue, Miss Marsh," he purred.

Miss Nora Marsh smiled faintly and gave him a look that might have been distrust—might have been just timidity—then dropped her eyes.

"Yes," she murmured.

Mr. Blass cleared his throat in the weighty silence that followed. He shot her a quick glance and noted several things: that her hat was faded and of a vintage two seasons past; that her shoes though polished bravely had the unmistakable roughness that desert sand imparts to leather and that no amount of polish can hide; and that her dark blue broadcloth suit was cleaned and pressed to the quick of the nap. Her gray eyes had lost some of their eager faith of two years ago, but they

Clutching the Canteen in the Crook of His Wounded Arm He Whirled About, Raised His Pistol and Emptied It at the Hummock

Continued on Page 78

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Cuba and Mexico, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds

Foreign Subscriptions For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 13, 1922

Melting-Pot Literature

EVERY thoughtful novel reader and playgoer in middle life must be uncomfortably aware of the striking changes wrought during recent years in the prevailing standards by which younger people judge current books and plays. Victorian standards of propriety were by no means faultless; but they were infinitely better than those that are replacing them. The flaw in the Victorian code was a certain humorless prudery; and yet, for the most part, it was sane and wholesome. Its weakness we have perpetuated; its strength we have allowed to die.

Like the Victorians, we wince at forthright Saxon nouns, the ugly names that designate ugly things. As long as a writer's smooth synonyms hold out he may go as far as he likes, for in the minds of many of his readers he will be judged not by the thoughts he seeks to convey but by the diction he uses as his medium. Let his words be suave and he may be as salacious as he chooses. Young people with insufficient literary background to know the worst writing from the best will read him for his "wonderful style," as they call it, and critics will not be lacking to defend his books on the ground of art. We are accepting at their own valuation certain of these critics with the lackey type of mind who can find nothing good in literature unless it is a colorable imitation of a decadent European model.

In Shakspere's day and for more than two hundred years that followed, there were standards of decency far more sound than our own. Words that are never seen in modern writing were employed with a thoughtlessness that we find it hard to imagine. Broad jests and racy stories that no one took the trouble to "parlorize" were the order of the day. And yet there were limits, and the prevalence of the dueling code and a certain fundamental decency kept speech within the bounds, such as they were. For plays there were censors; and authors had to take their chances with the law. Standards were broad and elastic, but still, they operated.

Somewhere between the rollicking bawdiness of old times and the finical nasty-niceness of to-day there must be paths that can be trod with clean feet. Grossness of speech is never admirable, but right-minded men and women find it infinitely less offensive than the more subtle language of smirking innuendo. The gradual shift of style from one extreme to the other is an infallible sign of degeneracy in a certain group of authors and in the growing audiences whose morbid tastes they address. The old smut brought grins, laughter and guffaws. The new is not intended to provoke either mirth or merriment. In other centuries strength and virility went along with vulgarity. To-day our salacity is overcast with the taint of degeneracy and viciousness. Old landmarks of morality are removed. Virtue and vice are painted the same color. Basic standards of decency are ignored or sneered into the background. Far too commonly is our body of current fiction and drama defiled and brought into disrepute by those who find lewdness delightful, once it has been dusted over with sachet powder and tricked out with the cosmetics of catchpenny literary art.

In vain shall we search English literature for the fountainhead of this polluted stream. Its true source lies between the Baltic and the Ægean. If we explore the capitals of burnt-out European civilizations we need not go so far east as Suez to find places "where there ain't no ten commandments" and where sex morals are an outworn tradition. There, too, shall we find the diseased and degenerate life that half-caste authors and their native imitators are portraying in plays and novels.

This contamination, this fouling of our own nest is part and parcel of the punishment that is visited upon us in consequence of a generation of unrestricted immigration. The policies that have permitted our clean old stock to be steadily and mercilessly mongrelized now make possible the intellectual subjection of American young manhood and young womanhood. The moral standards of youth are plastic. They may be shaped awry quite as easily as they may be modeled in lines of strength and beauty.

He who has eyes to see may perceive all these things without being a puritan, an ethnologist or an uplifter; and yet Congress with plenty of support behind it for the accomplishment of the task of framing and passing a permanent protective immigration code continues to temporize. Senators, congressmen and government officials are moved almost to tears by the stories of young immigrants who would be kept out of the country by the enforcement of our very temperate three per cent law; but they still view with cool judicial mien the national tragedy that is being enacted under their very eyes with their own kith and kin as the unprotected victims.

Melting-pot literature and melting-pot plays are the inevitable scum of our melting pot.

More on the Costs of War

THE provisional budget of the German Government for the year 1922 has been placed before the Reichstag. It is provisional in two senses: With fluctuations of the mark, no one knows how much revenue will be needed, and no one knows how much will be secured by the new tax levies. The present-day Germans are past grand masters in tax evasion. The total figure stated is 265,000,000,000 marks. Of this, 188,000,000,000 marks is set aside to cover reparations, the cost of defeat. Then 50,000,000,000 marks is to be devoted to domestic costs of the late war, being pensions, and so forth. That leaves for all other expenditures 27,000,000,000 marks, and of this 27,000,000,000 marks, 5,000,000,000 is to be used to support the present army and navy.

Germany is supposed to be disarmed. Her army is supposed to be only large enough to guarantee order and security. The disarmament commission of the Allied Governments has worked in Germany continuously since the adoption of the treaty enforcing disarmament. The German Government boasts that it has the smallest military budget of any nation of her size. And yet the military budget is one-sixth the total budget devoted to ordinary governmental expenditures, and exceeds the sum to be devoted to education. This budget illustrates how far the world has yet to go in the eradication of war waste of money.

Relocation of Business by War

BEFORE the war the average annual world production of the nonferrous metals—aluminum, copper, lead, tin and zinc—was 8,300,000 tons, of which the United States produced 1,282,000 tons—39 per cent—and consumed 1,089,000 tons—33 per cent. In 1919–20 the average production of these same metals in the world was 2,800,000 tons, of which the United States furnished 1,555,000 tons—55 per cent—and consumed 1,341,000 tons—48 per cent. The output of the world fell; our output rose. The consumption of the world declined; our consumption increased. This amounts to a translocation of the business in nonferrous metals from other parts of the world to the United States. Europe, of course, has been the loser. And of Europe, Central and Eastern Europe have lost more than Western Europe.

These figures are drawn from a mournful recital of the circumstances that has appeared in a publication issued by the German Metal Company of Frankfort on the Rhine, the successor to the company that before the war was employed by the German Government to control the key nonferrous metals. Germany has lost more than any other country. The increase in use of these metals in 1919–20 was part of the boom. Part of the goods were used at home, but a considerable fraction went abroad. When trade revives this will be one of the parcels to be fought for, we striving to retain our preëminence, Europe struggling to recover hers.

Three Poor Arguments

THE proponents of immigration belong to three groups, or at least three arguments are advanced in favor of removal of restrictions. A certain type of employer wants the market of unskilled labor kept glutted. A remnant of historical idealists still clings to the notion that this country is the haven of the oppressed of all countries. A rather large group, finally, favors the admission of foreigners of a type needed in this country. They read in digests of the recent census that the population of cities has increased, that of country declined. They are impressed with the statement that the number of agricultural workers is actually smaller than in 1910. Could we not admit peasants who would enter agriculture, and make sure of getting farmer material by selecting them at the source?

The meaning of decline in country population is being misunderstood and exaggerated. Farming has become more efficient, and the farmer population has not needed to maintain its earlier percentage in order to keep us supplied with products of the soil. The census of farm workers was made before the return to the country of the men called to arms and drawn to the cities for war work. A farm census to-day would give a different result. Judged by acreage or yields, the work of farming has been fully maintained. If we need farm workers we should endeavor to secure them from our cities, not from Europe.

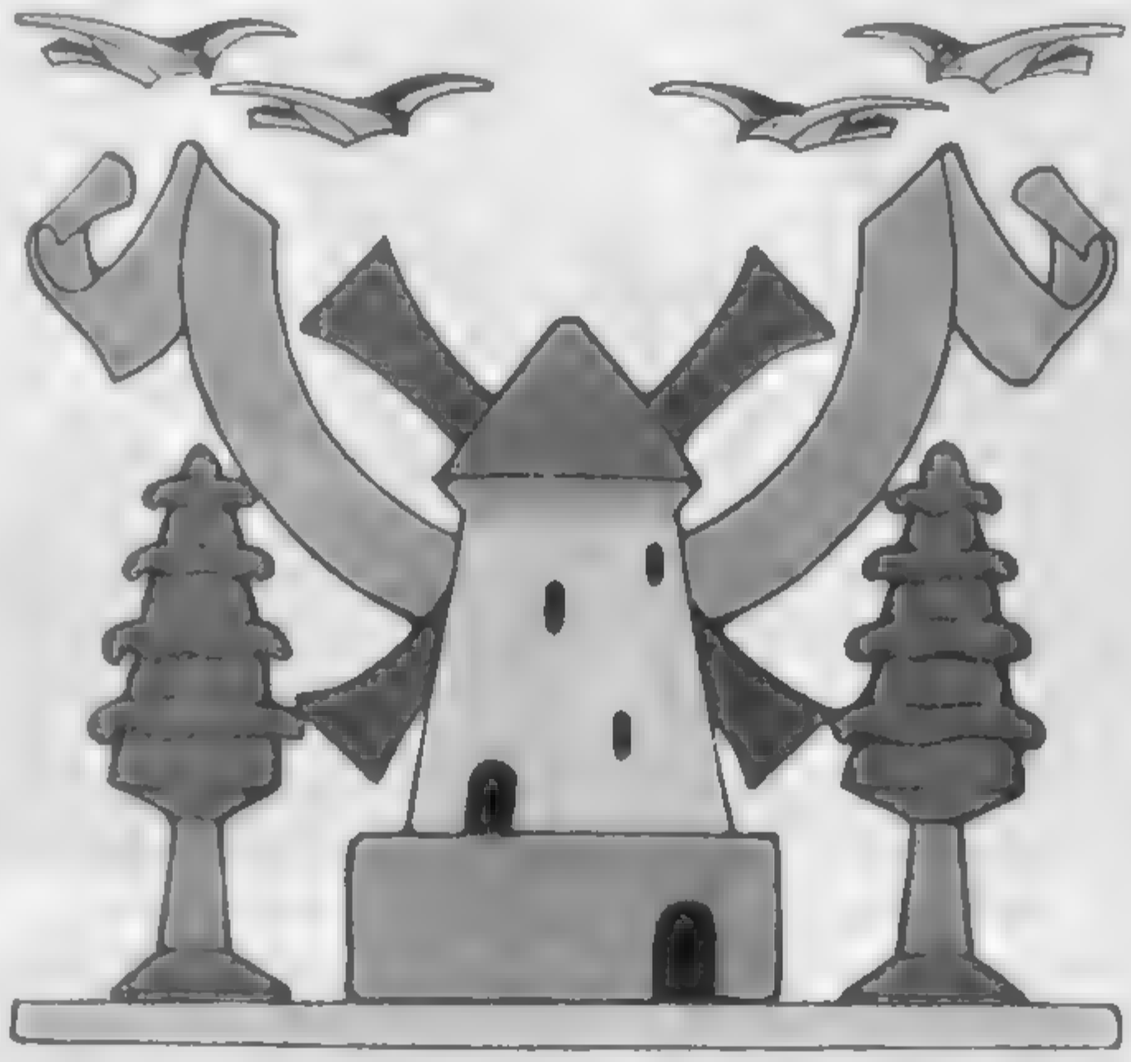
The idea that we could prepare a card catalogue of farm workers needed in this country and then pick them out in European countries is insular indeed. We have no such authority in foreign countries. The countries of Europe want to get rid of undesirable elements; they want to keep the industrious elements. If we should officially attempt to pick out the best for immigration we would be promptly and properly told to go to. Europeans now suffer under no despotism, unless it be the despotism of democracy—and they would be exposed to that here. The peasants of Europe enjoy the best conditions in their countries. Land reforms are in progress everywhere. The country is in much better condition than the city. The buying power of farm produce is higher than the buying power of city goods. The peasant enjoys a sellers' market. If European farmers were to read in our press the daily accounts of the depression in agriculture here they would regard their conditions as greatly preferable for the present. No occupation is so profitable in Europe as agriculture. Can we offer homesteads, land at low price, high market prices, fortune as well as security? And if we could Europe needs her farmers as she never did, and she would regard as avarice our attempt to secure the best elements and exclude all others.

The present restriction of immigration should be replaced by a more stringent rule. The city is wasting verbal sympathy on the farmer. If the city will pay the farmer a living price for his produce the farmer will do his work without immigrants. We can face an ultimate policy when we are further on.

Business as the Farmer Sees It

By E. DAVENPORT

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



IN THE interest of general welfare the time is fully here for some straight thinking and plain speaking about the economic basis on which manufacture, mining and transportation are being conducted, and nobody is in better position to do it than the farmer, who is no party to the controversy between capital and labor except as a help to pay the bills; who is both a capitalist and a laborer himself, and who is working under an entirely different scheme of production and a much lower scale of values than is being set up for professional labor and highly capitalized industry.

The sharp separation between capital and labor that has come to characterize much of modern business has led or driven both into such extremely uneconomic positions as have already sacrificed uncounted millions, both of capital and labor, retarded the development of the country, and, unless checked and rationalized, bid fair by strikes and lockouts to run most forms of industry, if not indeed modern civilization itself, into the ditch. We have followed in the footsteps of Babylon long enough; it is time to look about and take stock of the situation.

We have reached a time when labor and capital, instead of pulling together as yokefellows at a burden that needs their combined energies, have wriggled out of the yoke and stand facing in opposite directions, glaring at each other as they mill about, getting nowhere, but wasting their energies like two hungry dogs quarreling over a bone. And the public pays heavy bills for nominal service while these two agencies of industry mark time under what amounts to a condition of armed neutrality, and progress comes to a standstill, everybody blaming somebody else that so little gets done at so high a cost, while he himself is after all the ducats obtainable while the getting is good.

High Wages, High Prices

THE extreme position of labor is well expressed by the phrase "A living wage," and that of capital by the corollary proposition "Pass it on to the consumer"—twin fallacies born not of enterprise but of industrial warfare; and both need some critical study before we proceed much farther along the road that leads to nowhere. Let us consider these two propositions for a moment, if we can, as a philosopher from Mars might regard the situation.

The contention that an American laborer with no capital but his time and his talents should be able to earn enough to support himself and his family in comfort is so obviously fair that it has won universal sympathy and has thereby become a kind of slogan without any very careful consideration of the inherent elasticity of the phrase or what unthinking adherence to its demands is likely to involve.

Under this slogan all sorts of increases in pay have been asked and granted in the attempt to keep up with ascending prices, but, strangely enough, without much relief. For no sooner are increases granted than prices rise to meet them, and the laborer finds himself no better off than before. Why? Wherein lies the mystery of it? Why will not prices stay level when wages go up? There must be some sinister influence at work to rob the laborer of every chance to make a good living when with every increase he finds his dollar less valuable than before, and in a blind unthinking way he lays it on the speculator and the profiteer; nor does he have to go far to find instances that seem to justify his contention.

As a matter of fact there is no mystery about this element of wages and prices when we remember that most buyers are laborers of some kind, working for a wage. For example, a man or a group of men succeeds in securing a notable advance in pay, say 20 per cent. This means to them as individuals either of two possibilities: First, that with the additional pay they can advance their scale of living; second, if they prefer ease to comforts, that they can maintain the old scale of living and lie still a good part of the time.

Now if only a few individuals were involved here and there, with all the rest of the world going on as before, then either of these Utopian dreams could be realized; but when any considerable numbers try it the scheme breaks down, for this is the way it works in actual practice:

First of all, when men in large numbers attempt to advance their scale of living by reason of increased wages they at once increase the demand for consumptive goods in the open markets and inevitably raise prices on themselves by competing against one another as never before, by which it is clear that prices will advance with every increase in pay and possibly at even a greater rate than the increased size of the pay check.

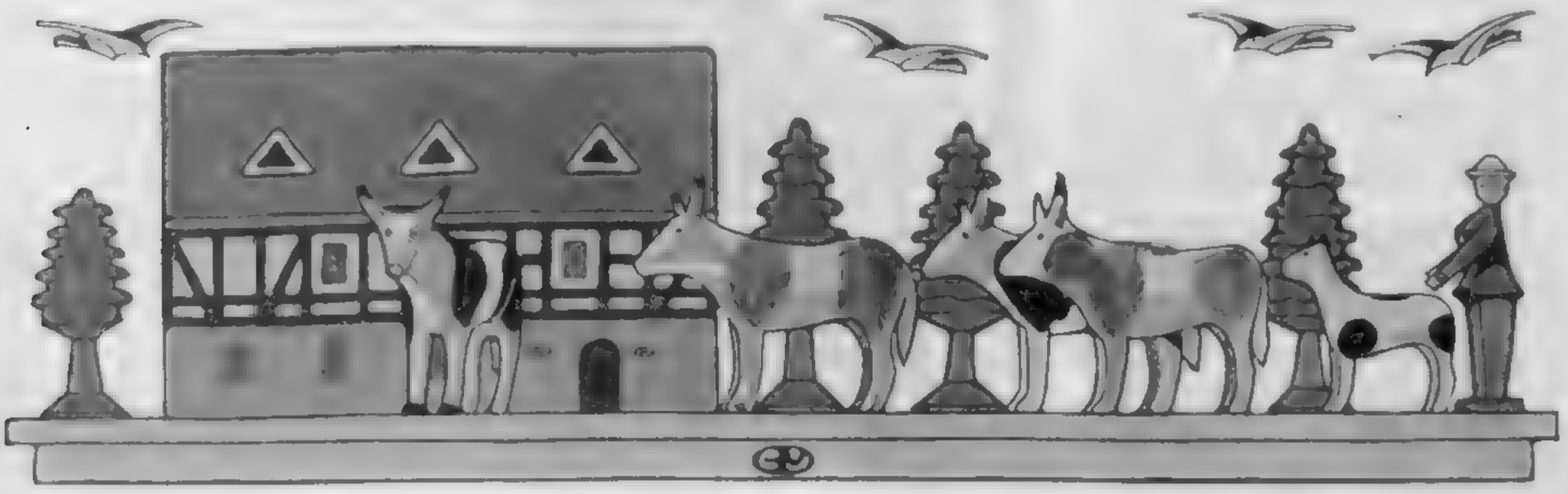
Underproduction

SECONDLY, when men in large numbers reduce their working days or hours because of a higher rate of pay, expecting to maintain the old scale of living with greater ease and more leisure than before, then production is lessened, and even the old demand is met by a decreased supply. Now, as before, competition between buyers will raise prices, and again the increased pay has failed of its supposed benefits because so promptly followed by the inevitable rise in prices.

No little surprise has been expressed that a dollar is worth in buying power so little now as compared with its value a few years ago, and yet even a casual study of what naturally happens and what has been happening all about us cannot but show how inevitable will be the results of the false economy that has taken possession of so many of us.

The whole matter seems to be treated as a mystery, whereas it is no mystery at all. We live upon goods, not upon money, and the moment we fail to maintain production in proportion to our demands prices will rise quite independently of speculation or of profiteering. Indeed it is increased demand in the absence of increased production that lays the very foundation for speculation to the extent of profiteering, which would be impossible were we producing in proportion to our demands.

(Continued on Page 125)



The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Adora Andrews, Walter Hale and Vincent Serrano in the Play "Arizona"

IN PRECEDING chapters, in trying to tell how I came to go at the business of writing plays, to tell how my attention was led in that direction and how information, experience and material for the work were gathered, I have tried to use discrimination. This is probably not apparent, but as I mentally review what I have considered the high lights of this irregular report I am conscious of much that has been omitted.

After getting the paper that preceded this, the editor, sensing my difficulties, suggested that I extend the intended series of ten installments by adding two more. That permission makes it almost imperative that I refer to some of the facts and happenings connected with making a play which was called New Blood and was produced by Mr. Joseph Brooks late in the summer of 1894. If this publication were political in its character I might slam ahead and call a lot of people a lot of names, because, fair-minded and unprejudiced as I have tried to be, I fear that I am a good deal partisan. I have frankly told that as a young man I was a Master Workman in the Knights of Labor. I deeply sympathized with the working classes of the country, to which I thought I belonged, and their problems became my own as far as study and investigation went, and also as far as I could express myself and be tolerated as a member of one of the principal political parties. I made speeches in all the presidential campaigns after I became of age, and occasionally talked in local campaigns in the congressional years.

Issues of the Early Nineties

IT WILL be remembered that in the early '90's two absorbing considerations in the country were the trusts and the money question. The Populists and—strongly influenced by them—the Democrats were urging the free and unlimited coinage of silver; the Republicans were also urging the coinage of silver, but after an international agreement. The most outspoken of their party at that time, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, was for the unlimited coinage of silver and a discriminating tariff that should force England from her gold standard into bimetallism. Senator William V. Allen, of Nebraska, a man who had much of the physical appearance, the habit of thought and the oratorical power of our present Senator Borah, characterized this advice by Senator Lodge as "simply a piece of Yankee ingenuity." Mr. Allen's party, the Populist, was at one with the Democratic Party in its fight against the trusts, and the Republican Party was not far behind in a wish to regulate those combinations.

With the trusts as a sustaining theme, I had written a play in which a manufacturing company was divided against itself. A son, impersonated by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, in sympathy with the new spirit of regulation, was at war in the board of directors with his father, played by Mr. E. M. Holland, who adhered to the older ideas of a man managing his own business in his own way. When the play was ready Mr. Brooks engaged one of the best companies that could be got together at that time. Besides the two excellent actors named, the cast included also Maurice Barrymore, C. W. Couldock, J. H. Stoddart, George Nash, Jack Barnes, Ffolliet Paget and Anne O'Neill, a prominent ingénue of that time who soon afterwards married and left the stage.

Shortly before we got ready for our production some of the forces that I had been endeavoring to estimate and depict came into collision. The most outstanding figure on the labor side was Mr. Eugene Debs, now, in 1922, in the public eye because of his attitude during the World War and his consequent incarceration at Atlanta and his subsequent pardon from that place by President Harding. In 1894 Mr. Debs had asked that a difference of opinion between the Pullman Company and the men working in the Pullman car shops at the town of Pullman, near Chicago, should be submitted to arbitration. Mr. George M. Pullman, the president, who had been a great benefactor, in that he had built a model city for his employes, was deeply hurt at what he considered their ingratitude and declined to discuss arbitration. Writing in a magazine of his attitude at that time, and the various patents the Government had granted him, Dr. Albert Shaw said:

> Mr. Pullman should certainly feel very good natured, indeed, toward a nation that has afforded him such unparalleled opportunities and has rewarded his talent and energy with such colossal tributes of wealth. . . . To very many people it seemed clear that he ought not to have allowed his local quarrel to go on unsettled and unappeased until it had assumed continental proportions.

The same impartial writer condemned Mr. Debs for extending the strike to the American railroad unions and through them obstructing trains that carried Mr. Pullman's cars. When Mr. Debs did this he also stopped trains on which there were the United States mails, with the result that President Cleveland stepped into the situation, and when our New Blood company approached Chicago toward the end of July the train on which it was ran through a district with miles of burning freight cars on either side and arrived in Chicago to find that city under martial rule, with field artillery strung along the lake front and commanding the approaching streets. The people who came at night to see our Chicago performance were obliged to show tickets to soldiers at intersecting corners and establish the peaceable character of their errands.

Olive May and Robert Edeson in "Arizona"

Of course, in that *milieu*, with that subject and that excellent company, the management thought we had the greatest American play that could be written. Mr. Palmer came on to see it and immediately offered Mr. Brooks time at his Broadway theater. He even suggested strengthening the already strong cast by substituting Elita Proctor Otis and Katherine Grey for the ladies already named. Mr. Charles Richman was engaged in the place of Mr. Barnes. This desire for betterment went through every department of the production. At a little tête-à-tête between Barrymore and Lackaye in the piece, followed by a love scene between Barrymore and Miss Grey, the men in Chicago had lighted their cigarettes with a match, but for New York we had a fine double-decked copper outfit that stood on the table and burned alcohol.

First-Night Contretemps

ON THE first night in New York, at the most critical moment, this alcohol became superheated, overflowed its lamp, made a flare on the copper tray. People in the audience began to gather up their wraps; Reuben Fax, who was playing a butler, came on and backed off with this flaming exhibition, but too late to recover attention, and a most essential part of the exposition of the story was lost. Miss Otis had procured a new silk dress for the new engagement, very snugly fitting a week before the play. That interval of hope and maybe entertainment, however, contributed enough added outline to burst the new dress in a hurried adjustment, and a second act was held several minutes while the modiste put in a gore. The whole night took on a tone of unreality. In a dispute between Mr. Palmer and Mr. Brooks over stage hands, extra ones, though needed, were not engaged, and altogether it was one o'clock before our first performance ended. Our New York press was as bad as Chicago's had been favorable. Charley Frohman saw the play in the middle of the week and liked it. But in his characteristic way he touched at once upon what he thought made it fail.

A strike leader who has been shown into his employer's breakfast room, after stating his claim and the condition of his people points to the table and says, "What you have left there on your plate," and so on.

Charley said, "That workman saying 'Those bones are as much as one of our families gets for a day' was speaking to a parquet full of people that leave bones. You can't say those things on the Atlantic Seaboard, although you may in Chicago."

My own belief is that the play came when papers and magazines were so full of the stuff that the public looking for entertainment didn't want any more of it. But it had been written under conditions less hectic.

As a playwright I was depressed and needed encouragement. I thought I had been writing from my knowledge of the Middle West and from my experiences as a young man, and that those were all I had that was valuable to tell. I was forgetting that a man's education may constantly go forward, and if he is a writer or a painter or sculptor people would still be interested in seeing things through his temperament. An older man at that time, L. J. B. Lincoln, said encouraging things. He was not a writer himself, but he had been a lecturer, and was more particularly a handler of literary men.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH—EAT SOUP DAILY

Here is a game the kids acclaim
With vigor, vim and zest.
Their pep and force derived, of course,
From "Ox Tail" at its best.

—and thereby hangs a tale

Campbell's is Ox Tail Soup at its best. Not merely a deliciously satisfying food, but a recognized health-builder as well. It brings you, in a tasty dish, the native vigor of meaty, marrowy ox joints; the beneficial properties of fresh vegetables and herbs; the strength-building qualities of barley.

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

A rich, nourishing stock made from medium-sized ox tails, combined with diced Chantenay carrots and golden turnips, tomato puree, sliced ox-tail joints, celery, parsley, barley, a little leek, and a touch of flavoring to bring out the natural savor of this delicious combination. Order Ox Tail today.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

A dainty garnish

Many housewives are fond of giving "a personal touch" to their dishes, especially when they are entertaining and wish everything to be even more attractive than usual. At such times you will find this a most pleasing garnish to Campbell's Ox Tail Soup: a thin slice of lemon in each plate, a thin slice or two of hard-boiled egg and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley. The lemon may be cut in fancy shapes.

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Jules Levy

(Continued from Page 30)

He had a paper organization of audiences in Boston, New York and Chicago to which he gave what he called uncut leaves, papers yet unpublished, that their respective authors read aloud.

Lincoln was walking with me up Fifth Avenue to the Grand Central Station, on his way to spend the night at our home in New Rochelle, and I said, "Linc, I think I'm written out."

He laughed the jolliest, most reassuring laugh that a man making that speech could ask to hear, and then told me of the number of men he had heard say the same thing at about the same period in experience. His observation was that this fear came to them in a fallow time, and frequently preceded the best of their work. Supporting his belief, he said much more in the same direction. The first play I wrote after this encouragement of Lincoln's was Arizona. Among other plays written after that time, also, were The Earl of Pawtucket, The Other Girl, Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots, The Witching Hour, As a Man Thinks and The Copperhead.

Luther Lincoln's Glassy Stare

THAT night at New Rochelle, as Lincoln sat reading, I endeavored to make in the guest book a caricature of him; but as I look at it now it is less caricature than portrait. I have said Lincoln was not a writer, by which I mean writing was not a source of income to him; but he was skillful and entertaining when he tried it. A year or two later he had to furnish an introduction to some Annals of The Lambs, at that time the most powerful and most interesting theatrical club in America. Because the opening paragraph of his paper leads attractively to its subject, and because it is a fairly condensed expression upon masculine club life in general, and because it is a good indication of Lincoln's style as well as a good example of impromptu performances, I wish to quote it. He said:

> The evolution of Bohemia as a factor in civilization may be written from the annals of clubdom. From the day when neolithic man emerged from his cave and discovered that the grape juice which he had squeezed into a coconut shell the day before had become a beverage whose ruddy glow tingled his heartstrings and made him forget his troubles, he became convivial. Becoming convivial, he called his friends about him and established a club. Since, an unbroken line of care-dispelling, self-forgetting, self-despising good fellows; Arcadians, Corinthians, Bohemians. So the Anglo-Saxon, in his gradual absorption of the best things in civilization, has developed to its greatest value the essence of club life—the dining club. Literature in English rings with that especial institution. From the imagination of Chaucer in his Canterbury Pilgrimage to the realities of Ben Jonson's Apollo and the Mermaid Inn; from the Kit-Kat Club, Will's Coffee-House, and the still extant Cheshire Cheese—with its hallowed chair of Doctor Johnson—to the countless groups which now meet in and out of Alsatia to engender the flow of wisdom which a hospitable round table can alone induce, there is one long and brilliant procession of Bohemians of every rank and class, without whom language becomes tame, art pedantic and life, as Mr. Mantalini so succinctly put it, "one demnition grind."

Having been thus respectful to Luther Lincoln's memory, and after stating further that he was one of the most vital influences of an artistic and literary kind that ever came into The Lambs, I hope I shall be forgiven for talking of him in lighter vein. With all his ability to encourage other men, there was a touch of fatalistic despondency in him concerning himself. Not any of his male forbears of whom he had information had lived beyond fifty years. Lincoln had a premonition that fifty would be his limit, and it was. This death-sentence feeling made him take the pleasures of life as they came. Like the preceding members of his family, he lost some ten years before his death the sight of one eye. To save the other it became necessary to remove this useless member, and it was replaced by an artificial eye. Both eyes were overhung with fairly heavy brows and were behind spectacles. Lincoln during the last hours of some all-night sessions sometimes closed the good eye and slept, while the artificial eye remained on duty and looked steadily at the detaining monologist. In one of these slumbering moments he was leaning on the little bar of the old Thirty-sixth Street clubhouse, seemingly listening to a club bore considerably intoxicated. It was a warm night, and this talker was gradually fascinated by the unwinking attention of Lincoln's glass eye. When he saw this steady gaze still maintained, although a fly alighted upon the pupil of the eye and twiddled its hind legs, he felt that he was the victim of alcoholic hallucinations. The few to whom he confided his experience said nothing of the eye's being artificial. Lincoln died soon afterward and the man never drank alcohol again.

When I started West to get Arizona, Frederic Remington superintended the organization of my kit just as he would have arranged his own. It was very much on the camping-out order, with a shift to something that would be presentable on formal occasions. I carried, as I have said before, a letter from General Miles to the officers commanding the Western posts. I started at Lincoln's encouragement and counsel, with Frederic Remington's good wishes and the color that I had absorbed from his talk and stories in the preceding eight or nine years, and added to this equipment a most useful admonition from Capt. Jack Summerhayes, whom I met in St. Louis, where I stopped a day or two to see my people. Summerhayes was attending to some war preparations at Jefferson Barracks and happened in the city for that day only. Our meeting was accidental. His contribution was this:

"That department letter you carry will command anything those men can give you; but they'll feel happier if their contributions seem voluntary and come only under the head of General Miles' permission. Also you will find that they are marooned out there, and that they will be mighty glad to see you; that about the only thing they have worthwhile to them is their rank, and at all times, especially in the presence of their junior officers, the more respect you pay to that, the more you do to preserve its traditions, the happier you will make those old fellows feel."

Daniel Frohman, Augustus Thomas, Fred Williams and Edward Unitt at a Reading of One of Mr. Thomas' Plays in 1895

When, after several weeks in the territory, I came to say goodby to Col. Winfield Scott Sumner, who had given up to me the best room and private bath in his quarters, he said:

> Thomas, although you've been a member of my family here, I never came into a room or went onto the porch where you were or left a group of which you were a member but that you stood up at my going and coming just as one of these lieutenants would, and I want to say to you it made me feel damned fine.

William Hoey

I don't think I would have done anything to hurt that brave officer, but I am sure I would not have been so punctiliously attentive to that little ceremony if it hadn't been for the friendly counsel of Jack Summerhayes.

On the way to Fort Grant one leaves the railroad at Willcox, at that time a little one-street row of one-story shops and barrooms. The hotel proprietor told me as I came off the train for my first night in Arizona that an ambulance with four mules was there to carry over to the fort a captain who was expected on the train arriving at five in the morning. I saw the driver of this outfit that night. He promised to tell the captain of my presence, and in the morning I was standing around ready to be invited. But again, under the remembered advice of Summerhayes, I didn't spring my headquarters paper on the captain or try to address anybody except the commandants to whom the letter was directed; and as it meant very little to this captain to learn that a stranger wanted to go to the fort, his four mules and his ambulance ambled off without me. I went some hours later on a little two-horse depot wagon that made a daily trip, and was again fortunate in that fact, as the driver on that twenty-mile jog told me many useful things. I was directed from the colonel's quarters to the officers' club. There was no attendant. The single room contained four or five officers playing cards around the table. After a pause one of them casually looked up. I asked for Colonel Sumner. He nodded toward that officer. Sumner, with his cards, paid no attention.

The Courteous Colonel

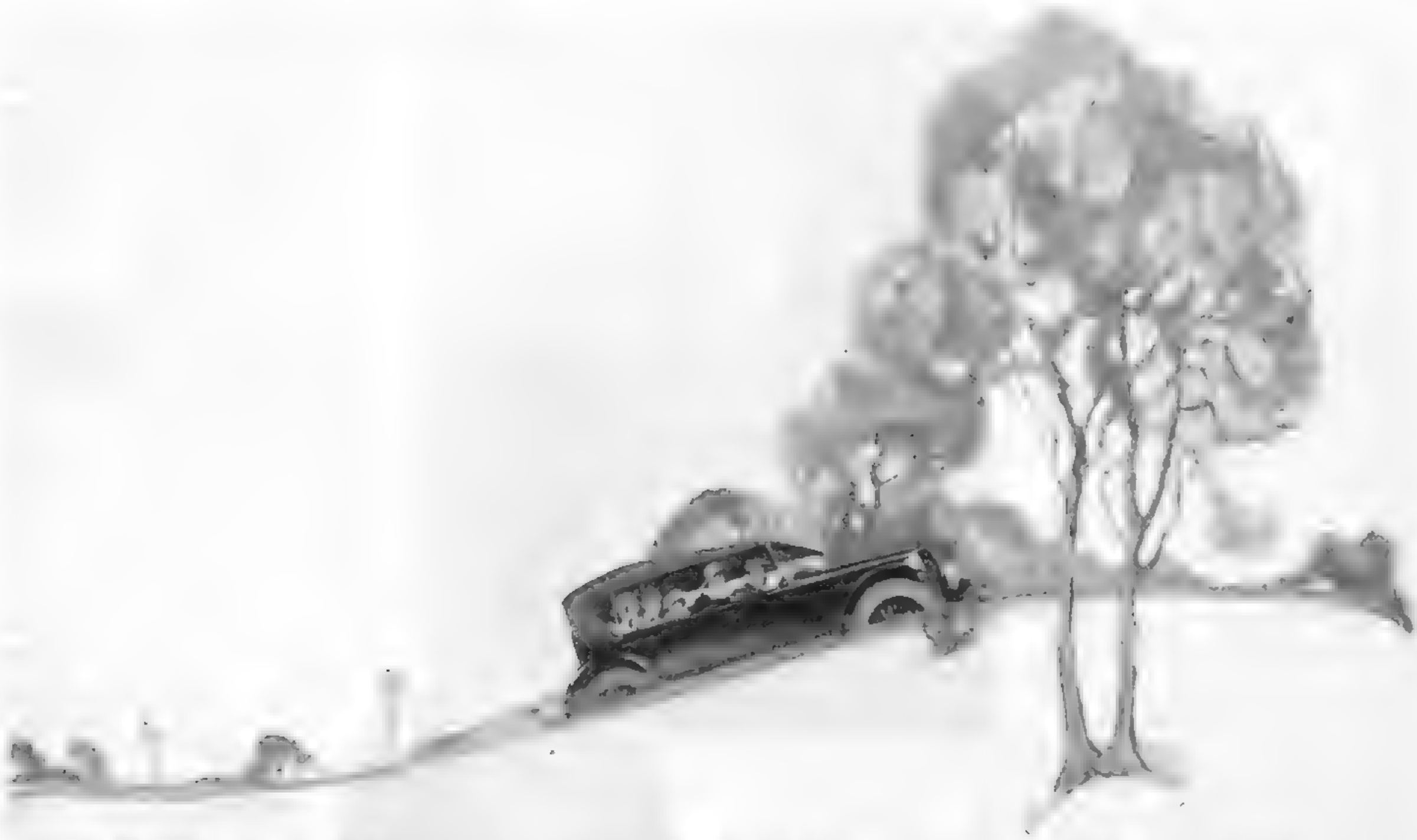
I SAID, "Letter from Washington," and handed it to him; and then, exactly as I had seen messengers rehearsed in Held by the Enemy and Shenandoah, I stepped back and stood still. The colonel opened his letter, glanced at it quickly, struck the table a blow.

"Gentlemen!"

All the poker players stood promptly. I was welcomed and introduced to the group, with which I spent the great part of one of the most enjoyable sojourns of my life. The poker game was immediately broken up and adjourned, and a half hour afterwards I came from a refreshing bath and in my store clothes to a fine midday dinner in the colonel's home with his amiable wife and wholesome and attractive daughter.

That was on March 17, 1897. I don't have to refer to any records to recover the date, because from the lunch we went to the parade grounds, where a big tent had been set up with a telegraph wire leading into it, and the men of three troops of cavalry, and I think two infantry companies, gathered to hear the report by rounds of the championship prize fight between Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons, then beginning in Carson City, Nevada. Among the officers I saw one or two faces that struck me as familiar, and then one of the few civilians there, limping a bit on a cane, I recognized

(Continued on Page 34)



Sales Mounting Higher and Higher In Greatest Hupmobile Year

The first quarter's Hupmobile business for this year is closed just as this is being written.

The completed sales figures positively clinch the conclusion indicated by the first two months—that this is the greatest year in Hupmobile history.

Sales and production volume in March was higher than the company ever before experienced for any one month. The quarter far exceeded any previous first-quarter record.

New Thousands Are Coming to Hupmobile

Two significant things are happening.

First, the Hupmobile is being bought by those who now see how futile it is to try to get enough more in a car to make a higher price worth while.

Second, it is being bought, also, by those who are finding out that a lesser price can prove to be anything but economy.

All these, of course, in addition to those who have learned by their own Hupmobile experience, how much it means to satisfactory ownership to have the extraordinary soundness and reliability, the notable economy, and service, and long life always associated with the Hupmobile.

For 14 years the Hupmobile has been best known for these qualities. Known for them not only in its own immediate circle, but by all owners of all cars.

How Hupmobile Sales Are Sweeping Upward

Without a single exception, Hupmobile distributors have increased their requirements for this year, one hundred per cent over last year. The total increase in the Hupmobile business for the first quarter of 1922 was 172 per cent over the first quarter of 1921. The following typical examples among Hupmobile distributors cover the quarter ended March 31st:

Atlanta	271%	Detroit	143%	Minneapolis	120%
Boston	257%	Fort Worth	230%	New York	145%
Charlotte	70%	Harrisburg	200%	Pittsburgh	50%
Chicago	195%	Huntington	33%	San Francisco	275%
Cincinnati	158%	Jacksonville	50%	St. Louis	275%
Cleveland	90%	Kansas City	233%	Sioux City	100%
Dallas	126%	Los Angeles	201%	Syracuse	100%
Des Moines	50%	Milwaukee	100%	Toronto	75%

Reaping the Harvest Of Faithful Service

What more natural than that these additional thousands should be coming to the Hupmobile now?

People are buying carefully and critically. They are choosing proven goodness and value and life-long service.

The Hupmobile today is reaping the harvest of its years of faithful service in this country and all over the world.

Touring Car, $1250; Roadster, $1250; Roadster Coupé, $1950; Coupé, $1850; Sedan, $1950. Cord Tires on all models
Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 32)

as my Leavenworth attorney, ex-Senator Thomas P. Fenlon. He introduced me to his son-in-law, Captain Nicholson, also at the post and in whose quarters he was staying. Nicholson had been one of the officers in Plowman's court room that busy afternoon eleven years before, when they had ridden over from Fort Leavenworth in full dress to protest the foolish slander of the talented Helen M. Gouger.

I am working now between the need to economize space and a wish to talk freely enough about my experience to fix whatever significance it may have to other men trying to make plays. And when I say significance I mean only that. I don't mean a rule or a way of doing. Each man writing plays makes his own rules, and one man at different times will have different ways. If I seem occasionally minute it will not be because I regard any act of mine in epic fashion, but only because I remember it as an articulating part of what subsequently became machinery in a play I had been writing plays too long to be entirely free from habit. I suppose that a man sent out to write a comic opera would at least begin by thinking in terms of a quartet. All those fine soldiers, every sturdy private, the smart officers, the forceful old colonel, each of them began to be in my mind a possible factor if not center of romance.

The officers' quarters there in Fort Grant are doby, and face the parade ground. To the western end of the row the first two or three are two-story buildings, substantial as any brick or brownstone residences of the city. They then tail off into bungalows, with fine shady porches, and all, because of their doby walls, with cool window and door recesses from eighteen inches to two feet deep. I don't remember how many ladies were in the fort; I should say half a dozen. The majority of these, of course, were married; and when we have checked off their husbands it left a fine circle of unattached officers, attentive, complimentary, respectful. I heard no breath of scandal or even of gossip that in any way involved this compact little community, but it was impossible to view them with an imagination bent by the theater without beginning to play chess with their reputations. Nothing could be further from fact than any hint of discordance in the household of Col. Win Sumner and his wife, almost his own age; but as I wanted to use him as a principal character, I had no compunction in mentally hooking him up with a much younger woman, somewhat regretful of the disparity in their years. Of course this discontent of the wife would be evident to more than one of the young officers, if not actually shared in or promoted by one or another. Besides domestic life at the quarters, there were a few wives down at the barracks, and one or two daughters of enlisted men. My difficulty on the first day or two was to keep an open mind and not have these characters form associations in my fancy that would by repetition of the concept begin to take on the authority of fact.

As I listened to Colonel Sumner talk at his dinner table of cattlemen, Indians and soldiers; as I heard Mrs. Sumner tell of Tony, the doby messenger that came down the valley with social notes, I felt that the field was too rich to make immediate commitments of selection.

At Hooker's Cattle Ranch

SOME dispenser of mental tonic has said that thoughts are things. I offer no opinion on that, but if they are they're curious things, and it is hard for one who trades in them to keep clear of superstition. I have seldom begun to work earnestly upon any line of reflection but what that line has been frequently twanged by cross currents that the overcredulous would misread. I wrote earlier in these chapters of coincidences, naming two that were noteworthy in my own experience. Personally, I am willing to accept the explanation of somebody whose words, but not whose name, I remember, to the effect that a line of thought is like a magnetized wire, and that particles from all the waves and currents that cross it adhere when there is sufficient affinity. If that is true, a man thinking along certain lines would mistake the selection made by his attention for fateful response.

I wonder if this is an approach too clumsy to another one of these points. I was slowly dictating the stuff above about the military post and was thinking as I had been thinking for a day or two about Hooker's ranch, some ten or twelve miles away from it, and how I could be accurate about certain items, when Robert Bruce, of Clinton, Oneida County, New York, came to the door. Mr. Bruce has written historically of incidents in the Civil and Revolutionary wars. He and I had an exchange of letters about the first two or three installments of these reminiscences which at this writing have appeared in this publication, and he had promised to stop in and see me sometime when he was in the city. His call just now interrupting my dictation about the army post was prompted by that invitation and was determined by the fact that he had two leaves of the Erie Railroad Magazine of December with an article in it about Mrs. Forrestine Hooker, author of The Long Dim Trail and other stories.

C. W. Coutdock

Stuart Robson, 1903

He brought it to me because near the finish of the article the writer said of Mrs. Hooker: "She married E. R. Hooker, son of Henry C. Hooker, the cattle king of Arizona, and lived at the Sierra Bonita ranch near Fort Grant and Willcox, where the famous play, Arizona, was written around her as Bonita by Augustus Thomas."

Thanks to Mr. Bruce's call, I don't have to cudgel my brain to remember Mr. Hooker's first name, or the name of his beautiful daughter-in-law, who away out in the wilds played the piano with such delightful skill.

To distinguish him from his brother Col. Sam Sumner, of Fort Myer fame, my Colonel Sumner was called by his army friends Bull. This was an appellation affectionate and descriptive but not critical. He told me of the several elements in the life of that section of Arizona, particularly of the wild station of San Carlos on the Gila River, where so many times a year a troop of cavalry on guard was relieved by one from the post in its monotonous duty of guarding that end of the Apache reservation and dealing out beef and flour to the poor Indians who came periodically to get their supplies from the Government. He told me also of the ranchers who were his neighbors at intervals of ten and fifteen miles.

After a few days at the post I was taken over to Hooker's ranch. The administrative center of this was also the residence of Mr. Hooker, his daughter-in-law and grandson. This doby hacienda was a quadrangle about one hundred feet square, with blank walls some eighteen feet high outside. Three sides of the inner court were made up of little rooms one story high, with roofs sloping to the center and rising to somewhat less than the height of the outer walls, whose superior margin served as parapet in case of attack. A fourth side of the quadrangle, besides having a room or two and a shed for vehicles, had a large reënforced double gate that could be thrown to and fastened with heavy bars and staples. In the center of the court thus formed there was a well, so that the colony might have water to withstand a siege.

Henry C. Hooker was a quiet little man who had been some twenty-five or thirty years in that locality selling beef to "Government and Apaches"; at times on the defensive and at other times on friendly terms with his savage neighbors. He had known the old Apache chief, Cochise, the predecessor of Geronimo, and had a hundred interesting tales of his experiences with Indians and cowboys and soldiers. He was under the average height of the American, was slight and quiet, and while adopting him I took the liberty of replacing him in my mind with a more robust and typical frontiersman; but hundreds of the lines I finally gave to Henry Canby, the rancher in the play of Arizona, were Hooker's own words, which I remembered and as soon as I was alone set down because of their picturesque quality and their great simplicity and directness.

Picking a Heroine

ONE speech that all the Canbys—some ten or fourteen that finally played it—used to like, and which Douglas Fairbanks, an aspiring youngster of the theater long before he went into the movies, learned to recite, although there was never the remotest chance of his playing that part, was Hooker's description of his method in selecting a cowboy. Before I had any situation to justify it or any theme to which it was pertinent, I had this speech from that remarkable man. Think what a helpful nugget this is to be picked up by a writer looking for material:

"We take a man on here and ask no questions. We know when he throws his saddle on his horse whether he understands his business or not. He may be a minister backslidin', or a banker savin' his last lung, or a train robber on his vacation—we don't care. A good many of our most useful men have made their mistakes. All we care about now is, will they stand the gaff? Will they set sixty hours in the saddle, holdin' a herd that's tryin' to stampede all the time?"

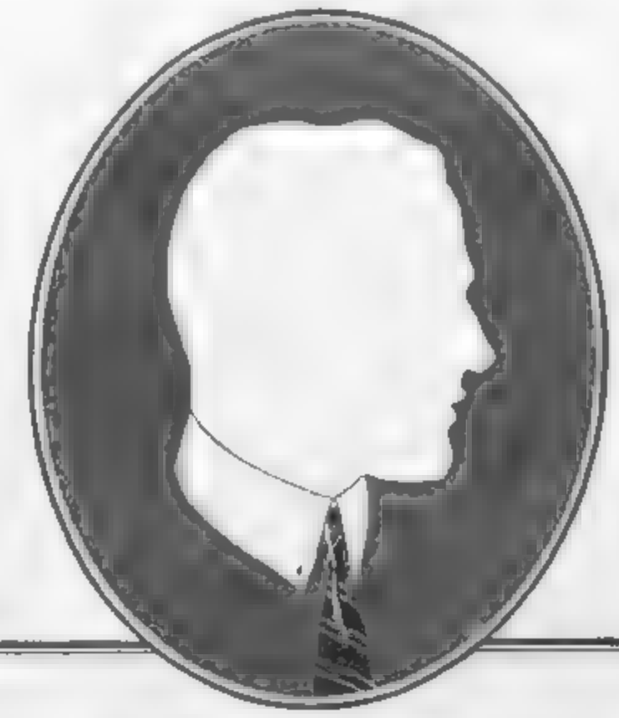
At Hooker's ranch I decided his daughter-in-law should be the heroine of my story. It would take me out of the too closely knitted life of the army post, and while giving a heroine who would appeal to a young cavalryman, as the girls on the ranch rode as well as the men did, it would be a truthful and breezy touch of character, especially as this self-reliant and athletic side was associated with the most feminine characteristics and accomplishments. Colonel Sumner thought I should see life at San Carlos. That had been my wish when planning the play, as I expected to get the element of stir and bustle for it in an Indian uprising. This had the disadvantage of harking back to several other American plays, and to something of the color of Jessie Brown and the relief of Lucknow. But there was nothing else in sight. To reach San Carlos from Fort Grant was a day's cavalry march up the valley to Dunlop's, and another day's ride over the mountains. The first half of this journey was made in an ambulance with mules drawing it, while a small detachment of cavalry, a telegraph construction outfit, two Indian guides and five or six pack mules with supplies were in the escort. Dunlop's was another doby house, with ornamental steel ceilings on the ground floor, and an upright piano.

We had an early start the second morning, with everybody in the saddle. Captain Myer, in charge of our detachment, lent me a handsome pacing stallion, gentle and a weight carrier. The features of our second day's trip, none of which I used in the play and which therefore have little place in this recital except as they contribute to a sense of hardship and the stamina needed to meet it, were narrow trails on the hogback of the mountains, where the aneroid barometer showed five thousand feet, and where the path was so narrow that everything was intrusted to the animals, which carefully picked their way one foot in absolute line before the other, sometimes all four set for a short slide and often each stone gingerly tested to make sure of footing; climbing grades on which no horse could have carried any rider, and where no tenderfoot, no matter how stout of lung, could have climbed in that thin air unaided.

The procedure was to take with one hand a tight grip on the long tail of your horse and let him pull you as you walked behind him and led the horse for the man that followed. When the height was reached where a modification of the grade made it possible to get again into the saddle, all the company, troopers and Indians alike, were glad to pause and recover breath before attempting to mount.

Across these ridges the wind, which is always blowing at that season, came at a pace of forty miles. Shoulder high on our left was a wall that occasionally grazed a stirrup; nearer, on the other side, a declivity dropping at an angle of eighty degrees for three thousand feet.

(Continued on Page 107)



SOME men think a soft collar suggests a lazy untidiness, or a comfortable carelessness; and perhaps it does.

But the VAN HEUSEN has about as much relation to the ordinary soft collar as a full-dress suit has to a pair of carpet slippers.

In appearance, no other collar—stiff or soft—can compare with the VAN HEUSEN, for no other collar is made from the same seamless fabric.

The VAN HEUSEN is the World's Smartest Collar because it makes no concessions to either appearance or comfort, but gives you the benefits of both without the disadvantages of either.

Some men say they wear the VAN HEUSEN because it is the most dressy collar; others, because it is the latest and most stylish collar; and still others because they scorn soft collars!

But the real reason is:

the VAN HEUSEN is the *only* collar with comfort and style both *woven* and *tailored* into it!

For immediate delivery, nine styles, quarter sizes 13½ to 20—boys' sizes 11 to 13. Price fifty cents. Will outwear half a dozen ordinary collars.

No Starching
No Rough Edges
Will Not Wrinkle
Will Not Wilt
Saves Your Shirts
Saves Your Ties

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's Smartest COLLAR

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU WITH THE VAN HEUSEN COLLAR—AND WITH THE VAN CRAFT SHIRT (A SOFT WHITE SHIRT WITH THE VAN HEUSEN COLLAR ATTACHED)—WRITE US FOR THE ADDRESS OF ONE THAT CAN.

It isn't a VAN HEUSEN unless it's stamped
Phillips-Jones Corporation, Makers

Copyright 1922 by
PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

HENRY GETS AN ASSIST

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

A PITCHER is as old as his arm, an outfielder is as old as his legs and a hitter is as old as his eye; but a ketcher is as young as his head. That is why old Henry Hammond can still go behind the bat and turn out a good job of work. He does it by brain strength and awkwardness, for his arm, legs and eye are gone these many years.

Henry has outlived three baseball generations of outfielders and hitters, and a whole human generation of pitchers. He has caught in more leagues than Old Man Farrell ever heard of, and from nearly every league he has sent up at least one pitcher that was a whish. You know, one of those speed boys, like Walter Johnson, Grover Alexander or old Charley McCormick in his prime. He was a regular traveling school for pitchers.

Every year he was in a different league. Most of the winters he spent in a little town up New York State, figuring out which league he would tackle for the summer. It got to be a tough problem a few years back when he found he had been in almost all of them. But he usually managed to locate one in the Ozarks or Carolinas or the copper country or somewhere. Then he'd sit down and write a snappy letter to a manager in that league, setting forth his batting averages of a decade back, along with some fielding averages. He always included a twelve-year-old photograph. His first letter generally brought him a contract. Sometimes the manager that hired him knew him as the old-time battery mate of Charley McCormick, but more often did not.

A fresh haircut, a new plug of tobacco and an old mitt formed his equipment when he descended on the new club and the new league. Every ketcher hangs onto his mitt until there is nothing left but the back of it. The fresh haircut destroyed heavy streaks of gray over Henry's ears and around the back of his neck. And Henry knew that the only way to keep the skin of the face from wrinkling is to have it perpetually stretched to its utmost by a large healthy chew. On reporting, Henry looked almost young.

"Lemme have a month's pay to kinda get along on," were his first words to the manager. "I'm buyin' a little farm back home and the payments kept me broke all winter."

"Jon, I'm Proud of You," She Answered. "And You, Too, Bless Your Old Bones"

That was true about the farm, and he generally got an advance, which lasted until his job was safe for the summer. But he lied about being broke, because he had more dollars stored away than Ty Cobb has base hits. It was a poor season when Henry did not lay by enough to start buying another farm.

"G'wan, I'll beat yuh to a whisper!" were his first words during the first workout of the season. He addressed them to the nearest man who happened to have a ball in his hand. "Gimme 'at ball, will yuh?"

Glaring fiercely, he grabbed the leather and threw it as hard and as far as he could into center field. Regularly the manager would rush out on the diamond and beg him to be careful of his arm.

"Bloo-a-ah, now I feel better! I'm all right. Arm's like iron. What time's 'is first game called?"

Henry's career as a rolling stone began the year after the celebrated firm of McCormick and Hammond dissolved partnership. Never heard of McCormick and Hammond? Oh, yes, you have, under the real firm name. Like Mathewson and Bresnahan, they were known throughout the land as a pair to strike terror into the hearts of strong hitters. Back in the days when people read Mr. Dooley and bragged of shaking hands with John L. Sullivan, McCormick and Hammond were as well and favorably known as pepper and salt, McKinley and Hanna, ham and eggs, Damon and Pythias, Barnum and Bailey, or any other celebrated battery partners in the public eye.

McCormick's speed and Hammond's cunning were vaunted in barber shops from Eastport to Vancouver. But McCormick dropped out of sight like a meteor, and then Henry gradually faded from view. As in the dissolution of the celebrated firm of Me and Gott, which found Me hitting less than .0017 when left alone, Hammond ceased to flourish.

The head was still there, but the arm, the legs and the eye were going. Moreover, the baseball public in the big-league cities seemed to resent his presence without his great battery mate.

Thus much, introducing old Henry Hammond, ketcher. Known him always? Perhaps you have. There were two tastes to which, in common with his kind, Henry held firmly. The first was a liking for hulking big right-handers with a world of speed. The second was an aversion, equal to horror, for undersized southpaws with none. That is where this story comes in.

"I like these pitchers you've got," said Henry to Mike Barnes, manager of the Terre Haute club in the old Central League, one night in April as the league schedule was being broken open. "Nice big husky boys, all of 'em. Plenty o' smoke."

"Yeah," grunted Barnes. "Lots of speed. Nothin' but speed. Too much of it."

"How d'yuh get that way?" demanded Henry. "Speed's like beer and money. Never was too much."

"H'mph!"

"What else d'yuh want?" Henry pursued.

"Well, we need a left-hander," vouchsafed the manager.

"Not just because he's left-handed," declared Henry. "I can't see this stuff o' carrying a wrong-hander simply because all the other boys slings with their right hand. For me, gimme these big guys that can put enough heft into the ball to burn the old left mutt. I like to feel my fingers sting."

"We're not payin' pitchers to burn your old bones, but to win games and a pennant," rejoined Barnes.

"Well, you take it from me, the more my hand burns the more games we'll win, 's all I gotta say."

That ended the discussion for the time, but the subject was up again. Barnes constantly longed for a left-hander, but Henry concentrated his expert abuse on the cub right-handers that crowded the Tots' bench. Already he was looking for his fall-sales prospect for the big time. Under his coaching, cajolery and cussing the general level of pitching began to rise, and the Tots rose with it in the percentage column. Henry's left hand was red twenty-four hours a day, now, and his blood was warm. He forgot all about left-handers.

"Henry, I've got him," said Mike Barnes one afternoon in Wheeling the second week in June.

"Who?" Henry had lost all suspicion of the manager by this time.

"Why, that left-hander I been huntin'. Who did you s'pose?"

"Oh," said Henry. The wind was out of his sails. "Oh, yeah."

"Mebbe he's the goods!" Barnes declared.

"Mebbe," said Henry dryly. "What's he like? Big?"

"Well, not so big."

"H'mph, little guy!"

"Not so little, either."

This confirmed Henry's worst fears.

"I think," Barnes hastened to add, "that he may be another Dick Kerr."

"As to size and left-handedness, mebbe," Henry grunted. "But he'll have to show more than that to look like this Kerr. Where is he? Let's have a look at him."

"Well, I told him we'd give him a try," said Barnes. "But he wasn't feelin' well. Hadn't ate much lately, so I bought him a good meal and sent him along home to Terre Haute. Told him to get a uniform and work out at the park, and we'd give him a chance when we got home."

Henry grew a grouch before they left Wheeling. It developed steadily, and by the time the club reached home he was ready to bite a bat in two. It looked as if the waiting southpaw was in for mangling when the team pulled in. The boys had to hurry from the train to the park and rush into their uniforms, so Henry had no opportunity to look over the recruit. But the respite ended next day.

"Hey, look out there!" Henry yelled during morning practice. "I'll beat yuh to a whisper! Whassa big idea, steppin' on 'at mitt?"

He scowled heavily at the offender, who proved to be the new pitcher, busy playing hi-lo with half a dozen members of the team.

"I'm sorry," said the boy. "I didn't see it."

"You'll be worse'n sorry in a minute," Henry growled back at him.

"Kid didn't mean anything," interposed Barnes. "Wish you'd give him the once-over to-day, Henry. Mebbe he's not ready yet, but you can get a line on him."

"Give him a life line," Henry replied. "He's over his head in this league. I can see that right now."

Barnes sent the youngster out to pitch in batting practice, which is no test of pitching ability. Even old Henry whaled out a few nice line drives, but was not appeased thereby.

"Not there, Mike," he declared positively. "Hasn't got a thing."

"Give him a chance," the manager answered. "We've got to get a good left-hander some time. Might as well keep tryin'."

That afternoon Henry, warming up the pitchers, caught a few from the new candidate. Instead of working him out,

(Continued on Page 39)

Friction meets its master

FRICTION is the unseen enemy of production in every plant in the world. There can be no mastery of friction save by Correct Lubrication.

The Vacuum Oil Company, for 56 years the world's leading specialist in lubrication, operates on this principle:

First: to scientifically analyze the correct lubricating requirements of every engine and machine used in modern industry.

Then: to manufacture, specify and supply the correct oils to meet those requirements.

Due largely to the wide acceptance of this Vacuum Oil principle, the old thoughtless assumption that "oil is oil" now stands universally disproved and discredited.

Protect your machinery. Speed your output. Ascertain from the Vacuum Oil Company your correct grades of lubricating oils. Only in this way can you be *sure* that friction will meet its master throughout your entire plant.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)* Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Detroit
Des Moines Albany Rochester Indianapolis Minneapolis Buffalo
Kansas City, Kan. Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Colorful Roofs are no longer a luxury—

It was but a few years ago that artistic colorful roofs were found only on the homes of the wealthy. Their cost made them a luxury beyond the reach of many people.

Today the most modest cottage may boast a roof every bit as attractive as that of the most pretentious residence. For a roof of colorful, durable Barrett Everlastic Shingles is a land-mark of beauty—an investment in economy.

The mineral surface which colors these shingles a soft, fadeless red or green, also increases their durability and resistance to fire; while a "seal-back" of special waterproofing compound protects the under surface from the injurious effects of air and moisture.

Besides four forms of shingles, Barrett Everlastic Roofings are made in two kinds of roll roofing. These are described below. *Be sure you get a Barrett Everlastic brand.*

Your Choice of Six Styles

Everlastic Octo-Strip Shingles. A new Everlastic Shingle that is the latest development in the strip shingle. Beautiful red or green mineral surface. Made in a form that offers a variety of designs in laying.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles. Four shingles in one. Made of high grade waterproofing materials with a red or green mineral surface. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles. Fire-resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles. Same material and art finish (red or green) as the Multi Shingles, but made in individual shingles; size, 8 x 12¾ inches.

Everlastic Giant Shingles. Identical in shape with Everlastic Single Shingles but made considerably heavier and thicker. They are "giants" for strength and durability.

Everlastic Mineral-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with everlasting mineral in attractive shades of red or green. Requires no painting. Combines real protection against fire with beauty. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. This is one of our most popular roofings. Used throughout the world. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable, and very low in price. Easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Illustrated booklets of the six styles free on request

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis
Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Detroit	New Orleans
Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Duluth	Syracuse
Salt Lake City	Bangor	Peoria	Atlanta	Dayton
Youngstown	Milwaukee	Washington	Johnstown	Lebanon
Latrobe	Birmingham	Toledo	Columbus	Richmond
Omaha	Houston	Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore
Denver	Jacksonville			

THE BARRETT COMPANY Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Hamilton, N. S.

"Say, Did You Bring Your Own Crutches, or Do We Have to Furnish 'Em?" Demanded Barnes, Ignoring Henry's Request

(Continued from Page 36)

old Henry vented his accumulated spite and grouch of ten days. He gave the boy a veritable third degree and a college hazing rolled in one. He yelled for speed, and then swore he'd asked for a curve. He demanded to see the boy's out and then declared he'd called for an inshoot. He called for a drop ball three times in a row, and swore up and down the kid had thrown him nothing but straight balls. All the time he was shooting the ball back at the boy with all the fire in his old right arm. He fired high and low, according as the boy was bending over or reaching up. He shot to one side or the other, always almost out of reach. When Henry had exhausted his fiendish ingenuity he threw down his mitt and waved the boy to the bench.

Henry went to the water bucket for a drink and was eloquently silent. Barnes knew Henry's game, but saw no evidences of ability in the boy. He realized that as far as Henry was concerned he might as well turn the little fellow loose. But he decided to postpone breaking the sad news for a time and try him again.

The chance came early. Evansville's Little Evas, a slugging crowd, drove two of the Tots' speed boys to the bench in the first three innings with an avalanche of hits and runs. Starting the fourth, with the game hopelessly lost, Barnes told the new southpaw to go in. Henry shook his head, then acquiesced.

The failure of the Evas to score was certainly through no merit of the little left-hander. And it was no fault of Henry, either, for the old fellow continued his hazing until the last inning ended, doing his worst to make the boy look bad. Barnes sympathized with the kid at the same time he was laughing over Henry Hammond's vicious prejudice against left-handers generally and this one particularly.

"What's he got, Henry?" Barnes asked after the game, in the dressing shed.

"Nothing but his glove, and he borrowed it," the old ketcher answered.

"Guess you're right, at that," Barnes agreed. "Might as well tell him now. Hey, boy," he called, motioning the newcomer to the corner where he and Hammond were standing, towels in hand. "I've just been talkin' to the ketcher, here, and we—uh—that is, I—what did you say your name was?"

Henry showed nothing but contempt for the proceedings up to this point. When Barnes asked the question the old ketcher was rising from rubbing his feet, and looked at the boy.

"McCormick," said the boy. "Charles McCormick."

"McCormick—Charley McCormick?" repeated Henry. He blinked and shook his head. Then he looked the boy over from head to foot, staring at him as a near-sighted scientist stares at an ugly bug. "Well, well!" he said finally.

"Well, what?" asked Barnes.

"He says his name's Charley McCormick," said Henry.

"What of it?"

"I used to know a pitcher once that was named Charley McCormick," Henry replied, speaking slowly. "But," he added significantly, "he was a right-hander."

"Oh, you go to, yuh big stiff!" spoke up the boy deliberately.

He turned away from the pair and stalked back to the bench where he had been dressing when they called him.

Barnes, holding back a grin, looked at Henry, and Henry looked back at Barnes. It was a minute before Henry broke the silence.

"You know, Mike," he said, "mebbe the kid will do. I like his looks. Lemme work with him a while before you decide."

Old Henry Hammond wrote a letter that night to a friend in the New England League. From then on a close observer might have noticed that the ketcher was keeping close scrutiny on young Charley McCormick. He quit razzing the boy.

When he was warming up pitchers he took McCormick along with the rest. Twice he asked Barnes to send in the left-hander to finish games and treated him as he would any pitcher. All the time he seemed to be studying the youngster. One morning ten days later he called at the post office and received a letter from the friend in the New England League. He read it in a daze, and reread it so many times he was late for forenoon practice. At the park he asked Barnes to let him work with the boy a while.

"Say, did you bring your own crutches, or do we have to furnish 'em?" demanded Barnes, ignoring Henry's request.

"What's eatin' yuh?" Henry countered. He had no idea what was on the manager's mind.

"I've tumbled, 'at's all."

"If I fell for all you do," Henry retorted, "I wouldn't brag about it. What's eatin' yuh?"

"Your name's Hammond, and you knew a pitcher named McCormick," said Barnes significantly, eying Henry closely.

"Oh, that's it!" Henry laughed in relief.

"That's plenty, ain't it?" Barnes demanded. "Listen! I'm glad t' know yuh. I've heard my dad talk about you. Many's the time he's traveled from here to Chicago, from here to St. Louis, from here to Cincinnati even, to see you and McCormick work, and he put in the rest of the time talkin' about yuh. Never occurred to me you'd still be alive."

"Where'd yuh get that stuff? Your dad? It was my gran'dad he saw," Henry interrupted, concealing a blush under his leathery hide.

"I know what I'm talkin' about. I'm glad to know yuh, for old time's sake. But, say, I'm runnin' a ball club, not an old men's home." He glared at Henry in resentment.

"Well, I can't say much for the rest of your ball club, but there's nothin' wrong with your ketchin' department." Henry glared right back at the boss, feeling he was on solid ground here. "If you'll say you're not satisfied with the ketchin' you can have my job right now. See?"

Barnes refused to say anything, partly because Henry was holding up his end on the field, and partly for the reason he was more than holding up his end in a business way. At that moment Henry had six weeks' pay drawn in advance, and he'd kept one green kid ketcher to warm up the pitchers. This boy could not begin to ketch a game.

"Forget 'at stuff about my age," Henry continued. "You should worry about how old I am—when I fall down on the job. But say, lemme work with this kid, will yuh?"

"Did yuh tell him who yuh are or who he is?"

"Ain't told him anything, and won't," Henry declared positively. "None of that sloppy sentimental stuff in mine!"

"I'll tell him—I'll tell the papers too. Look at the publicity we'd get!" Barnes exclaimed. "Big crowds all over the league!"

"You do," said Henry firmly, a gleam in his eye, "and I'll beat yuh to a whisper! This is my party and I'll do all the talkin'."

Barnes held mental reservations about being beaten to a whisper. Next day he told the sports editors all he knew and had ever heard about Henry Hammond, of the famous old battery, McCormick and Hammond. Attendance at the Tots' games grew overnight, old fans flocking out to see a friend of their youth perform behind the bat. It did not occur to Barnes to mention young Charley, for he did not connect the two McCormicks. However, that is getting ahead of the story.

"Hey, kid," Henry called to the boy as they were throwing the ball back and forth, "how old are yuh?"

"Twenty-two," McCormick grunted, putting his weight into what he intended to be a fast ball.

"You're lyin'," said Henry, taking the shot in his gloved hand and tossing the ball back leisurely.

"Yes, I am!" growled the boy, shooting another one after a short windup. "How d'yuh know?"

"Because you're not throwin' any harder'n a nineteen-year-old kid," said Henry. "But don't get smart with me! I'll beat yuh to a whisper!"

At this McCormick put on the last ounce of strength he had and whirled through a fast ball that would have done credit to a high-school youth. Henry took it in his glove as easily as if it had been tossed.

After five minutes he said, "Not even makin' 'em tunk in the mitt."

"Old stuff," rejoined McCormick. "You can make a slow ball tunk if you wanta, and keep a fast one from it."

By way of answer Henry dropped his mitt and took the next one with his bare hands. McCormick, resenting this

(Continued on Page 71)

The Boy Grabbed His Glove and Started Out of the Dugout on the Run. "Hey, Wait a Minute!" Said Henry. "I'll Go With Yuh"

BALANCED WORK

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WE ARE informed that work is a punishment for sin. For two bites out of a wormy apple was the sentence pronounced upon our first parents, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." A terrible and far-reaching penalty for so tiny a crime, think most of their descendants around the hour of seven A. M.

But though the burden of work is laid upon our reluctant shoulders by the sternest of necessities, because we need the money, there are certain redeeming features about it. The sweat of our brow not merely earns our bread but gives us a splendid appetite for eating it. No one knows what real pleasure in life is who doesn't work—at least part of the time. And if we will make a game out of it, see how many points we can win each day, we can get a good deal of pleasure out of work itself.

The first thing needed is to tackle our job with our brains and our gumption, instead of our backs and our hind feet; second, to remember that the new physiology tells us that we never stop growing but keep right on improving until we are getting ready to die; third, to hang the motto over our desk or bench or kitchen table, Most Accomplishment for Least Agony.

Some cynic declares that 5 per cent of people think, 10 per cent think they think, while 85 per cent would rather lie down and die than think. And if the man from Mars should come down and gaze with thoughtful and dispassionate eye upon the way men labor, from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, he would be strongly inclined to agree with the cynic. There are few things we do so stupidly and brainlessly as work. The average worker is given no choice in the matter, no chance to exercise his intelligence. He is not hired to think, but to obey orders, as some captains of industry delight to inform us. He is simply offered a job at so much per, for so many hours a day and week, often the highest number that the sense of decency of the particular community can be made to stand for. So he has no chance to consider how his really wonderful powers can be harnessed to the very best advantage.

There was a day when the average employer used simply to grab as many hours a day of the worker's time as the law and the labor unions and public sentiment would permit, and then try to drive him at the top of his speed for as large a proportion of his time as was possible. Small wonder the worker sometimes stalled and soldiered! The employer was hardly to blame personally. He didn't mean to be so stupid and greedy; it was just a custom of the trade.

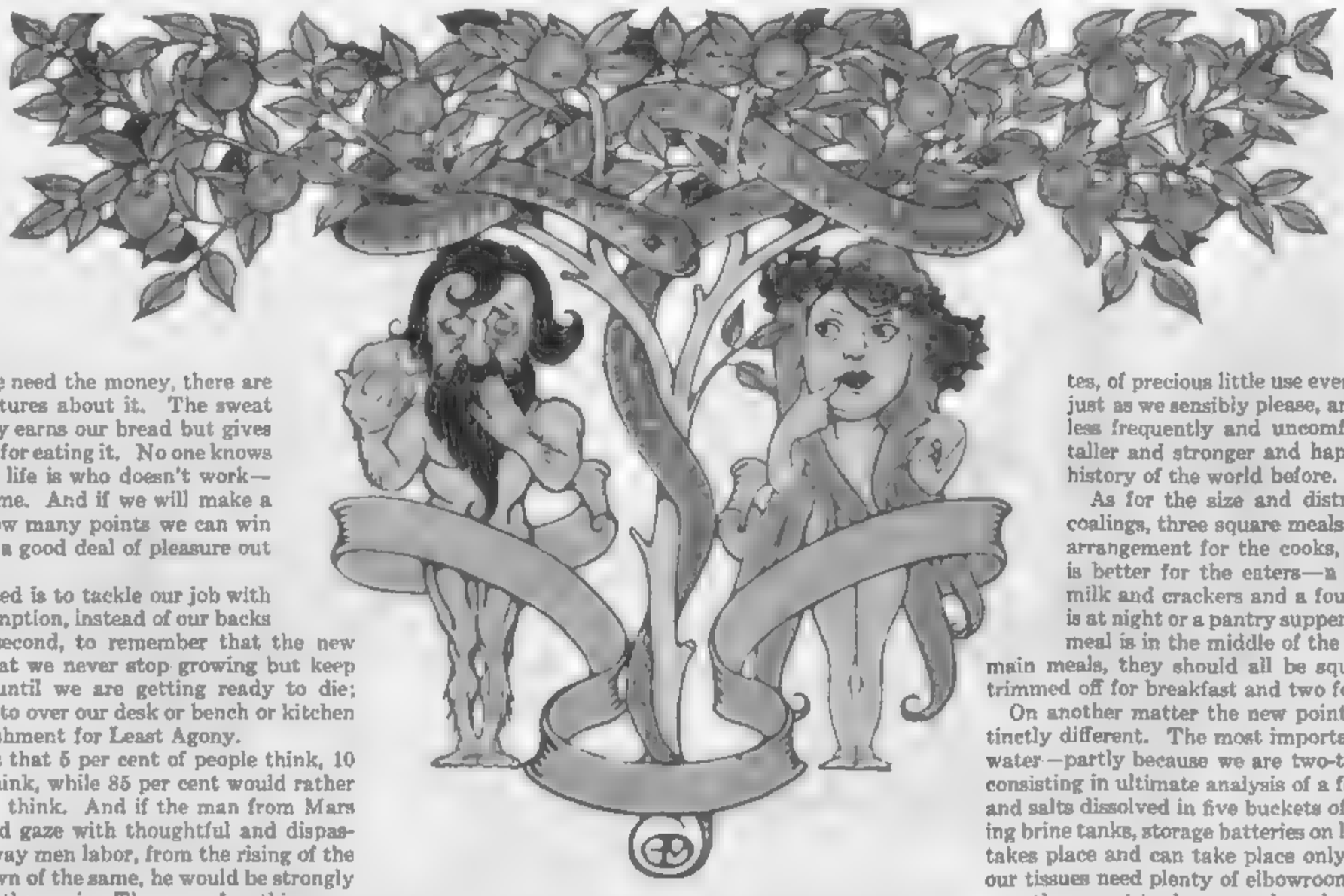
Common Sense in Eating

BUT the senselessness of it! Just think what would happen to a horse trainer if he trotted or galloped his promising colts just as far and as fast as he could every day before the race. Yet we are supposed to be training our young men for the sixty-year race of life, instead of a dash of a few short furlongs. But now, thank heaven, a change is coming over the spirit of the working world.

The new point of view is that the human machine is so far the finest and most wonderful machine in the whole wide world, turns so much more of its fuel energy into work, is so infinitely more resourceful and elastic than any other make yet invented, not only making its own repairs but building itself bigger and increasing its horse power and capacity indefinitely, that it is a shame not to give it every possible favoring condition and facility for doing its best that the wit of man can devise.

And this recognition is made just as frankly and fully by employers and their combinations as by workers and their organizations. Nearly a third of our great industrial plants are already on the eight-hour day, which is the first and high outward and visible sign of this inward and spiritual grace, or attitude. Business is no longer merely business, but humanity and good sense and scientific intelligence as well. For the whole movement is based on and driven irresistibly forward by modern science.

Suppose then that a man has a reasonable degree of control over the times and tensions and hours of his work, and



over the conditions which enable him to develop the very best that is in him, either by being on his own or under a sensible, broad-minded employer with the modern point of view, what can he do to make the most of himself and his powers? How can he make himself of greatest use to his day and generation?

How can we fuel and lubricate and run and rest and avoid breakages in that magnificent human machine of ours, half dynamo, half gas engine, so that it can run at full speed with least friction, without hot boxes, or burning of its bearings, breaking its cogs or short circuiting?

First and most fundamental is the matter of fuel. It can be summed up in one sentence: The best of everything is none too good to work on. There have been wide and windy differences of opinion on the problem in the last thirty years. But the wind has been pretty well squeezed out of the different theories, particularly in the fierce red wine press of war, and the almost invisible remnants—remainders of the no-meat and low-meat fads, the anti-sugar, anti-white-bread, anti-canned-food and anti-cooked-food crazes and the chew-chew insanity—have been shot into the ash barrel.

The air is cleared of dust and the situation greatly simplified: Starches—that is to say, bread, biscuits, potatoes, cereals, cakes and puddings—for mere horse power; meat or protein in the form of beef, pork, mutton, fish, eggs, game and milk for repair material and growth, and for drive, pep and resisting power against disease; fat for brain work; the marvelously important but still mysterious vitamines of present popular fame, as contained in fruit, green vegetables, salads, tomatoes, butter and cream, for lubricants and growth regulators.

Cut down on any of these Big Four and the machine loses efficiency and begins to grind itself up at once. Cut out starch, and horse power fails; cut out or cut down too heavily on meat, and tuberculosis, pellagra, as now threatened in our Southern States from cotton reverses, and one kind of beriberi develop; go short on the vitamines, and you get scurvy, anæmia, chalky teeth, stunted growth, myxœdema and other forms of disordered metabolism.

Give fair representation on the table at every meal to all four of the classes, not forgetting minority representation—most of the starches, next of the meats or proteins, then of the reds-and-greens, last of the fats and oils. Mix according to taste, and engulf according to common-sense, healthy appetite, which abundant experiments not only upon man but upon animals have shown to be a better and safer guide to health and efficiency than the most elaborate and machine-made diet lists. The so-called hog cafeteria which permits pigs to choose their own rations from six or seven self-feeding cylinders of corn, bran, cotton cake, chopped alfalfa, and so forth, salt and charcoal, gives better growth in shorter time than the most skilled hand-measured and weighed rations. Exclusive, rigid diets are useful only in case of sickness; and between ourselves, outside of diabetes, of precious little use even then. We are eating just as we sensibly please, and living longer, dying less frequently and uncomfortably, and growing taller and stronger and happier than ever in the history of the world before.

As for the size and distributions of the daily coalings, three square meals a day is the handiest arrangement for the cooks, but four or even five is better for the eaters—a midmorning lunch of milk and crackers and a four-o'clock tea if dinner is at night or a pantry supper at nine if the heaviest meal is in the middle of the day. As to the three main meals, they should all be square, with one corner trimmed off for breakfast and two for lunch.

On another matter the new point of view is again distinctly different. The most important part of our food is water—partly because we are two-thirds water ourselves, consisting in ultimate analysis of a few pounds of sawdust and salts dissolved in five buckets of water. We are walking brine tanks, storage batteries on legs; every life process takes place and can take place only under water, and all our tissues need plenty of elbowroom and sea room whenever they want to do any real work. The more active and the more vitally important they are the more water they have in them. Our bones and our skins contain only from 25 to 50 per cent water, while our liver, our digestive glands and our brains are from 80 to 90 per cent water, while the most highly explosive living tissue on earth, the electrical organ of the torpedo ray, is 92 per cent water. "Sap-head" should no longer be a term of reproach.

Sickness From Infections

WHEN we go too long between drinks we dry up and die. It's always healthy to drink pure water whenever you feel like it—on rising in the morning and on going to bed at night, at meals and between meals, winter and summer, particularly the latter, engulfing not merely quarts but gallons a day in hot weather.

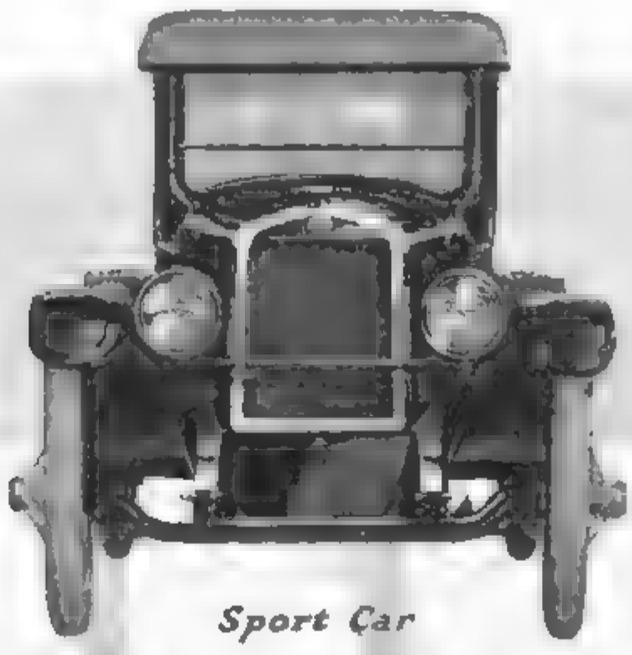
Now that the machine has been properly filled and lubricated, with provision for repairs, comes the question of keeping dirt and grit out of the machinery. By far the commonest and most serious grit that wriggles into the bearings of our human machine is an extremely fine and penetrating powder made up of tiny living particles called germs.

They are so infinitesimally small that it takes two men and a microscope to see one, but they are of a most damnable gumminess and grittiness when they lodge in our human bearings. Tiny and apparently trivial as they are, they smash up and send to the scrap heap nearly 2 per cent of all workers the world over every year, and keep from 5 to 10 per cent continually laid off through sickness.

That this serious drain on productiveness is due chiefly not merely to infections in general but to infections that spread only indoors is shown by a recent report of our Public Health Service, covering about 50,000 workmen scattered all over the United States. The number of men per thousand who are laid off for a week or more, on account of sickness of all kinds, each month ranges from 56 in September to 109 in December, 275 in January and 326 in February! After which it falls steadily and rapidly through March, April and May, reaching the summer level of a little over 60 in June.

The significant point is that nearly 85 per cent of this tremendous sickness loss, affecting one-third of the entire force during January and February, is due to infections, while in July, August and September barely one-half of the vastly lower rate is caused by catching diseases. In other words, the sickness disability rate from infections in

(Continued on Page 42)



Sport Car

Touring Car

Sedan

The New and Guaranteed Oakland Is Proving its Unusual Worth

One of the most significant recent developments in the automotive industry is the New Oakland Six with its special written guarantee.

The New 6-44 is not merely a new model but a new and advanced motor car in construction, performance, appearance and value.

In the severest experimental tests the New Oakland Six overhead-valve engine has shown new power, new smoothness, new reliability, and unusual economy in operation.

The new style bodies mounted on the oversized chassis reveal a beauty, a comfort, a completeness and refinement of appointment that are positively a revelation.

PRICES AT FACTORY

Chassis	$ 895	*Sport Car*	$1265
Roadster	1120	*Coupe*	1685
Touring	1145	*Sedan*	1785

Oakland's 15,000 Mile Performance Guarantee

"Should the engine in this car fail to perform properly due to the presence of excess oil in the combustion chamber (commonly known as 'oil pumping' and evidenced by oil on the spark plugs) the Oakland dealer who delivered this car to you will remedy the cause of the trouble *without cost to you for either material or labor.*"

Increased Oakland sales prove that Oakland performance reveals new merit, new and permanent dependability.

One example of the permanent dependability Oakland gives is its 15,000 mile written performance guarantee which goes with every New Oakland Six.

This is the trustworthy New Oakland. At a price amazingly low—a price never before equalled for a six-cylinder car of such sterling quality and performance.

See the New Oakland—the quality six of the year. It will raise your standard of what you can get in a motor car this year at this price.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO.
Division of General Motors Corporation
PONTIAC MICHIGAN

The New Oakland Six-44

(Continued from Page 40)

January and February is about eight times as great as it is in July, August and September. The months of open-air and open-window life are more than five times as healthy as the months when we live and work indoors with all the windows and doors shut.

Unfortunately in the ventilation problem no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and one criminal idiot who doesn't believe in fresh air and is perpetually on the job going round shutting windows and pulling down blinds will trample on the rights and neutralize the efforts of twenty sane sensible men and women who like to draw a little oxygen into their lungs occasionally. Any man who shuts a window, against the protest of other people in the hall or building, ought to be, at the third attempt, thrown out of it. No single step that could be taken would save so many human lives, especially of women and children, as a dozen or two of such righteous vengeances at the beginning of every winter.

As one of our most famous tuberculosis experts and highest authorities on ventilation once complained to me in utter discouragement: "Doctor, I can't even keep the windows in my own hospital wards open! There are forty perfectly good and sufficient reasons why a window should be shut, and not a single self-acting one why it should be open!"

If you want to keep your machine off the scrap heap for as many decades as possible and running swiftly, smoothly and tirelessly, have your windows open day and night, and for heaven's sake keep at least ten or, better, twenty feet away from every human being who is showing visible or audible signs of engine trouble, coughing, sneezing, grouching. Many up-to-date great offices and industrial plants have their entire force given the once-over by the official nurse or the company doctor every morning, and everyone who looks out of sorts is set aside for the third degree, and if he has a temperature is sent home at once to stay there until it comes back to normal. They find that within six months they have cut down their absentee rate on account of sickness 50 to 75 per cent, and at the same time greatly diminished their percentage of snarls and mix-ups and mistakes and lost orders.

For the blackest and fuzziest fly in the apothecary's ointment, the sharpest-cornered and the scratchiest cinder in the eye of a great industrial organization is the mechanic or clerk or boss who is just coming down with a cold or other more serious infection, and dropping monkey wrenches into the machinery or adding up the wrong totals or giving contradictory orders and bawling out everybody for the mistakes he has made himself.

Dentistry That Pays

EVEN such an apparently trivial and at first sight chiefly ornamental defect as blackened and decayed teeth is now recognized by intelligent managers as an important factor in business efficiency. Many of the large department stores and great office forces now have a company dentist with offices in the building, and require all their employes to have their teeth put and kept in first-class condition on the company's time, charging them just the expense of the materials actually used in the work. Not only so, but they refuse to accept applicants for employment until these repairs have been made if the defects are in a visible and conspicuous position in the mouth, or at least put well under way, for the cold commercial reason that the increased attractiveness of the selling force raises the total of sales, while the prevention of toothaches and gum boils distinctly diminishes the number of days' absence per month on account of sickness.

The same fact was proved up to the hilt by the experience of the Army upon a scale of millions. At first sight it seemed little short of ludicrous to reject a sturdy, upstanding would-be fighting man simply because he had two or more hollow or ulcerated teeth. We felt strongly inclined to sympathize with the disgust of the square-shouldered six-foot Highlander who, when rejected for this trivial cause, glared and rumbled at the army surgeon: "Mon, yer makkin a turrible mistak. Ahm no wantin' to bite the enemy, ahm wantin' to shoot um!"

But bitter experience in the field has shown that a fighting unit with the toothache or a throbbing abscess of the gum is just as effectively disabled and on the sick list as if he had had a bullet through his left hand or either foot. Of course later in the war they no longer rejected for dental reasons, but simply placed the recruit in charge of the official camp dentist until his defects were repaired and he was made as good as new.

It is an interesting illustration of the workings of the professional military mind that when a crack Canadian division arrived in England in the first months of the war with a complete and fully equipped modern staff of dental surgeons, the English War Office ordered them back to Canada at once, on the ground that it was not advisable to bear the expense of transportation and maintenance in the zone of war of individuals of no practical military value! It was only upon the most urgent representation of Canadian statesmen, and offers from private individuals to bear all the expenses of the support and operation of the despised unit in England, that the dental staff was permitted to accompany its regiment into the training camps, where it so overwhelmingly proved its value that a perfect clamor arose from all the training camps at home and base and rest camps in the war zone for similar help and advantage, so that even the War Office had to bow before the storm, though it even then haggled for a long time over giving the dental surgeons military rank as officers.

Speaking of physical examinations as a condition of employment suggests another important aid for keeping one's working powers in healthy balance. Go to your family physician at regular intervals, at least once a year, and let him give you and your habits a thorough going over to discover beginning or threatening hot boxes or other engine troubles, and advise you how to avoid them. In other words, pay him to keep you well, instead of for trying to tinker you up after you have broken down. So obvious and innumerable are the advantages of this plan that I venture to prophesy that in a decade the whole method of the practice of medicine will be reversed to conform to it.

Many large employers have for some years past required full physical examination of all applicants for work and reëxamination whenever the employe is changed to another department or promoted. In the beginning these examinations were usually opposed and looked upon with suspicion by labor unions, on the ground that they would be made an excuse for shutting out union members or dismissing employes who for other reasons the boss didn't like, or dropping men from the pay roll when they began to show signs of breaking down and thus avoiding liability in the way of pensions or workmen's compensation.

But fortunately their practical result has been just the reverse of this. Very few applicants have been refused on account of physical defects discovered, still fewer employes dropped on account of approaching breakdown. But the findings of these examinations have been utilized in a broad-minded and kindly spirit to fit or change over men into the particular jobs or kinds of work for which they were best fitted. Many a man with the beginnings of heart disease or latent tuberculosis or with impaired vision in one eye or with defective hearing has been given a post in which he could not only earn decent wages without injuring his health and breaking himself down, but with expert advice and encouragement to take care of himself has regained health and full working power.

So marked, in fact, were the benefits, that the labor unions have now taken the matter up for themselves, and some of their most intelligent leaders and editors of their organization journals are now urging that thorough physical examination should be made a condition of membership in the union, both for the advantage of the worker found below par, so that he may be placed in a position to recover his health, and as a matter of protection for his fellow worker.

The workers in a plant naturally and properly object to running unnecessary risk of life and limb from fellow employes with defective vision or poor hearing or nervous or mental disturbances, such as epilepsy or fainting spells, being placed in charge of engines or dangerous machinery.

In the admirable community campaign against tuberculosis which is being conducted at Framingham, Massachusetts, under the leadership of Dr. Donald Armstrong, a shop committee consisting entirely of workers in the largest industrial concern of the town of their own accord came to the management and requested that cases of open tuberculosis in their fellow workers should be placed in sanatoria, both to enable them to regain their health and to protect their families and their fellow workmen from the risk of contagion, the expenses of the patients to be paid out of sick-benefit funds to which both employers and workers contributed.

Machinery and Brain Power

WE HEAR on every hand loud laments over the deadening effect of machine methods of production upon intellect, of the dwarfing influence of machinery upon brain power. There can hardly be a more absurd and utter delusion. The machine worker is supposed to do nothing all day long but drop a sort of glorified nickel into one slot or extract it from another. Wind him up in the morning and he will press the button at mechanically regular intervals all day, while the machine does the rest.

I frankly confess that my own enlightenment was only a matter of yesterday, some eight or ten years ago. I was inspecting a number of Southern cotton mills, with an eye for hookworm among their employes, and the machinery was so wonderful and lifelike that I became interested in it in spite of myself.

Glancing down the long line of spinning jennies with their thousands of whirring bobbins and their human tenders, I noticed gaps every here and there, and occasionally quite a stretch of machines without any apparent tender.

"Is it safe for those machines to run themselves without watching?" I said to the foreman who was showing me through. "Where is the man who is supposed to be tending that machine?" pointing to a vacant one just in front of us.

"There he is," said he, pointing to an agile little figure, two or three machines up the line. "He'll soon be back this way, and if anything was to go wrong he'd be onto it like a hawk."

"Why, can one man run more than one of these sixty-bobbin machines, which almost makes you seasick to try to follow the whirl of its scores of spiders' threads?"

"Sure he can! Any ordinary chump after three months' training can run one machine well enough, but a good intelligent worker will run two or three, and a crackajack like that man there, five or six or even seven, and do better work with fewer thread

(Continued on Page 44)

SINGLE-SIX SEVEN PASSENGER TOURING

EVERY hour of Packard history has been dedicated to the production of motor cars which should be beyond cavil or comparison.

It is Packard's high privilege, now, in this new Single-Six, to culminate these years of unique preparation by rendering a public service greater still.

Out of the wealth of Packard engineering and manufacturing experience has come a mastery of production which has resulted in value little short of revolutionary.

Packard has learned how to surpass itself—and still widen immeasurably the circle of Packard ownership.

For those who seek cars of the highest calibre, the value plainly expressed in these exquisite cars leaves literally no choice but Packard.

Packard dealers are demonstrating these new cars. Single-Six five passenger touring, $2485 at Detroit. New price of the Twin-Six touring, $3850 at Detroit

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT · MOTOR CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS

PACKARD

Jim Henry's Column

A Digression

I have a one-product mind. I shall always consider that the purpose for which I was produced was to show men how to enjoy shaving by doing it right—with Mennen Shaving Cream.

So it is with reluctance that I occasionally capitalize on the confidence which millions of converts must feel regarding anything I tell them, by discussing other products.

It is a peculiar fact that only recently has science concerned itself with bodily comfort. Our internal mechanism has always appealed to science as an attractive field for experimentation and research but things like itching, raw skin, prickly heat and baby rashes have not ranked as laboratory headliners.

Now my company has always specialized on comfort. It gave Talcum to the world. It freed men from old-fashioned shaving soap. But I am inclined to believe that history will record as Mennen's greatest contribution to the comfort of living, our miraculous Kora-Konia.

Kora-Konia is one of those things you have to find out about for yourself. I can tell you that it's great for sunburn, but you will never appreciate what I mean until you see the angry redness change to healthy pink, and the pain subsides.

I can assure you that it saves you from the torture of skin rubbed raw by damp clothing or chafing muscles, but you must shoot eighteen holes without a suggestion of irritation before you will understand.

But Kora-Konia reaches its pinnacle of beneficence on babies. A baby with plenty of food inside and plenty of Kora-Konia outside is at peace.

I feel some diffidence in discussing the matter, but through no fault of its own, a baby's skin is exposed to conditions which can only be described as deplorable. Kora-Konia places on inflamed little legs and other areas, a velvety film of cooling, soothing powder which clings for hours, protecting while it heals.

Kora-Konia is amazingly efficient for prickly heat and baby rashes.

A big tin costs 35 cents at druggists'. Send 10 cents for a generous sample.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 42)

breakages than the one-machine man. We can't get enough of these three to five loom hands."

And anyone who watched for ten or fifteen minutes that lithe and agile little blue-shirted figure dancing and swaying up and down the line of his five machines, darting his fingers into the tangle of yarns and mending a broken thread with a single twist of his thumb and finger as swiftly and surely as a humming bird darting its beak into a flower would need no assurance that whatever else he might suffer from at the end of the day it wouldn't be thick-wittedness or brain stagnation.

It takes a great deal more brains and intelligence to run a machine, to keep it purring musically, to prevent and repair breakdowns, to steer it from chewing up and tearing into shreds the raw material fed to it, than it does to handle simply ordinary tools, such as 95 per cent of all workers had to use in that mythical Golden Age of craftsmanship of William Morris' dreams before the blight of machinery fell upon industry.

When the product of their toil reached such a level as to be possessed of beauty and capable of giving pleasure, then the joy of craftsmanship and the instinct of creation awoke. But such fortunate craftsmen, before the age of steam, were only a few in the hundreds—indeed, a handful in the thousands—and the overwhelming majority of the toilers during the ages of barbarism—which for 90 per cent of us ended only in 1830—delved in the mud and wallowed in manure, and heaved huge beams and heavy building stones into place with wooden levers and wet ropes, lived in filth and died in misery, and were worse fed and housed than the cattle alongside of which they worked and with which they were practically yoked neck to neck.

This is a plain, unvarnished picture of the real life of the Happy Villagers and the contented craftsmen of eighty years ago. If anyone doubts it I should be pleased to show him surviving samples of the same, in every country in Europe and in most states of our Union. The loss by the worker of his pride in craftsmanship and pleasure in his work since the coming in of machinery, so loudly and eloquently bewailed by long-haired and short-brained sentimentalists, particularly arts-and-crafts ladies of both sexes and a certain class of paid welfare workers, is one of the most imaginary of his troubles.

Twenty minutes cut off his working day and spent at the movies would recompense him for the whole of it and give him a chance to see and enjoy more beautiful things than he would all day long in the average factory. Besides, even supposing the things he manufactures are pretty, what good is that in his life if he can't afford to buy them himself?

How the Head Saves the Heels

Nor is the increased intelligence required in the worker limited to those palatial beehives of glass and steel which pour forth such marvelous and varied torrents of everything that the wit of man could devise or his heart desire, of whose toiling Vulcans one usually thinks first when work or labor questions are mentioned. It is equally necessary and indispensable in business life of every sort—in great executive offices, in insurance companies, in banks and department stores, in publishing concerns, in government offices, in the schools, in the professions—everywhere except in the courts, where the same brainless old formulas are still being droned over as two hundred years ago and all the chief authorities and rules of procedure are four to six centuries old.

Just consider what a tremendous part machinery plays, not merely in factories and mills but in every department of human toil and activity. The office errand boy no longer runs—figuratively speaking, of course—four or five errands in a morning; he telephones thirty or forty; the clerk or secretary no longer laboriously transcribes letters and bills and notices in longhand; she clicks them off at forty miles an hour on the typewriter and multiplies them into thousands by mimeographs or multigraphs, besides taking her dictation from a talking machine. The grocer's clerk would be utterly lost without his cash register, and the bank clerk without his adding machine and check-writing machine. Go into the executive offices or the cashier's department of any big business concern and you will find yourself surrounded by scores of the most mysterious, complicated-looking machines, of which you can hardly even guess the uses.

Practically every member of our city working forces and office forces the land over has become a machinist. It may not call for the very highest degree of intelligence to run these business machines and avoid snarls and stoppages and breakdowns, but it certainly does require a great deal more than the old brainless, routine handwork with pen or pencil or gelatin pad. Even telephoning is a matter of ears and tongue—and temper—and our supposedly highest human accomplishment, speech, instead of being merely a strain upon our hind feet, as running errands was. In a physiological sense we have raised the general average of human intelligence at least 50 per cent since the coming of steam. Or to put it in another way, we have become three-fourths brain workers—that is to say, the parts of us which we chiefly use in our work are our brains, our nervous systems, our eyes and ears and the smaller and more delicately balanced groups of our muscles, particularly those of our fingers and hands.

Nervous Strain

I have dwelt upon this point at some length because it is of such tremendously vital importance in any scientific view of this problem to realize clearly that two-thirds to three-fourths of all those of us who work draw chiefly upon our brains and our nerves. And these sensitive and exquisitely balanced mechanisms in the first place simply will not stand the strain of the old twelve and fourteen hour muscle-working day. In other words, our brains and nerves to-day are fatigued and utterly worn out in little more than half the time that our muscles used to be fifty years ago.

Secondly, and equally vital from a practical point of view, it is precisely our brains and our nerves which are the most highly educable and capable of the highest improvement of all the tissues in our bodies. These two facts alone explain the apparent paradox that we workers in modern industry of every sort and class can train ourselves or be trained to do far more work in less time, provided we work short enough hours to leave us abundant time for rest, healthful recreation and education and development along broad and happy lines, as well as those of our work.

That workers at modern machines whose strain falls most heavily upon the brain, the nerves and the senses simply cannot stand the length of medieval working day is almost obvious, but a few illustrations may be of interest. One of my colleagues who was keenly interested in industrial hygiene told me that some years ago he had just been back for a visit to his old home town. The town had changed from a largely agricultural and small trading community into an industrial one by the coming of a big manufacturing plant. On talking with his former friends, running over the list of their boyhood acquaintances and school fellows and inquiring what had become of them, he learned that first one and then another, and then two or three more had gone to work in the factory and gone crazy. He was naturally deeply shocked and made careful inquiries after these unfortunates among their families and friends. He found that what had really happened was that these youngsters had flocked eagerly into the factory, attracted by the novelty and good wages, and shorter hours as compared with work in the fields and in the country stores. They had caught on quickly to the trick of running machinery, and then been speeded up by injudicious foremen until their eyes had been dazzled into hopeless confusion by the incessant strain and glitter, their ears deafened by the clatter and clang, their hands and fingers cramped and aching so that their nerves were frazzled to the breaking point.

Then the inevitable explosion came; they lost all control over themselves, became hysterical and weepy or quarrelsome and abusive, and ended by either throwing up their jobs in a tantrum or being fired by the puzzled and indignant foreman. This was particularly troublesome in certain departments of the factory, which actually had an industrial mortality of several hundred per cent per annum! That is to say, their whole working force was fired, or quit, every three months. This of course was ruinous, not merely to the health of the employes but to the efficiency of the plant.

An efficiency expert with scientific training was called in, the hours in these man-eating departments were cut down, the heating and ventilating of the rooms improved, the lighting of the machines altered, and the workers shifted about to three or four different quieter departments alternate months. The mental breakdowns stopped at once and most of the former victims were coaxed back into the factory again, and with a little intelligent and sympathetic assistance learned to adjust themselves quite comfortably to the work. But quite a number flatly refused to take the risk again and a few remained nervously unbalanced for a considerable period.

Not all individuals and races, of course, react in the same way, and a curious instance of another sort of response to industrial nerve strain is found among the negroes in the Southern cotton mills. On going through these huge establishments I was struck at once by the total absence of negroes from their working force, except in the boiler and engine rooms and the heavy porter work of the receiving and trucking departments.

I was the more surprised at this because I happened to know that one of the principal reasons why the mill men had moved their factories down from New England and the North to the Southern States was to utilize the large supply of cheap colored labor, as well as to get nearer the source of the raw material. And on asking the foreman why this plan had failed to develop he told me that the earliest mills had staffed themselves almost completely with negro workers, but that their nerves simply would not stand the dazzle and glitter of the looms, the incessant clatter of the machinery, and the all-day, monotonous repetition of little insignificant hand-and-finger movements. But instead of going crazy they took another tack and went peacefully to sleep on their feet and fell into the machinery—with disastrous results to both machinery and field hands! So the mills were at that time run largely by the children of the poor whites of the mountain districts and of the sand barrens.

Cured by a Cat

In recent years, under intelligent scientific management, negroes have been extensively employed in both cotton mills and munition works, and they make excellent and reliable workmen; but the change from farm work and construction work in the open air to factory conditions, with their glitter and clatter and foul air, was too sudden.

Just to show what apparent trifles may wreck or restore the efficiency of the plant when dealing with these brainstorm nerve frictions, one of our most ingenious scientific trouble fixers told me that he had cured a breakdown and tie-up of a large room—indeed, a whole department—in a big Middle Western factory with a cat. The employes in the disorganized department were some sixty or seventy girls, the job was turning out huge numbers of little stamped, white-metal disks, the method was piecework. There was keen competition for the highest records and wages, and in spite of the imploring appeals of the forewoman and management, who wanted only just enough disks turned out to keep pace with the other parts produced in the other departments, the girls would speed up against one another, particularly in the late afternoons. Then when human nature could no longer stand the strain the lid would blow off, the room would split up into cliques, furious quarrels would break out, and when the distracted forewoman interfered to prevent actual hair pulling, all hands turned on her.

After a careful study of the situation by the expert the lighting was changed from side to overhead and slightly muffled, to lessen the glitter from the shining disks, the room was cooled down five or six degrees, and afternoon tea at four o'clock was introduced. These improved the situation somewhat, but the girls still scrapped viciously among themselves, and the champions and would-be champions spurned the allurements of tea and bread and butter and sat tense at their silent machines, like a cat at a mouse hole, waiting to renew the fight at the first possible moment.

One day the puzzled expert, skirmishing through the factory to see what new light he might discover, saw a couple of the girls playing with and fondling a cat. It was a large handsome Maltese, of most luxurious and alluring fluffiness and softness; and like

(Continued on Page 46)

Re-roof for the last time-

Nail 'em over the old shingles!

THERE are thousands of acres of old, worn shingles, like these, on the house-tops of America. No doubt they have given service, but their period of service is over. Perhaps there are some right over your head at this moment and you are even now considering re-roofing.

But don't tear them off. They are still valuable.

Re-roof the Johns-Manville way. Lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, artistic and everlasting, right over your old roof.

Count the advantages

1. The old roof underneath the new and permanent one will always be an additional protection and insulation.

2. You save the cost, labor and time of tearing off the old roof.

3. No muss or dirt around the house of littered, broken shingles.

4. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are unconditionally fire-proof. They are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

5. They make a roof of artistic beauty, in soft tones of gray, brown or red, whichever you prefer.

6. You need *never re-roof again*, because Asbestos Shingles are practically indestructible. They should last as long as the structure they cover and protect.

See your dealer or send to us for further information. The coupon in the corner may help you.

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 57 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone red or green
Dwellings $4,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos [illegible]	Flexstone red or green Rigid – red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick – red, brown, gray or [illegible]
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	[illegible]
[illegible]	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs– all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings – [illegible] conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings – [illegible] conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville [illegible] Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

*Note – Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

Johns-Manville, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City

Kindly send me your booklet "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

Name _____

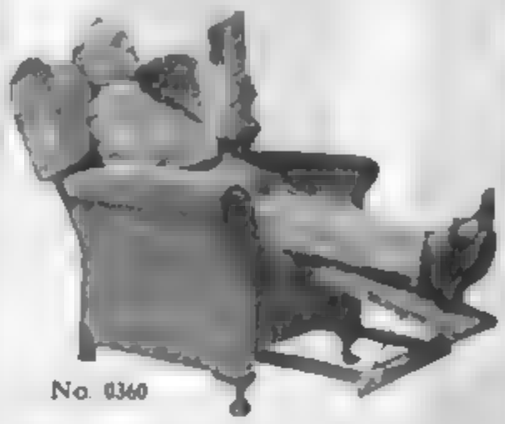
Address _____

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos Shingles

Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

Relax in a Royal

The inestimable health value of periodic relaxation is today fully recognized by medical authorities. Just 15 minutes a day of this perfect rest brings most amazing results. What is needed most is the will to relax and the necessary equipment.



No. 0360

Just Push the Button

This famous "Push-the-Button" chair encourages restful relaxation. You sink into it gracefully. Pull out the Disappearing Leg Rest—push the famous "Push Button"—and recline to a position of perfect rest. Release the button and the back locks. No strain—to any position. Just "Push the Button"—a patented and exclusive Royal feature.

Modern or period designs—oak or mahogany finish—tapestry, fine leather, velour or fabricated leather coverings. Prices moderate. Fully guaranteed. See a demonstration at your dealer's. Booklet on "World's Easiest Easy Chairs" sent free upon request.

Royal Easy Chair Corporation
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

Royal
EASY CHAIRS
"Push the Button—Back Reclines"

No. 1009
One of the finest over-stuffed leather chairs made. Mahogany or walnut finish Spanish leather, tan, brown or black. Loose cushion seat over Spring-Edge with Disappearing Leg Rest

No. 891-0
Mahogany or walnut finish. Tapestry, Velour or Leather. Button Back and Loose Cushion. Spring-Edge Seat. Disappearing Leg Rest

Special No. 6
Oak, mahogany or walnut finish. "Rand" or "Buckskin" imitation leather, tan, brown or black. *Deluxe* Spring-Edge Seat. Disappearing Leg Rest

1760

(Continued from Page 44)

a flash an idea came to the expert which he put into execution with Napoleonic promptness.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the door of the workroom flew open and in walked pussy, waving her tail alluringly. The first pair of girls she came to pounced on her at once with squeals of delight, and after petting her and hugging her to their hearts' content, passed her on to the next group in response to an eager clamor from all over the room, and she made the circuit of the entire line of tables.

Afternoon tea that day was a real social function, with all grudges buried and rivalries forgotten. Pussy was immediately adopted as a mascot, and in response to the unanimous petition of the entire room, as a special favor, placed by the management upon the pay roll. She was provided with a silk-lined basket in the sunniest window seat, and whenever a girl began to feel tired or too much strung up she would run over and rub her cheek against the soft fur and be purred back into comfort and good humor. In fact, the cat acted as a shock absorber and tension reliever—not to say "catalyzer"—for the entire room and no further riots occurred.

But these apparently trifling frictions have their tragic side as well. In one corner of a great industrial plant stood a massive stamping machine which riveted together sharp-angled bars and spikes of shining steel in a way that required the most careful and closest attention in feeding. It had stood idle for many months, for it was known as the mankiller because it had killed two workmen and disabled three others, and the men flatly refused to tend it. So the management had been obliged to go back to the slow and toilsome method of riveting the parts together by hand.

A Matter of Light

One day an expert was visiting the factory and was shown this grim white elephant, on the chance hope that he might be able to suggest something to tame its ferocity. His first glance showed him that the monster stood right in front of a south window so that the full blaze of the sunlight poured down upon it and glared up into the eyes of the tender from every angle of the glittering steel that it riveted. Derricks were attached and the great machine was swung over to the other side of the room, where the light came from above and over the shoulder of the workman. Then the expert ran it himself for half a day, and a foreman for another day and a half, to give confidence to the boldest of the workmen; and the great brute stamped and gnashed its teeth in smooth and harmless rhythm and never after displayed a single sign of relapse into its man-eating tendencies.

The extent to which working hours can be profitably reduced varies considerably with the individual and with the nature of the occupation. But all that has been said and so abundantly proved on both sides of the Atlantic about the increase of output from shortening hours in industrial plants is even more strikingly true of higher grades of work. The moment that quality and executive ability and arriving at sound decisions upon great masses of data or the planning of new ventures and the use of constructive imagination come into play, the necessity of short, decisive concentration to brief working limits becomes even more absolute. The majority of our great executive heads of business and financial and engineering enterprises have cut down their conference hours and actual executive working day, not merely to eight hours, but sometimes to even less. Your chances of finding anybody of any importance in New York City, for instance, working in his office after four o'clock in the afternoon are exceedingly slim.

Not a few successful men will boast delightedly of the way in which they used to work sixteen and even eighteen hours a day when they were getting their start and fighting their way up in the ranks. But the simple explanation is, first, that all facts and figures seem much larger and longer in memory's rosy light than they really were; and second, that these great men in their raw-salad days didn't really know how to work to the best advantage. Executive ability consists precisely in turning everything possible over to your subordinates, or, in the language of one of my successful friends, "Never do anything that you can hire done." The worst and most unsuccessful boss is the one who tries to do all the work of his entire staff himself.

Last, but not least, comes the question, What shall we do with that portion of our freedom which we have won back from the clutch of the demon of overwork?

Here we strike another paradox, and that is that though what we need most to develop is our brain power and our nerve coordination, the only practical way in which we can do this is by exercising and training our muscles. But this is perfectly logical and rational, for two reasons. It is obvious that we are not going to rest or improve our poor tired brains by purely mental exercise and discipline, such as solving problems in higher mathematics or playing chess or wrestling with the Einstein problem. The awful and abysmal infantility and banality of the relaxations chosen by the famous tired business man, who, as Will Irwin declares, "gently but firmly locks his brains in the safe every night before leaving the office," are a sufficient illustration of this.

On the other hand, the way to a man's brain is through his muscles, just as surely as that to his heart is through his stomach. From a modern physiologic point of view all that we know about and can do toward training our brains is training certain muscular centers and certain centers for sight, hearing and touch, which together form the basis and foundation for the entire cerebrum, to work smoothly and swiftly and with good judgment in teamwork with one another. Whatever mental development we get comes as a by-product. In other words, intelligent mental education and intelligent physical education are one and the same thing.

Thoughtful modern physical educators, who are now being trained in thousands all over the country, under the stimulus of our wartime legislation by the different states, will tell you without hesitation that the real field of physical education and athletics is, first, the heart and its marvelous resources under trying circumstances; and second, the nervous system.

On the other hand, thoughtful and progressive experts in pedagogy are equally agreed that the best way to train the mind is to train the senses—by moving pictures, by living specimens, by bird and flower work outdoors and by actually making and creating things with tool and brush and pencil, combined with training the muscles by free and happy play in the open air, by hikes in the open country for farm geology and geography training, with a minimum of bookwork and schoolroom imprisonment.

We have no way of reaching the brain itself, or the mind, except through the muscles and the senses. Indeed that distinguished organ, our intellectual joy and pride, though incredibly and enormously complexed, is from another point of view steadily becoming simpler. Not only is it nearly 90 per cent water, but 80 per cent of its solids consist of fat, so that one of the nearest approaches we can make to its composition is an ice-cream soda. Even the fizz is present in both, because the nearest approach to and imitation of protoplasm we can make is a mass of soap bubbles. And it seems probable that it is in the power of making soap-bubble-like films with alkalies and fatty acids that the special value of fat in our brainstuff consists.

The pictures of memory are photographed upon soap-suds films.

Restful Amusements

Therefore play hard and happily in the open air for at least two or three hours every day if you want to put your brain and body into the best possible condition for the greatest quantity and highest quality of work during office hours. Walking is the best single and far most available outdoor exercise. Get the habit by all means, but it has the great disadvantage of allowing you to continue the same train of thought which has been fatiguing you all day. Hence the advantage of various sports which compel or allure you to concentrate your attention upon them and forget your troubles, especially golf, which though little more than a joke as physical exercise, as a mental occupation is superbly absorbing and entrancing. Likewise the automobile is of priceless value, especially if you drive yourself, both for its relaxation, change of scene and air and high diversion-from-worries power. And in addition get plenty of that most valuable form of play which can be enjoyed with pictures, with beautiful buildings and charming landscapes, with exhibitions of all that is beautiful and graceful and vivid, such as flower shows, dog shows and horse shows, in athletic meets, in theaters, and last, but by no means least, in the cinemas, the greatest boon to human intelligence and education and amusement that the century has seen. You will find literally scores of things growing out of your work and your business that will be of greatest pleasure and interest and growth value to you in your leisure hours.

But after all, in spite of its laboriousness and its everlasting and incessant demands, our work is and ought to be our chief joy and pride in life. It is a poor and worthless business or occupation or profession which does not open up a dozen avenues of development and self-culture in history, in music, in science, in the drama and in every field of human interest. When you get yourself properly trained and conditioned for success in your work, your work itself will become your favorite play.

INSIDE THE BOOTLEG

(Continued from Page 25)

his cars. His investment is just a truck, a touring car and his current load.

Of course there are risks. If you get pinched and they make it stick, you lose your cars, probably forty or fifty cases of stuff, a fine and a lawyer's fee, besides your time. That will cost you up to $10,000, which knocks all the profit out of two or three months of hard work. Even if you get the case thrown out of court it is expensive. Still, trouble with the law happens only once in a while. What the bootlegger fears more than the officials is highjackers—booze highwaymen who hold you up along the line. They are mostly guards or chauffeurs from whisky convoys who have learned the game and then gone still more crooked. They know of course that in a booze robbery you have no recourse with the law. In case they get away with it they go scot-free. If they can sneak your truck from you they'll do it. A good many times a set of bootleggers have left the convoy for a few minutes, and missed it when they got back. The importer, in such a case, can't take any chances making inquiries. He knows that likely as not some country cop or prohibition agent has it. If he's caught trying to get it back he'll not only lose it but probably be put through besides. He usually hoofs it away.

Sometimes the importer manages to double-cross the crooks. There was a case last month where a crew of four men stopped in a town north of New York, very hungry, and went together into a restaurant. When they came out the touring car was still there, but the truck was gone. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the truck had one tire with a peculiar tread. They tracked it easy, until it turned into the main road to New York. Then they knew that the thieves were highjackers, not local cops. They figured out a cut-in on the main New York road about twenty miles down the line, took chances with the speed laws over bad country roads, held up the truck just at nightfall, got the drop on the thieves and recovered the whole thing.

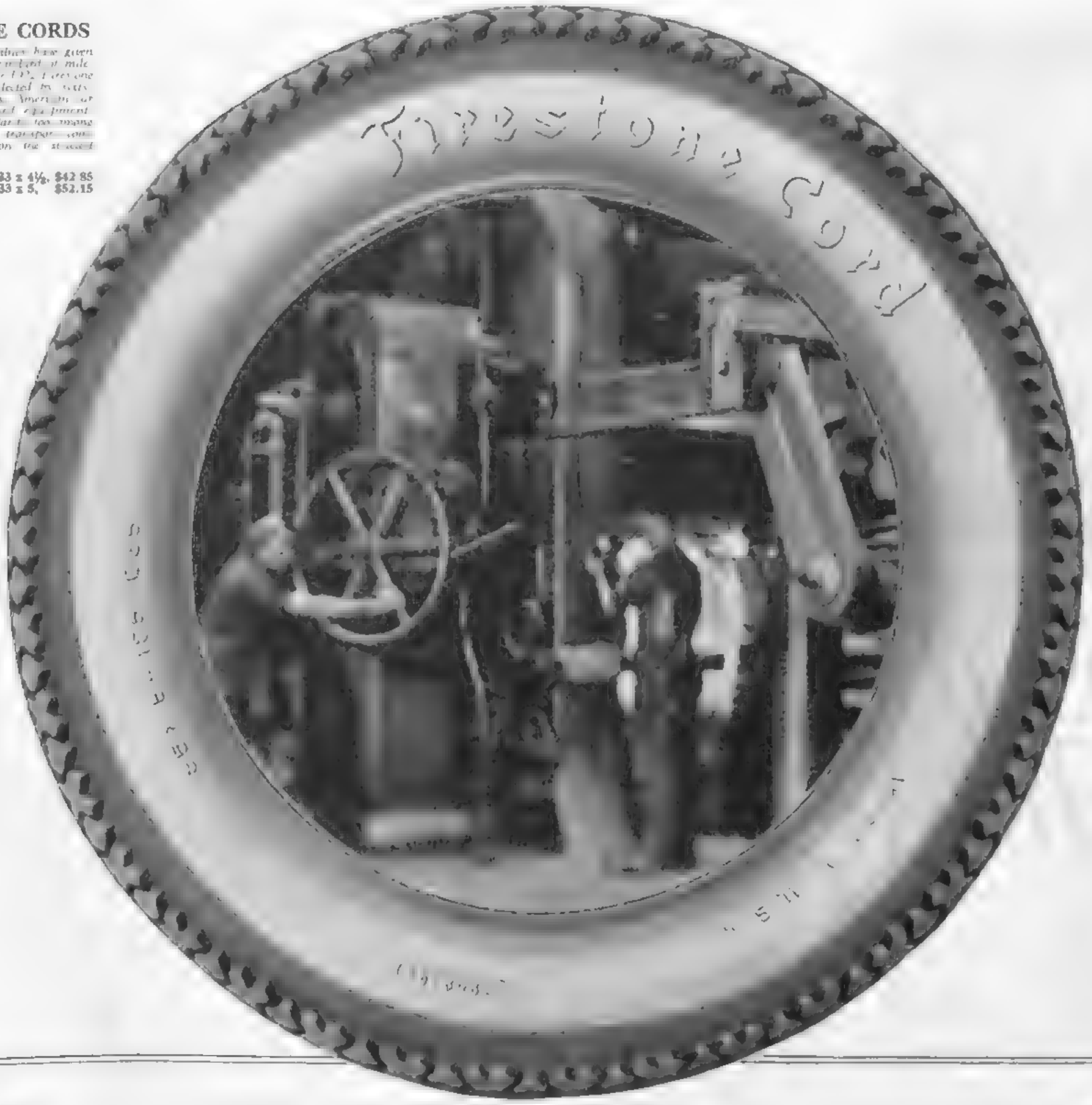
Every night something that would look great in the papers happens up on that Canadian road. Early in the spring Izzy Wasserman, who runs a one-truck outfit, had to get a new chauffeur before he started out of New York. He grabbed the first man he could find. It turned out that he was really a high-jacker and was taking this job in order to deliver the truck to his pals. The last night out they were coming down through a long patch of woods with a heavy load. Izzy noticed that the chauffeur of the truck was making flashes with his headlight. Izzy stepped on it and came up alongside. Just then the truck made a dead stop, and firing broke out from the woods. Izzy and his outfit had to throw up their hands, because it was ad dark they

(Continued on Page 46)

FIRESTONE CORDS

Firestone Cord tubes have given users a new high standard of mileage and service. Firestone Cords have been selected to outfit more of the famous American automobiles as standard equipment than any lead on passable tire means tax-cut and motor transportation purposes who has on the standard mileage basis

30 x 3½,	$17.50	33 x 4½,	$42.85
32 x 4,	$32.40	33 x 5,	$52.15



A Practical Ideal

AN institution whose active principal stamps his name on the product, and where every worker is a stockholder, operates on the right basis to build a quality product.

It is such an organization that is carrying out the practical ideal of "Most Miles per Dollar."

Practical because it represents the highest standard today—ideal because it is a standard that constantly advances.

Firestone genius and energy is never satisfied. It works ceaselessly to give you greater mileage in Firestone Cords while lowering the cost.

You are pledged the most now and always—so long as your tires bear the name Firestone.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

$11.65

30x3½, extra size non-skid, the best balloon tire in the light car class. It gives an quality than ever and now being produced on a scale that permits it being sold at the lowest price in its class. The actual value in 30x3½ size at $11.65

$9.99

Ribbed non-skid, guaranteed all around tread. Built with four-ply long staple fabric. In 30x3½ size at $9.99. Prices that cannot be equalled for a reputable, well-known line of trustworthy quality. Sold by Firestone dealers.

On in a Jiffy!

Spur Tie

50c

Patented—Trade Mark reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHAT a combination of style and utility! No wonder fashion's latest neckwear edict is making such a hit with the men folks.

A half minute in the morning—and your Spur Tie is in place—jaunty, neat, stylish. You see, it's all tied up for you—ready to slip on.

It stays looking well, too—all day long. A concealed, exclusively new patented feature keeps it so. No more fuming and fretting over the bow that won't tie right.

Your dealer will show you the Spur Tie in two attractive sizes, large and small—two styles—elastic neckband or slip-on-grip, guaranteed not to rust or soil the collar. Numerous patterns;—black, polka, fancy and many others. Get your Spur Tie today.

If your dealer won't supply you, send $1.00 for two, 50c for one, specifying size, color preference and whether elastic band or slip-on-grip.

LOOK FOR THE NAME
SPUR ON THE TIE

Hewes & Potter, Boston

Makers of
BULL DOG SUSPENDERS (double wear), BELTS, GARTERS (wide and narrow web), ARMSTOFF SUSPENDERS (worn out of sight, under the shirt), 75c.

On the Pacific Coast, PAUL B. HAY, Inc.
120 Battery Street, San Francisco

MR. DEALER:—Write for 3 dozen Sample Assortment of Spur Ties on approval.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
75c BULL-DOG 75c
SUSPENDERS

MORE AND BETTER ROUGH LONGER WEAR

GREATER COMFORT GUARANTEED TO WEAR SIX MONTHS

(Continued from Page 46

couldn't see where to shoot. There were three high-jackers in the gang, besides the crooked chauffeur. They rolled Izzy and the two guards—didn't leave them a cigarette—blindfolded them, marched them round in the woods and tied them to a tree. There's where the chauffeur made a mistake. Instead of letting himself be rolled and tied up with the rest he went off with the load.

Along towards morning Izzy worked himself loose and untied the guards. The rest of the night they stumbled round in the woods trying to find the road. When dawn broke they hoofed it to the next town and Izzy got the proper people in New York, reverse charges, on the phone. When the thieves were running into Yonkers they were met on the road by a reception committee and forced to come down and have a little talk. Inside of ten minutes they had given up their loot, their diamond pins, their watches and their rolls, and the crooked chauffeur was down on his knees—honest—begging them not to kill him that night. You see, Izzy has a direct pull with people high in the underworld. These were New York crooks. They recognized the reception committee and knew who was behind them.

Old-Fashioned Smugglers

There's another case where the high-jackers lost out. You know in fashionable country places just now they're installing burglarproof wine vaults with combination locks. The owner of such a place—it's up the Hudson from New York and not far from the regular Canadian route—went to Florida this winter, leaving a caretaker and his wife in charge. About two or three o'clock one morning a gang of high-jackers backed a truck up on the lawn by the cellar door, held up the caretaker and his wife, stood them against a wall under guard, blew the lock on the wine vault and loaded up the truck to the top with fancy vintage stuff—the kind that brings almost any price these days.

It was about daylight before they'd finished. They climbed aboard to start her, and she wouldn't go. They got down and found that the wheels had sunk to the hubs in the soft turf. They tried to dig out, but it was no use; the grass was too slippery. By the time they'd given that up it was broad daylight and cars were beginning to appear along the road. They started to unload a little and see how that would work. Then a car turned into the driveway and came toward the house. It was only the butcher, but they didn't know that. They lost their nerve and skipped. The caretaker telephoned to a lot of the boss' friends, who drove straight over, to be on hand in case the thieves showed signs of coming back. They didn't. When the boss returned from Florida he found that he had all his booze, besides a fine truck that nobody has claimed yet.

A good many importers operate not one truck but whole fleets. At $1000 a week a truck, you can figure how much they make. Besides, it gives better security. Each load insures the others. You don't lose a whole two months' profits in case one convoy gets caught. But the robbery business makes the Canadian route a little insecure, and the tendency now is more and more to bring it in by sea. Booze piracy hasn't started up yet, and I doubt if it ever will. It's hard to find a ship at sea. Besides, beyond the three-mile limit alcohol is property, and you have the British Government to deal with, because many of the ships are under British charter.

Rum running into New York by sea is only for the big fellows. On an average truckload from Canada your initial investment is $2000 or $3000. By sea it hardly pays at all in cargoes worth less than $100,000 or $200,000. This generally involves bankers. There are some firms in New York doing very little but bootleg financing right now.

The owner or his agent is ashore in New York when he gets the flash saying what day she's coming and how much she has aboard; he goes round to the proper place and inserts the stiffening. He doesn't pay just then quite the ten dollars a case that it costs to bring liquor down from Canada. For some of the cops usually have to be seen, and a reasonable allowance must be made for that. In the end, it probably figures about the same as it does on the Canadian run—ten dollars a case. In addition to your charges for carrying, for graft and for unloading, you have to pay for the trucking in New York. I don't know exactly how the total cost to the importer compares with that for Canadian work. But it must be favorable, because, as I've said, the stuff is coming more and more by the sea route. The cargoes are consigned from Nova Scotia to the Bahamas or the other way about. The skipper knows how to load under his camouflage cargo so as not to sink her too low at the water line. If he's stopped on the way up the harbor he always has a good alibi, even when the prohibition people find booze aboard. He's allowed by sea law to put into a foreign port in case something's wrong, like a sick seaman or damaged machinery. He takes good care to have a sailor groaning in the forecastle, or a broken part. The worst he risks, before he actually begins to unload, is putting back to sea and waiting for further instructions by wireless.

The trouble in this lay is mostly with drunken help. The kind of skipper they get is no prohibitionist. One big consignment was lost last year because the captain and the officers entered the harbor, docked, and gave orders to unload in broad daylight. When they were arrested they were too well shellacked even to put up a fight.

They used to run it into the Bronx River in barges, covered over with a fake cargo of some heavy material like brick or coal. A jag stopped that too. One of the crew, while they were waiting for darkness, burrowed under the bricks and got properly corned. That would have been all right if they hadn't gone to fighting and to throwing the cargo at one another. It turned into such a riot that the patrolman called out the reserves. While they were hammering the fight out of the crew they looked down under the bricks and saw bottles. That spoiled operations by barge—in the Bronx River, at least.

Though you don't have the steady risks by sea importation that you do on land, they tell me that the unexpected is more likely to happen. One of the big seizures last winter was just a throw of the cards. She was unloading at night at a quiet open wharf away up toward the northern end of the city. Everybody who was likely to interfere had been sweetened. The land lies so that no one can see what is doing at that wharf except from the roof or from one little place out in the river. The bootleggers were unloading fast and the trucks were waiting to take it away. They had a lookout with a flashlight on the top of a shed, where he could watch approaches. Some little thing happened to scare them. The lookout saw it was nothing, and flashed the signal meaning "All clear." It would have been all right, maybe, if he had done this only once; but he was so anxious to reassure them that he kept it up.

Methods of Distribution

Just then a free-lance police patrol was coming along the river in the shadow of the wharfs, looking for harbor pirates. They saw these mysterious flashes, sneaked up on the wharf—and made the pinch. That little slip may cost somebody $200,000 or $300,000 besides part of the graft money put up in advance.

When the booze is fairly landed in New York it passes into the control of the brokers. They have the soft end of the business—very little risk and big, quick profits. But they have to work for their money and keep their eyes open every minute. The broker has his list of importers on the one hand and of peddlers on the other. It is his job to keep them in touch with each other, but not too close touch, or they'll form a combination and double-cross him out of his fees. He must see to storage if necessary, and insure delivery. When he gets the flash that a consignment is coming on to New York he works fast to get it all ordered before it arrives, so as to clear it in the shortest possible time. Probably he has a lot of orders already. Either by messenger or telephone he interviews the peddlers who have given these orders, and arranges for the place and hour of delivery. If this doesn't eat up the whole consignment he keeps the wires hot until it is all sold.

Usually everything is arranged before the convoy or the ship reaches New York. But not always. Even the brokers have no way of regulating the flow of liquor into town. There are bound to be some days when goods are not arriving and you can't fill your orders right away. Then again there will be a jam which the retail market simply won't absorb. The latest to come have to store it. Where it is stored is something I'm not telling. But the charges are expensive—usually fifty cents a case a night, and often a dollar. A few nights of that will eat up a lot of profit. A broker's standing with his importers depends a good deal on how fast he clears the stuff. On those days of heavy importations they're pulling every wire to beat each other to the immediate market.

The importer gets ninety dollars a case, in bulk. We retailers have to pay $108 a case just now. The difference doesn't all belong to the brokers. Half a dozen claimants, including those who take graft, get a slice of that eighteen dollars. A broker has to employ a considerable staff, and bootleg help comes high. Transportation and transfer from one vehicle to another cost a lot of money. On an easy transaction, where they simply put an importer in touch with a customer, brokers charge a fee of two to four dollars a case. It's about what they figure to make, too, when the transaction gets a little more complicated. I should say that a firm with a good business ought to clear 500 cases a day. Figure that for yourself. Most of the brokers are just hung with kale. I can almost pick them on the streets by their clothes. They order $200 suits six at a time, and willow-tree silk shirts by the dozen, and flash five-carat diamonds. They've never had it before, and they spend it quickly.

Next, it gets down to the retailer—me for example.

I'm moving all the time, keeping track of my old custom, looking for new. I have in my mind—I keep as few books as possible—a record of my steady patrons. I know that Smith, say, uses a case about once in three weeks. When time is pretty nearly up I visit him or talk to him over the telephone.

A Strictly Cash Business

I'm in a combination with five or six other peddlers who employ a boy at thirty dollars a week to sit at a telephone, for which we're paying jointly. When a regular customer wants to order unexpectedly he calls up that number. Of course I'm not in, but the boy takes his name. Three or four times a day I call up the boy, collect the names that have been left, and see the customers or telephone to them as soon as possible. My share of this service is my biggest overhead expense. The others are just a little tip to the cop on the beat now and then, and an occasional taxicab for a rush order. Married bootleggers often don't need this telephone service. Their wives answer calls for them at the flat.

Most retailers of my class work by five-case lots. When I have orders for three whole cases I tap the broker for five cases. Three of those go in bulk to my customers. For them I pay just now $108, and receive $120—a profit of twelve dollars a case, or thirty-six dollars for the lot. The rest I have sent to my flat. As I've said, I sweeten the policeman on the beat not to get inquisitive about deliveries.

That small lot of two cases is my velvet. I distribute it by one, two and three bottles at an average of eleven dollars a bottle, or $132 a case. This is harder work, of course, than selling it in big lots, but the margin is twenty-four dollars a case. From the five-case lot I've taken on an average a gross profit of eighty-four dollars. Sometimes a fellow who has had a stroke of luck and wants to lay in a supply will give me a five-case order. That is sixty dollars for no more trouble than seeing the broker and being present to make the collection when the goods are delivered.

I always try to do that. I've told the broker to set down a case at the basement door of Number Umpty-five, West Umpty-sixth Street. The broker notifies me just when it may be expected. I'm there ahead of the hour. I collect on the spot just as soon as the customer sees his goods. This is strictly cash business—no checks—not even certified checks. You don't want any record in the banks. I take my $120, peel off my twelve, and hand the rest to the driver of the truck. He turns this over to the broker, who pays the importer. If for any reason I fail to show up the driver collects the whole sum, and next day I find my bit waiting for me at the broker's. My reason for being present is to prevent double-crossing. The stuff is still, usually, in the hands of the importer. Often it's in the truck that brought it from Canada or the docks. It stands him ninety-five dollars if

(Continued on Page 50)

$1375

F.O.B. Toledo

Roadster $1350
Touring $1375

Coupé $1875
Sedan $2095

A Knight-Motored Car for All

Never before has the amazing Knight sleeve-valve motor, used for years in some of Europe's most famous cars, been available in so *fine* a car at so *low* a price.

The Willys-Knight motor, highest development of the Knight sleeve-valve principle, delivers a smooth, ceaseless, silent flow of power, greater than the power of any other engine of its size and weight.

Free from the troubles common to poppet valves, it turns carbon, that deadly enemy of most motors, into a friend and ally which builds up its power, so that it improves with use and is still in the full vigor of its prime after many years.

The car is especially designed to match the motor in long life and distinction. Its sturdy steel chassis beats off jolts and jars and holds the body permanently free from rattles and squeaks.

The Willys-Knight is fleet, comfortable, responsible—and a sound investment.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio . Canadian Factory: Willys-Overland, Ltd., Toronto

WILLYS-KNIGHT

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

The Equal of the Finest Hickory

As everybody knows, good hickory is growing scarcer. The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is equal to the finest hickory shaft in every detail. In actual practice it has met every test. Many of the best professionals have given it their endorsement.

Because it is lighter than hickory the weight of the club is lower, thus making a more perfectly balanced club. Climatic conditions will not affect it. Unquestionably it is stronger and more durable.

Notice—Basic and Supplementary Patents covering Steel Golf Shafts are controlled exclusively by us.

Bristol Steel Golf Shaft

Patented

Buy a new club equipped with the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft from your "Pro" or have him attach a Bristol Steel Golf Shaft to one of your old club heads; then try it and see if it doesn't appeal to you. Talk it over with your "Pro."

Golf Shops and Sporting Goods Dealers: The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is meeting with enthusiasm everywhere. Write us for information relative to this interesting development.

Golf Clubs fitted with Bristol Steel Golf Shafts can now be supplied by The Crawford, McGregor and Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio, and The Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Louisville, Ky.

Write for our interesting descriptive circular and give us the name of your club and professional.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
452 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

Bristol Steel Fishing Rods

Bristol Steel Fishing Rods have always been the choice of expert fishermen in all kinds of game fishing, because they give the utmost in service.

The same can be said of our other products, Meek and Blue Grass Reels, and Kingfisher Silk Casting Lines. They are the leaders in their respective lines.

No. 11 Cork Handle "Bristol" all Around Fishing Rod, 8 feet 6 inches long, retails for $6.50. No. 27 [illegible] Rod retails for $12.00. These can be purchased from your dealer or they will be sent you direct by us postpaid upon receipt of price.

Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Fishing Catalogs will be sent you free upon request

(Continued from Page 48)

he sells it straight by five-case lots, and the price to the customer is $120.

The chauffeur, if he and his boss are inclined to be double-crossers, will say to the customer, "That's good stuff. I've got some more just like it coming down next week. You can have it for $105 a case. That fellow you ordered from is cheating you."

Right there, you lose a customer. This end of the business got so bad once last winter that a combination of retailers went to the expense of hiring a storage place and making deliveries themselves. Finally the brokers used their pull with the big boys and put down the screws.

So far I have been telling only about whisky. When Americans can't get beer they are first of all whisky drinkers. That is the staple of the trade. Next in demand is gin, next red wine, and after that the fancy stuff such as champagne, brandy, sweet wines and liqueurs. All these come to me through different routes.

Very little gin is imported. Even before the prohibition law most of our domestic supply was synthetic. Pure alcohol and distilled water were blended with juniper extract and other flavoring and allowed to age. The aging was important. New synthetic liquor of this kind, even when all the ingredients are as pure as you can get them, is bad for the lining of the stomach. It needs two or three years' aging in bottle or wood. But it's being turned out and sold raw by thousands of gallons a day in most of the big Eastern towns. In winter gin costs from thirty to thirty-five dollars a case, and sells for from forty-two to forty-five dollars. In summer, owing to gin rickeys, the price goes up about ten to fifteen dollars a case. The profits are small. But people want gin mostly in case lots for cocktails at home, and there's little peddling by the bottle, which takes time.

Poison in the Cup

I don't much like to handle gin. You never can tell where they get their alcohol. Don't think I'm talking about wood alcohol either. The worst trouble at present is this denatured stuff. Pure grain alcohol is easy and cheap enough to get. I sell it regularly to customers who want to make their own, at sixteen to eighteen dollars a gallon. It has cost the druggists from whom I get it $5.75, and they sell to me at about eleven dollars. But the supply has its limits, and the denatured stuff is even cheaper. This denatured alcohol is doped in two different ways to make it unfit for drinking. Either a drug that can be precipitated—quinine, for example—is put into it, or it is distilled with a poison like formaldehyde. Precipitating quinine is easy, and the manufacturer has to get it all out or the taste spoils his stuff. But when formaldehyde has been used the alcohol must be redistilled. Some of the big manufacturers employ chemists to do this work. The little ones try to do it themselves, and don't always succeed. Gin with a trace of formaldehyde won't knock you out the first time or the second, but keep it up, a cocktail or two every day—and good night!

Some of the whisky coming up here from the Bahamas is diluted with cane alcohol and coloring matter. It isn't poisonous, but it has an awful kick and gives you a headache next day. When the Canadian whisky I handle is diluted it's cut with only distilled water.

That cut stuff is generally most common in periods of high prices, and there's a special reason. About half of the retail peddlers and bootleggers don't want the cost to the consumer to get too high. They say it's killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. This is all a matter of psychology. Somehow the average customer has ten dollars fixed in his mind as about the price he's willing to pay for a bottle of whisky. He'll go half a dollar or a dollar above that, just as a man at an auction will go a dollar above his price for something he really wants.

After that a certain proportion of customers will say "Too expensive," and begin to drop out. When wholesale prices rise too high the bottleggers or peddlers will make twelve bottles of Scotch out of ten in order to hold their profits at eleven dollars. But it tends to lose your customers. A guy who knows whisky tastes the water or finds he doesn't get enough kick. Then, likely, he goes to somebody else. When I have to handle the cut stuff I try to work it off on transient custom or amateur drinkers.

Our trouble with prices comes mostly from pikers—people who don't follow bootlegging as a steady game but do it on the side. That is happening more and more all the time. Sometimes I wonder if there will be any really professional peddlers after a while. That's one of my reasons for pulling out. The piker competition is making itself felt. There are thousands of them. Certain manicure or hair-dressing parlors do regular business with lady customers. Many clerks working in offices on small salaries make money on the side bootlegging among their pals in the shop. Then there are the outsiders like news-stand men, proprietors of small cigar stores and head waiters. They have a location and a steady income out of another regular business and the customers come to them; they don't have to go out rustling for trade. So they can afford to undersell. When we are charging $120 a case for Canadian whisky they often let it go for $115. Their trade is mostly case goods in large lots. They have no time to deliver small orders. But some of them will land ten cases a day at a profit of seven dollars a case and no expenses except perhaps fifty dollars a week or so to the cops. All classes of retail trade are doing it more or less. I know one foreigner who has just left for the old country to be a magnate. He made it in two years because he had a location in the basement of a big office building and an inside acquaintance with most of the bosses and clerks. I don't know how this price cutting is going to be stopped unless the big boys at the top get together and let the pikers know that if they sell below the market price they'll be pinched for bootlegging.

The two elements that sell regularly in excess of the market price are the female bootleggers and the hotel bell boys. The women in the game are usually pretty girls with good clothes who know how to flirt. They stick around dances and lay to get men a little goofed on them. When the sucker is hooked the girl breaks the news. She's already sized him up as good for one or two or three cases. Generally he says, right away, "Put me down," and names a time and place for delivery. When it comes to a question of price she says "A hundred and fifty dollars." Well, even if he knows the regular price he hates to appear a piker; so he falls.

It's all lovely until next morning when she's delivered and got her money. Then she becomes strictly business. She's bought through the same broker as I have, and for the same amount—$108 to $110, say. If he's stung himself for three cases she's made $120 to $125 for her evening's work. And sometimes by playing it fine she'll land two or three suckers in one evening.

The Bell Boy Trade

The bell boys have a regular trade price—eighteen dollars a bottle in one, two or three bottle lots—the only way they ever sell. If a boy is found underselling he loses his job quick. Not through the management—they aren't in on it—but because the other boys ride him until he has to get out. They charge more if they can. Hotel clerks and bell boys are great judges of human nature. They give you a once-over and have you sized up. Well, a man registers who looks prosperous and a little like a sport, and the bell boy sees there's a good sucker in him. He says as he's taking his tip, "Is there anything more I can do?" About half the time the sport asks where he can get some whisky.

The bell boy says maybe it can be fixed, but it's rather hard to get now and will cost twenty-two dollars. Usually he starts with some such sum as that and comes down if he must to eighteen, where he sticks. He is afraid to keep the stuff in the hotel. The management won't stand for that. There's nothing in it for them. Either he has a bottle buried with some friend near by or he rings up a peddler and makes a date to slip the goods at some quiet entrance to the hotel. He pays the peddler $10.50 or eleven dollars like anybody else, and makes from seven up, minus a split with the head bell boy, maybe.

After you cut your eyeteeth you don't deliver to a customer in a hotel more than once. When the bell boy sees you coming with a suitcase or a bundle he rushes at you to take it. If you refuse he looks you over as if you were a piker trying to get out of your tip. Really he suspects you are peddling booze and is sizing you up to remember you. If you do it a second time he tips off the hotel detective, who follows you up and puts his ear to the keyhole of the room where you're selling. When he hears you just about to pass the goods he breaks in and pinches you.

We get back at the bell boys on Saturday nights, when booze is sometimes a little hard to get right away. A guest will order three or four bottles for a party or to entertain buyers. When the bell boy calls you up you know he wants it quick and can't count on getting it. So you say, "All right, but to-night it will be five dollars extra for delivery."

He kicks, but he falls for it. I guess he gets the five dollars out of the customer, at that.

You can't buy liquor in every New York hotel. Some of them employ special detectives just to watch the boys and see that the place is bone-dry. These hotels must have some trouble keeping their help though.

It's a game where you have to keep your eyes open every minute, because if you let yourself be stung there's no come-back through the law.

In Christmas week I cleared more than $1000. I could have sold three times as much if I had been three men. I simply couldn't fill the orders. Now in any other business I could have hired extra help to make the deliveries and collections, while I worked the telephone. But in booze peddling! Half your assistants would run out with the money and the other half would knock you to your customers and get them away from you. Early in my business experience I handled five cases of Canadian Scotch. I'd sampled the stuff, and it looked all right. But two bottles in every case were filled with cheap claret, the kind that costs fifty cents a gallon in Canada. I had to replace those ten phony bottles with real stuff in order to keep my customers, and I lost on the transaction both in time and money. The wholesaler in Canada had fixed a whole truckload that way before he delivered to the importer.

Waterfront Transactions

The worst place for trickery and cheating is the docks. You have to depend on dock purchases now and then, because much of the fancy stuff comes that way—liqueurs, port, sherry and champagne. Stokers or petty officers buy it in small lots at market prices in Europe, stow it in a dark place about the ship, and split profits with someone employed ashore, who distributes it. But these people will generally do you if they can. And between the docks and First Avenue on one side or Seventh Avenue on the other the law doesn't run much at night.

They've got you alone down there, and they can pretty nearly chuck you into the water and no questions asked.

A friend of mine who broke into the business recently lost all his second week's profits on a dock transaction. One of his customers was giving a party. He wanted a case of champagne right away. My friend had a tip that a dock guard was selling off several cases of good fizz, just arrived. He went over in a taxi and saw the goods. What the guard really showed him was a lot of strictly temperance Swiss aërated apple juice, which comes in champagne bottles, is labeled in French, and has a trade name a little like the word "champagne." It sells for fifty cents at the delicatessen stores. "All right," says my friend, "let's taste a sample." The guard pops a cork and pours out a glassful. It's the real thing.

It was the customer who discovered the mistake, not the bootlegger. His party was a complete failure. He had a political pull long enough to make my friend give back the money. The guard had steamed the label from a bottle of the apple juice, pasted it on a bottle of real champagne and opened that for a sample.

"Serves me right for trying to do business in a foreign language," says my friend to me. "I don't read Swiss."

Well, *ishkabibble*. If they don't get me this week they never will. It's their last chance. I'm through. I saw Jim Malloy a day or two ago, and told him so. He was just up from Palm Beach on his way to Ireland. Jim's living easy now, and enjoying himself. He listens to me, and then he says, "I don't know but you're a wise young man."

That's as far as Jim ever commits himself. But he's on the inside, and I've seldom seen him miss the turn. Something's going to happen.

HUDSON
has a New
MOTOR

A Super Six that is
a Revelation even
to Hudson owners

A RIDE TELLS ALL

No Advance in Prices

F. O. B. Detroit

PHAETON - -	$1695
7-Pass. Phaeton -	1745
Cabriolet - - -	2295
Coupé - - - -	2570

HUDSON SUPER SIX

COACH - - -	$1795
Sedan - - - -	2650
Tour. Limousine	2920
Limousine - - -	3495

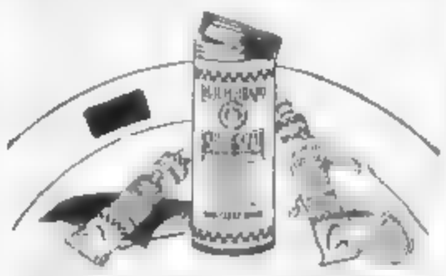
Look for the White Triangle

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY—Detroit

DUTCH BRAND
PRODUCTS
Reduce Upkeep
for the
Motorist

More mileage from your tires, greater operating efficiency, fewer mechanical and electrical repair bills, less depreciation on your car as a whole—these are the objects of DUTCH BRAND specialties for the motorist. This name invariably assures highest quality and most satisfactory results.

Look for the package with the orange label, checkered border and Dutch Girl's head.

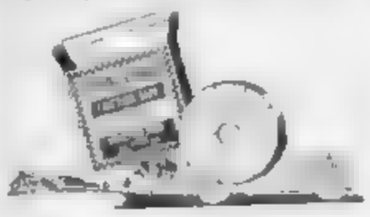


To Lengthen the Life of Tubes and Casings

DUTCH BRAND SURE-SEAL COMBINATION OUTFIT contains everything needed for a quick, permanent inner-tube patch; self-curing, non-splitting, and elastic. It includes a supply of 2-in-1 Cut-Filler which seals casing cuts and prevents sand blisters and rotting of fabric and wears as well as the casing itself. Medium size outfit, 50c; large, 75c; extra large, $1.00.

To Make Gasket Joints Leak-Proof

DUTCH BRAND GASKET SHELLAC SOLUTION is highly concentrated, forming a tough plastic layer that fills the finest crevices. The gasket is hermetically sealed against the passage of all gases or fluids—air, steam, water, oils, etc. It is so highly adhesive that it will not loosen. 2-oz. bottle, 20c. Also put up in larger sizes for shop use.



To Insulate Wires and Make General Repairs

DUTCH BRAND FRICTION TAPE is the standard of quality. It is a mistake to imagine that "tape is tape"—no article the motorist buys shows greater variation of quality. Dutch Brand has an unusually strong and dense foundation fabric, heavily impregnated with a rich rubber compound. It has high adhesiveness, tensile strength and electrical resistance and it does not dry out. 2-oz. carton, 10c; 4-oz. 20c; 8-oz. 35c.

If your dealer is not supplied with Dutch Brand specialties, a trial assortment including all above products will be sent you postpaid on receipt of $1 and your dealer's name.

Dealers: Send for complete catalog, and order from your jobber.

VAN CLEEF BROS.
Established 1910
Woodlawn Ave. 77th to 78th St.
CHICAGO

Manufacturers of Dutch Brand Products, including Auto and Cycle Specialties, Bicycle Tire Fluid, "Snow-White" Millinery Cement, Moving Picture Film Cement, "Triple Ite" Shoe Cement, Shoe Heel Enamel.

The Hotel Remember

By G. Appleby Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE town clerk of Weyport West was dining at the house of old friends, Ronald Morrit and his wife. The Morrits and he and Spenliss, who was the only other guest, had gone to the Weyport High School kindergarten together thirty-odd years before, so naturally there was no formality about this dinner. Dessert was past, but Mrs. Morrit stayed on in her chair.

The big white cloth had been taken from the table, leaving a beautiful surface of dark oak, across which two very narrow white cloths now stretched, arrayed with decanters and wineglasses, coffee cups and silver ash trays.

Mrs. Morrit was slim, fair, still pretty. On her right was the town clerk, slim also, clean shaven and looking the astute lawyer that he was. Spenliss, on her left, and her husband, opposite her, were both strong-framed, stoutish men, who were contrasts in temperament. The dark-mustached Spenliss was noted for irascibility; Morrit, of the cropped, sandy mustache, was practically always in a good humor.

These two, Spenliss and Morrit, were coupled as the richest men in Weyport. Spenliss had inherited a large fortune; Morrit, shipowner, grain merchant and much else, was making a particularly large one. Compared with them the town clerk was poor; his income was merely two thousand pounds a year.

Conversation for the moment was running on foreign coins and postage stamps. Mrs. Morrit and Spenliss, insatiable collectors, were urging Morrit to board the Ulansa—from the China Seas—when she approached port early next morning, and to clean her out of Asiatic money and stamps before their great rival collector, the Missions to Seamen chaplain, could get alongside. Morrit was remarking genially and untruthfully that he could just foresee himself emerging from bed at four A. M. to have a boat race with the chaplain.

The town clerk was silent. He intended to give a surprising turn to the conversation presently, but there was not the least hurry. By his side was an empty chair. His hand happened to be resting on the arm of it. Perhaps once in every minute his eyes stole down the long room to the open window which looked over Weyport and the sea. The light of the room was oppressively yellow, for the electric bulbs were draped in orange silk and the dark old pictures were in heavy, gleaming, gilt frames; and outside the window was an expanse of cool gray sea under a dim gray-green sky, athwart which was thrust a jagged shaft of mauve-gray cloud, the sharp promontory of a cloud mass. But it was not to rest his eyes with this scene that the town clerk looked towards the window.

Sitting in the window recess, with a movable electric lamp by her side, was the girl who had occupied the chair next to his—the big girl with the sun-tanned neck and sun-peeled back and the long, thick plait of dark hair. She was a member of the household rather than a guest. She was Mrs. Morrit's niece, and had come down from Northumberland a month previously to make a long stay with her aunt. This was her first visit to Weyport West.

The town clerk was forty-one; the girl was just eighteen. From the day of her arrival the town clerk had felt tired of being a bachelor. The girl—unfortunately for him—had felt utterly tired of the dinner table. Not liking to leave the room without her aunt, she had compromised by settling in the recess. She was reading a magazine, with one eye; the other was temporarily unusable owing to the recent impact of a cricket ball. Now and again her eye roved to the sea, to the jagged, mauve-gray cloud cape. It certainly did not rove in the town clerk's direction—as yet. The town clerk lit a fresh cigar, expelled smoke with something of a sigh, and took a letter from his pocket.

"If you people have quite done arguing," he said, "listen to this. I think it will interest you. I got it to-day." He unfolded the letter. "It's headed 'Rue de Ponthieu, Paris,' and, as you see, typewritten. A money order for five shillings was inclosed. Now listen —— Oh, shut up arguing, Spen! Get aboard the ship yourself. Buy a blooming canoe and paddle out to her. Listen:

TO THE TOWN CLERK,
WEYPORT WEST, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

Dear Sir: I believe it is not unusual to apply to the town clerk of a place for local information.

Can you tell me whether Mr. Charles Robert Lydekker is still living at his house, The White Gate, Weyport West? As my address after to-night is uncertain, perhaps you will be kind enough to insert your reply in the personal column of the (London) Morning Standard, Saturday's issue.

With apologies for troubling you to this extent, Yours faithfully,
GILBERT BANTHROP.

The town clerk laid down the letter.

"Well?" There was a little note of excitement in his voice. "Well, who's got something to say?"

Mrs. Morrit surveyed him with a puzzled frown.

"What is there to say?" asked Spenliss. "Quite a reasonable sort of letter."

Morrit, after rumination, observed, "I know a Fred Banthrop, farmer in Somerset."

The town clerk smiled with a touch of self-pride.

"The name Banthrop has nothing to do with it—in my opinion. Nell"—to Mrs. Morrit—"I'll prompt you a bit. Whom does old Charley Lydekker make one think of? Here's somebody wants to see him but doesn't like to write him ——"

(Continued on Page 64)

"And One Night, Probably Saturday, Derek'll Come Sneaking Along There, and We Shall be Waiting for Him"

When you need a new Battery Know the *Reason Why*

You never buy a new battery as long as the plates in the old are right. Live plates mean your battery is alive; worn-out plates, that you need a new battery. For the life of your battery is in its plates.

There's the net of buying a battery. And the simple, direct way to get the *best* battery is to get the *best plates*—the liveliest, longest-lived plates.

PREST-O-PLATES for Long Life

Prest-O-Plates, the backbone of Prest-O-Lite Batteries, we have every right to believe, are the best plates made.

Always a maker of a *better* plate, always specializing in plates, Prest-O-Lite centered its laboratory knowledge and skill in improving them, and produced Prest-O-Plates.

They are superior to ordinary plates. They possess *hardness* combined with *porosity* to a marked degree.

The result: Prest-O-Lite is a battery with ready delivery of power, and great tenacity of life.

Against the most extreme weather conditions, Prest-O-Lite Batteries serve out the long life Prest-O-Plates put into them.

PREST-O-LITE All-Weather Battery

In the cold of the *Arctics*, they are noted for their ready reserve power, and in the torridity of the tropics for their non-buckling, heat-resisting toughness.

Every part of a Prest-O-Lite Battery is par with the supreme standard set by Prest-O-Plates.

The rock-ribbed Prest-O-Lite guaranty vouches for every Prest-O-Lite Battery. This is a definite obligation *plus* a *spirit* of organization which says the car owner *must be pleased.*

Prest-O-Lite first makes a better battery; then takes care of it with a policy and a service which assures you the utmost battery life.

Sales and Service Stations everywhere.

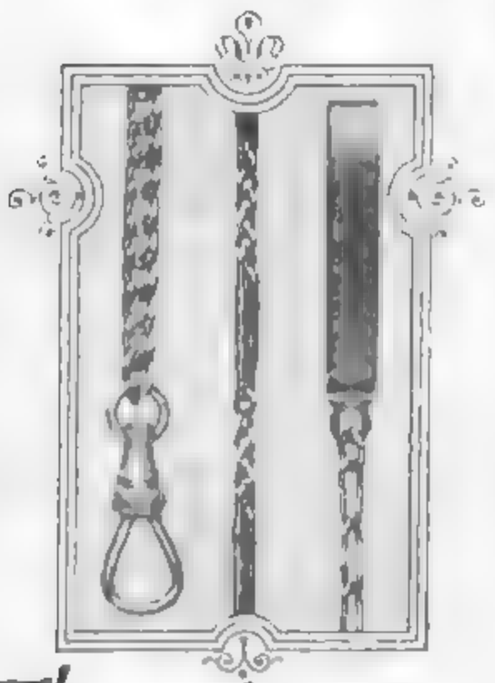
THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc
Carbide & Carbon Bldg., 30 E. 42d St., New York
Eighth and Brannan Streets, San Francisco, Cal
In Canada Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Note: Prest-O-Lite makes a battery specially adapted for Radio use. Ask a Prest-O-Lite dealer to show it to you!

THE OLDEST SERVICE TO MOTORISTS

Prest-O-Lite Laboratories assure the latest scientific advancement in Prest-O-Lite Batteries

SIMMONS CHAINS



The right WATCH CHAIN *for* summer days

THE new Simmons Belt Chain is just the thing for vestless summer days. The patented clasp slips over the belt and locks firmly. Touch a tiny spring—it unlocks and slips off. Nothing could be simpler, nothing more secure.

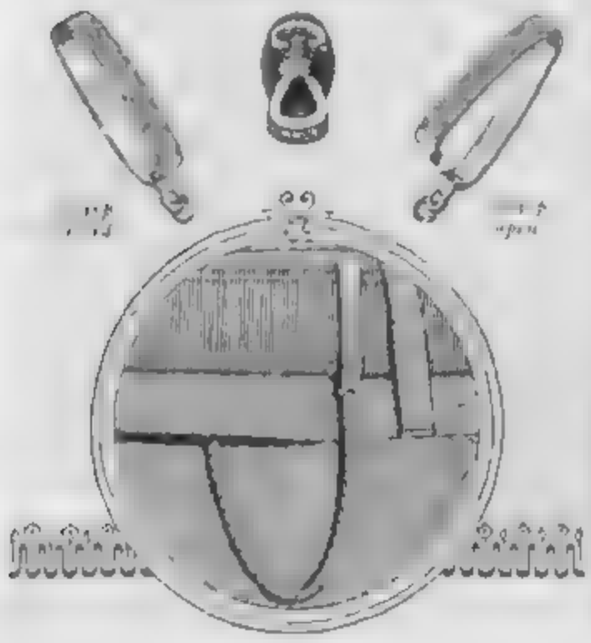
Like all Simmons Chains, the new Belt Chains are made in a variety of finely wrought link-styles—green and polished gold and PLATINUMGOLD, and in harmonious combinations. The patented Simmons process of drawing gold over a less expensive base makes these chains surprisingly reasonable in price.

Ask your jeweler about the Simmons Belt Chains.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro, Massachusetts

R. F. Simmons Co. of Canada, Ltd.
95-97 King St. E. Toronto

The Swivel Says It's a Simmons



(Continued from Page 52)

"Oh-h!" cried Mrs. Morrit very softly.

"Somebody who doesn't know who's town clerk here—I'm pretty sure of that—but who won't send his address to Weyport, because by a remote chance some person might guess that Gilbert Banthrop's real name ——"

"Derek!" Mrs. Morrit breathed—"Derek Smith!"

"Derek Smith," said the town clerk with conviction.

Away in the window recess an eye abandoned a magazine page with a jerk, and, very wide and blue and interested, dwelt steadily on the town clerk. Engrossed with his subject, he missed the pleasure of noting this.

"Derek Smith," he said again. "That's who Gilbert Banthrop is. I'd bet a thousand pounds on it. How do I shape as a detective, Ron?"

"Absolute first-rate," said Morrit slowly, scanning the letter, which he had reached for. "Derek didn't do this signature—if I recollect his writing. But I agree with you. This is from Derek."

"I wonder if he's altered much—in nine years," said Mrs. Morrit. "Far and away the best-looking man I ever saw, was Derek."

"Here, I say!" protested the homely featured Morrit. "Phew! There's spite—over a few confounded Chinese stamps!"

The town clerk took a sip of wine.

"Care to see him, Nell—on Saturday night?"

Mrs. Morrit looked puzzled again. But Spenliss, whose expression had become particularly unamiable in the last half minute, lifted his cigar quickly from his mouth.

"I would." His mustache twitched slightly once or twice—a sure sign that his temper was thoroughly stirred. "I would," he repeated after a pause; "I'd very much like to see him, the blackguard; very much like the chance of punching at him for a couple of minutes before I handed him over to the police—helping to swindle me, a pal, an old schoolfellow! If I could get within reach of Master Derek ——" He stopped, actually phlegmy with anger, coughed, and leaned towards the town clerk. "Jimmy, I know what you're half thinking of doing. You won't tell him that Lydekker's house is empty; that the old boy's living in Colchester. You'll reply that he's still at The White Gate. And one night, probably Saturday, Derek'll come sneaking along there, and we shall be waiting for him. Do it, Jimmy! You must!"

Morrit whistled.

"Poor Derek!" said Mrs. Morrit. "Still it would serve him right—and how exciting for us all! He never could stand against you in boxing, could he, Spen? Jimmy"—her eyes lit eagerly—"are you going to do it?"

The town clerk twisted his wineglass.

"I'm rather inclined to make the capture. . . . For this reason especially," he added: "Derek's nerve and will, you may be sure, haven't lost their trick of weakening on occasions; and I think that Spen with his fists or the hope of escaping with a light sentence at his trial would persuade Derek to say where the real scoundrel of the piece, Lionel Gandry, is at present. . . . What d'you say about this, Ron?"

Morrit, with unwonted seriousness, hesitated.

"Should be pleased to see Gandry caught," he said at length. "But as to Derek—well, he was one of us, Jimmy. Can't forget that when his people moved up north he lived on here with his Uncle Lydekker just to be near us."

"Just to flatter his uncle," corrected Spenliss swiftly; "just to cajole the old chap into buying him a partnership in Gandry's Estate Agency business; just to keep Lydekker in the humor to leave all his money to Mr. Derek Smith."

Morrit poured out a liqueur, his mouth pursed.

"Don't agree with any of that. And I often doubt that Derek knew anything about Gandry's swindles; anything at all, before the night when—all right, Nell and Spen, you can say he did. I say ——"

"Look here!" interposed the town clerk. "I've been trying for hours to decide whether to trap Derek or not. As I couldn't decide I thought that the four of us should settle the question this evening in a businesslike way. We don't want irrelevancies and disputes cropping up every few seconds." He paused. "Tell you what—and this should give us the proper atmosphere—although you all know as much as I know about Derek, I'll lay the case before you: facts, doubts, surmises. If you disagree with a point we'll discuss it at the end. That done, we'll have a vote—*trap* or *not trap*."

"Yes, yes! This is really thrilling!" Mrs. Morrit's other arm came onto the table; she clasped her hands expectantly.

Spenliss jabbed at an ash tray with his cigar.

"My vote's *trap*. Facts and surmises be hanged! Now, Nell, vote *trap*."

"Won't count if she does," said Morrit, "any more than yours. Jimmy's going to speak on the case before there's any voting. I want time to think. Go on, Jimmy."

The town clerk drew at his cigar.

"Till midway through this month, nine years ago," he said, "we considered Derek, whom we'd known all our lives, absolutely straight and honest. We considered his partner, Lionel Gandry, honest, for that matter; but for eighteen months past, unknown or known to Derek, Gandry had been swindling wholesale.

"Something was discovered, and late one night Uncle Lydekker told Derek that probably Gandry would be arrested in the morning. It was foolish of Lydekker, for only a fortnight previously Gandry, at the risk of his own life, had saved Derek from drowning—you can keep your charitable regrets to yourself, Spen. Don't interrupt. Of course what did Derek do? He slipped off at once to warn Gandry, to help him to escape. Presumably Derek acted from sheer gratitude. For, whether in the swindles or not, he was in no discernible danger himself. Gandry alone had appeared in the various transactions, and no document incriminating Derek was ever found. But Derek's move to help Gandry was disastrous.

"Gandry and he went to their office. Gandry wanted the ready money in the safe. Two policemen saw their light and, suspecting burglars, invaded the office. It promptly occurred to Derek and Gandry that these chaps had come to arrest Gandry. They simply leaped at the bobbies and chucked them clean down a flight of stone stairs—laid 'em both very much out. And then Derek, in an understandable panic, went off with Gandry and a bag of other people's cash. A warrant was straightway issued for his arrest, but Gandry and he had vanished, and have remained vanished all these years."

The town clerk drew at his cigar again.

"The warrant charged Derek with assault and—not unnaturally—with being a co-swindler with Gandry. Like Ron, I doubt that he was, until he became something like it on this night. Anyhow, Derek nearly killed a policeman; he achieved the escape of Lionel Gandry, among whose dupes were myself to the tune of three hundred and eighty pounds, Spen to that of seven hundred, and Ron—nineteen hundred, was it, Ron?"

Morrit nodded.

"And," continued the town clerk, "Derek undoubtedly shared that bag of loot, for he had to leave his money behind in the bank. What he's been doing these nine years—honest work, or picking pockets—we can't say. But whichever it is, he hasn't prospered. The significance of his letter is obvious. He's hard up; he wants to get money out of Lydekker. He probably communicates with his parents and sisters in the north, and knows exactly how furiously his uncle disowned him and disowned them for speaking up on his behalf. But he believes that if he walked suddenly into the old man's room and held out his hands in entreaty he'd be forgiven. So he means to risk coming to Weyport if he's told Lydekker's here." The town clerk leaned back in his chair. "Any point objected to? No? Well, what's the voting?"

Spenliss struck a match viciously.

"Don't look at me! You know my vote."

"Ron?"

Morrit shook his head.

"I say *don't trap*."

Spenliss smacked the match down in disgust. "Nell, say *trap!*"

The town clerk looked at Mrs. Morrit and was met with arched eyebrows and a shrug.

"I s'pose I ought to follow Ron's lead, but it would be tremendously interesting, wouldn't it? And Spen's so keen and you're the real leader in this, and I almost know how you'd like me to vote—I vote *trap*."

"Here! Nell hasn't a franchise!" exclaimed Morrit. "She didn't lose anything."

"Excuse me. Derek had a pound of mine to put on a horse."

"Pah!" said Morrit. "Jimmy, you side with me. Let's deadlock the proceedings, two against two. Come, what's three-eighty pounds?"

"Um-m—it's something I'm still sore about." The town clerk stared at his cigar. "There'd be a satisfaction in landing the pair in jail—Derek and Gandry."

"But no police on the scene till I've had a couple of rounds with Derek, mind that!" said Spenliss. A smile, very unpleasant, touched his face. "Derek won't feel like throwing police about when I've finished with him. Jimmy, it's just struck me that you'll have to vote *trap*. You, as town clerk—and Ron, of course, as a magistrate—'ll be neglecting your duties if you don't catch Derek."

Mrs. Morrit gave a sigh of exultation, and the town clerk was unmistakably pleased by the introduction of this viewpoint.

"Very well, Spen," he said, "I'll ——"

"Duties—rubbish!" intervened Morrit. "Don't vote that way, Jimmy. Vote with me. Stop shaking your head! Listen! Make it two against two and we'll toss up to decide. Be sporting, Jimmy."

"Don't you be anything of the sort," ordered Spenliss.

The town clerk hesitated, then, "To please you, Ron—*no trap*."

With a certain amount of relief in his face, Morrit took out a half crown.

"Heads, Derek isn't interfered with; tails, trap him."

"Oh, mind my dear table!" cried Mrs. Morrit.

The coin spun up and fell on the carpet.

"Tails—*trap*," said the town clerk; and Mrs. Morrit softly clapped her hands, while Spenliss nodded in gratification.

"Of course, you needn't be one of the house party, Ron," he remarked, "if you'd prefer ——"

"Oh, I'll go—to see you're not too rough with Derek."

"May I?" whispered Mrs. Morrit ecstatically.

For once Morrit snapped, "Certainly not!"

Mrs. Morrit shrugged.

"I shall laugh if it isn't Derek, or if he loses his nerve when he finds himself in Weyport—turns back before reaching The White Gate. What a sell for you three, holding your breaths in ambush there!"

"I've thought of that turning back," said the town clerk. "I shall bring a few more people into this—people who knew Derek well—to watch for him on the edge of the town and at the railway station. Unless he comes cleverly disguised or hidden in a motor car, he won't have much chance of retreat, once he's entered Weyport. Yet"—there was keen regret in his voice—"yet I wish he'd let slip his address in London. We'd be so sure of him then. I suppose he's in London—some hotel, if he can afford that. Pity he hadn't a favorite hotel, back in the past. He might have gone there. The staff would scarcely recollect him in connection with the Weyport affair."

"Derek with a favorite hotel!" said Spenliss. "Dissatisfied prig! Did he ever stay at the same hotel twice? Did he ever discover that 'quiet, comfortable little place' he was always saying he meant to discover?"

The others shook their heads.

Away in the window recess, very wide and blue and shining, an eye that had not rested from its long gaze gazed on at the table.

Amid the black and varicolored patch which formed the environment of the other eye there was now a blue, bright slit, slowly becoming wider. Of those at the table it was Mrs. Morrit who first glanced towards the window recess—swiftly, after giving an exclamation.

"Veronica," she said, "you recollect Derek Smith, don't you?"

"Derek Smith?"

From the magazine in which she had been absorbed the girl looked up uncomprehendingly.

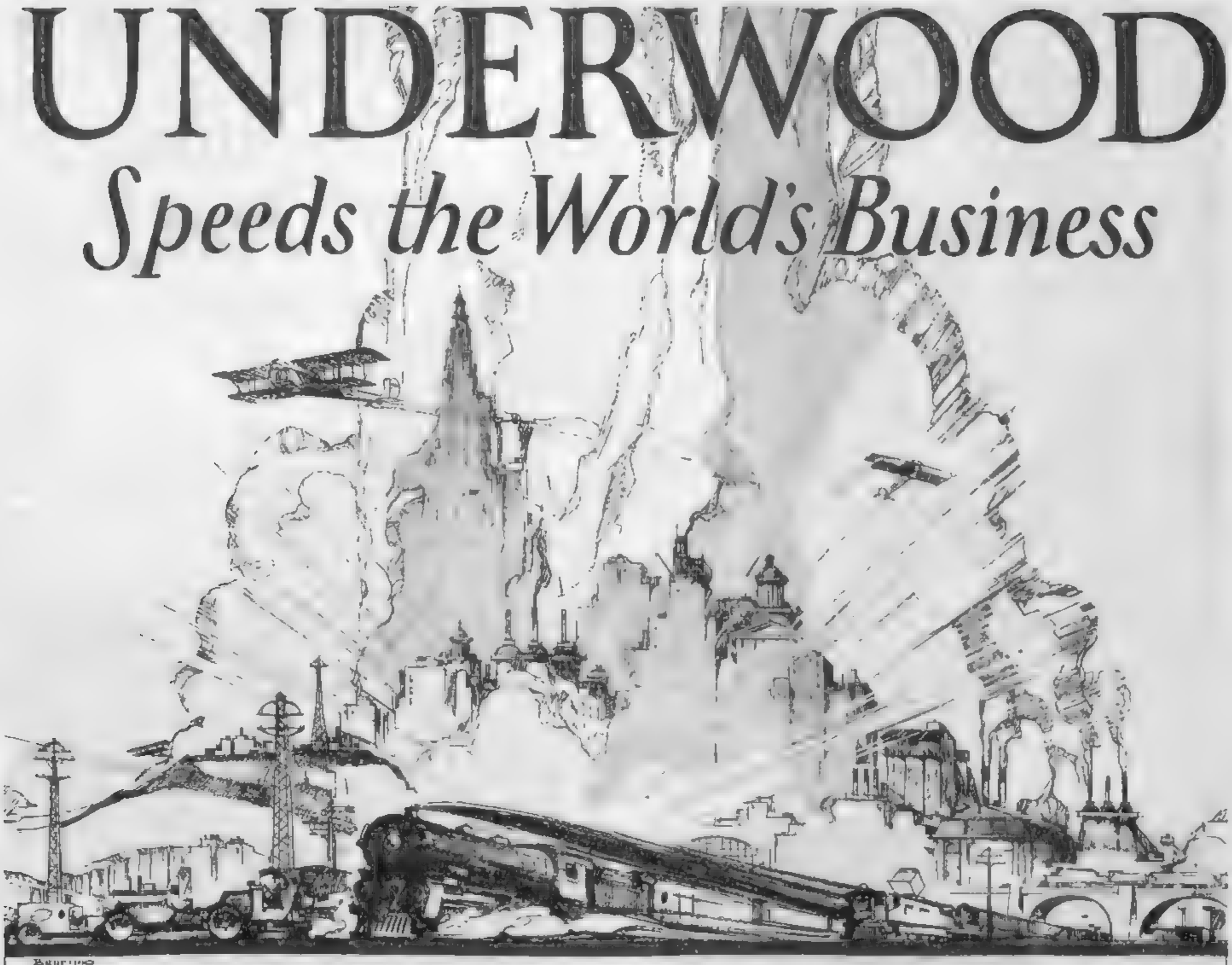
"Yes. Why, he used to play with you in Northumberland when you were a kid—your mother often told me. Surely you remember!"

The girl pondered—vainly, it was obvious—and lapsed back to the magazine.

(Continued on Page 57)

UNDERWOOD

Speeds the World's Business



WORDS are the voice, and figures the memory of Business.
Without these two, modern Industry could not go on.

The world-famous Underwood Standard Typewriter is but one of *seventeen* Underwood Machines that give speed, accuracy and dependability to writing and recording.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., INC., Underwood Bldg., N. Y., *Branches in all principal cities*

UNDERWOOD PRODUCTS

Underwood Standard Typewriter
Underwood Standard Portable
Underwood Bookkeeping Machine
Underwood Continuous Fanfold Biller
Underwood Check Writer
Underwood Card Writer
Underwood Bill and Order Machine
Underwood Loose Leaf Record Writer
Underwood Waybiller and Manifest Machine

UNDERWOOD PRODUCTS

Underwood Insurance Policy Writer
Underwood Retail Bill and Charge Machine
Underwood Condensed Biller
Underwood Revolving Duplicator
Underwood Label Roll
Underwood Railroad Expense-Freight Biller
Underwood Statistical Report Writer
Underwood Envelope and Card Inserter

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by
HAROLD DELAY

TIME! Before every train that thunders through the night flies Father Time—the same watchful, protecting personality that guided Alexander across the ocean's floor to the defiant walls of Tyre, and Hannibal across the Alps to the gates of Rome!

The engineer in his rocking cab, staring ahead into the darkness—the conductor going methodically about his nightly task—the passengers lying in their comfortable berths, listening to the storm shriek past—all put their trust implicitly in that hovering, watchful, protecting figure of old Father Time.

For Father Time, on America's Railroads, stands for that amazing development of Time Service, train despatching and block signals which alone make modern train safety possible, and enable travelers to save the most costly thing in the world—*Time*.

For half a century, moreover, Father Time has stood for the finest Railroad timepieces that money, brains and skill could produce—*Elgins!* Broadly speaking, Father Time *is* Elgin. He has been Elgin's official trade-mark for half a century. One of America's favorite Railroad models, indeed, bears his name. Among Elgin owners, in Railroad circles as elsewhere in the busy world, pride of possession unites with perfection of performance.

* * *

*"Father Time"—one of Elgin's popular Railroad movements, here shown cased up with Winding Indicator Dial. * * * Twenty-one jewels: adjusted to temperature, isochronism and five positions. Material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee. * * Made in Elgin, U. S. A.*

Elgin Watches

© 1922 ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.

(Continued from Page 54)

"Great luck!" breathed Mrs. Morrit across the table. "Else she'd have listened to all we've said. Forgot she was there. Don't want her to tell her people. Talk of something different now."

It was not from her sister, Veronica's mother, that Mrs. Morrit particularly wished their conversation kept. It was from the "conceited, aristocratic" father, the distinguished athlete with "absurd notions" as to honor. His criticism of a stamp deal effected by Mrs. Morrit as being "absolutely not 'cricket,'" by which he meant "absolutely not sporting—not honorable," had led to a protracted quarrel, in celebration of the end of which Veronica had come on this visit.

Veronica had inherited from her father all his love for outdoor games, and something of his predilection for honor, though not enough to render her talkative when reticence was diplomatic.

She put down the magazine, leaned back in the recess and rested her eyes—closed them. One word, directed at the table, was shaped soundlessly by her lips:

"Swine!"

She folded her arms.

Dear old Derek! She smiled. What cheek she had in those days, always calling him Derek! She a short-frocked, bare-kneed, often grubby-faced urchin, with the ribbon bow on her sea-water-soaked, rat-tailed hair reaching little higher than his elbow even in the last days of their friendship. . . . Couldn't she recall things vividly! Her delight whenever Derek was in Northumberland visiting his people and, as an old friend of her mother, visiting her people; her wanderings along the beach with him, when they collected driftwood, searched the rocks for crabs and wondered whether they would find a stranded mermaid or something equally exciting beyond the big black point.

The cuttlefish! Her smile increased. How persistently she tried to get Derek to sample the tooth powder which she manufactured by grinding up those chalk-like bits of cuttlefish that were to be found on the shingle, and how vehemently he refused—the matter culminating in that luxurious afternoon when her father and mother held him in a chair and she thrust at his teeth with a cuttle-powder-charged brush every time he couldn't help laughing!

And his nickname for her! That was really humorous when one recalled that thenadays she secretly very much fancied herself as a pretty and graceful young person.

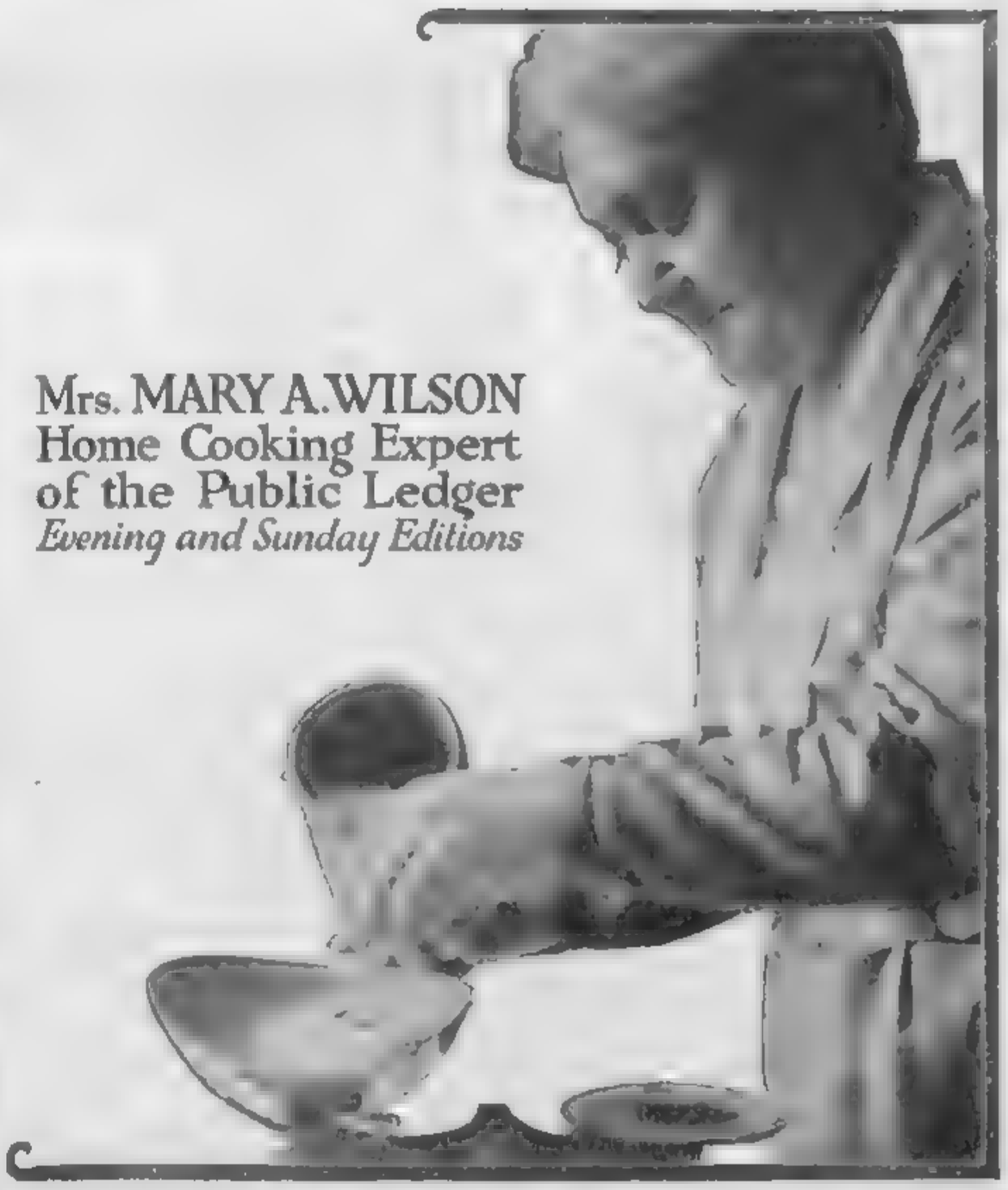
She had cut her knee. While she sat on her mother's lap Derek plastered it for her.

"Is it very deep?" asked her mother.

"Deep!" said Derek scornfully. "How could anything go deep into these leathery, weather-beaten old knees? They're just like the knees of a rhinoceros I know at the Zoo. There you are, Little Rhinoceros Knees."

And after that she was always Little Rhinoceros Knees to him, except when she was Rhinos. It was jolly difficult to feel ethereal when you were addressed as Little Rhinoceros Knees. Dear old Derek! So here was news of him at last! He had managed to struggle through the nine

"It is Rough on the Child. So Derek Had the Keys?"



Mrs. MARY A. WILSON
Home Cooking Expert
of the Public Ledger
Evening and Sunday Editions

Queen Victoria's cook

Although Mrs. Wilson cooked for royalty, she is also a practical cooking adviser for the most modest purse.

For years she prepared and passed upon every dish set before Queen Victoria of England at Buckingham Palace, and there devised some of the favorite dishes of that Prince of Epicures, afterward King Edward VII.

She has been a chef for Italian nobles, stewardess of the American Hotel at Lake Como and a cook in the famous Cafe Royale, of Paris.

During the war she was cooking instructor of the United States Navy. Thus she is a food economist in the strictest sense.

For five years she has been in charge of the cookery department of the Public Ledger, (Evening and Sunday Editions). In her own kitchen she tries out every recipe before she publishes it. Every day she answers questions on cooking and diet, sent in by her readers.

Mrs. Wilson's daily service has proved so valuable that many other newspapers print it regularly by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

PHILADELPHIA

Public Ledger

Evening and Sunday Editions

At your club *At hotel newsstands*

Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which publishes Mrs. Wilson's "Home Cooking" service by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

The Red Elephant, The Blue Dealer and The Red Tag

A MAHARAJA OF MUMBI wanted a Red Elephant. No other brand would do. The last one he had possessed had far surpassed all others in Speed and Power. But he had broken thru the Garage door and left for Parts Unknown.

So the Maharaja dispatched a Runner to the Local Elephant Dealer with a Rush Order for One Red Elephant—F. O. B. Factory. Upon receipt of the Order the Dealer heaved a Heavy Sigh. His stock of "Reds" was gone and he had not reordered. Profits weren't Large Enough on the Red brand. They lasted too long—Renewals were few. But he knew how Impossible it would be to offer the Maharaja any shade but Red in Elephants.

Now it occurred to him that he knew of a Firm that could paint an ordinary Black Elephant so natural a Red that Nobody would ever notice the Difference.

So it came to pass that the Maharaja received an Imitation Red Elephant. All was well until the Maharaja, who was a wise bird when it came to Elephants, made a trial trip and noticed a lack of Pick-up in his new pet. Upon close examination he found a black patch on the elephant's back where the Red Paint was wearing off.

The next morning a certain Elephant Dealer was requested to devote his Energies to breaking up Stones for new Movie Palaces. That's enough to make any Elephant Dealer blue.

* * * *

The Maharaja had learned the importance of demanding the Genuine.

Mr. Motorist, when you discover that a dealer has sold you a non-genuine part, your anger is no less than was the Maharaja's. But when buying Stewart Replacement Parts, you can protect yourself by looking for the Red Tag.

The Maharaja was unable to tell his product was counterfeit until after he had used it. With Stewart Replacement Parts, you can assure yourself of their genuineness before you even purchase them.

Genuine Stewart Parts are tagged for *your* protection. Be sure to

Look for the RED TAG
on all Stewart Replacement Parts.

CAUTION
This tag is attached to all genuine Stewart Repair Parts.
LOOK FOR IT!
If you don't find this tag, you are getting imitation substitute parts. Refuse to accept them.
The use of imitation parts on any Stewart Product, at our option, invalidates the Stewart guarantee.
For your own protection demand genuine Stewart Parts.
STEWART WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION

Stewart
PRODUCTS

years, and now he couldn't resist seeking the hand that could lift him out of poverty, or something akin to it, into a decent position. And this precious quartet of his old schoolfellows —— Oh, she was disappointed in Uncle Ron, whom she really liked! Why hadn't he squashed that heartless Nell—stopped the thing, instead of sliding into it? And this precious quartet, with their comforts and their money, were out to smash the helpless chap!

Thank goodness, there were heaps of ways of circumventing them, even if they did turn the whole town into a trap for Derek. For instance, the insertion—with special arrangements for big type—in Saturday's Morning Standard of the following:

DEREK—'GILBERT BANTHROP': That snipe of a town clerk is lying. Trap set. Keep right away. RHINOS;

would scarcely fail to warn Derek—or to make things interesting for Veronica in Weyport. Veronica opened the easily openable eye and very smilingly studied the mauve cloud mass, now spread far across the sky.

However, the advertisement plan was a reserve one. Again she visualized a certain afternoon which had come into her mind as soon as Derek's name was spoken—an afternoon only a week before his flight from Weyport. Her mother and she were in London; Derek had lunched with them.

"Derek," her mother said, "I've got to call on two or three people. Do take Veronica somewhere. Take her to the Zoo."

"Zoo! I daren't!" ejaculated Derek, looking scared.

"Daren't?" Perplexity on her mother's part.

"They'd keep her there with the other rhi —— Ow!"

The "Ow!" marked a frenzied attack by Veronica.

But they went to the Zoo. As they were returning on top of a bus Derek pointed to the portico of a building, an attractive portico of white pillars and glass, with pots of flowers and clipped shrubs that were like little trees—these were in low, polished barrels—at the sides of its flight of steps.

"That's my hotel," he said; "not so big as yours, but a fine place to stop at. I discovered it yesterday—mean to stay there always when I'm in London."

Veronica peered.

"There're people having tea in the hall. Such a fascinating [!] hall. Derek, let's have another tea—there."

Derek pretended to consider.

"They're awfully particular about knees at my ho —— Keep off! You mustn't hit persons in public! Of course we'll have another tea. Bang the bell, Rhinos. Steady, they'll think the bus is on fire!"

Veronica couldn't eat much, but the hall was even more fascinating than it had appeared from the bus. There were a black cat and a kitten who came and made friends, and every minute or so the kitten would take it into its head to climb like lightning up the trunk of a miniature tree which stood by their table. There were little children at the next table actually talking French; there was nice soft violin music; and there was a sort of counter laden with the hugest boxes of chocolates—white boxes with orange ribbons. Derek bought her one, and, on a hint, endeavored to purchase the kitten.

Presently mummy, helping eat the chocolates and expressing satisfaction that the kitten had not been for sale, remarked: "I think I shall give you my daughter, Derek. She'd much prefer that. Mummy and dad are nothing to her. It's only Derek that matters, eh, Veronica?"

That was an exaggeration, yet Veronica's anguish a short time afterwards, when she heard that Derek had run away, that no one would ever see him again unless he were being led to prison, was terrible. The Veronica of to-night thought pityingly of the child who lay for hours moaning, almost stunned, in her mummy's arms, and who for weeks thereafter would break suddenly into fits of desolate sobbing.

Veronica, as a schoolgirl of thirteen, had forgotten that a person called Derek once existed. But there came a summer afternoon when from the top of a London bus she saw a portico—white pillars and glass, shrubs in polished barrels. The breath she was drawing quickened, making her chest heave.

"I remember!" she whispered.

The kitten, the French children, the chocolate boxes! "I remember!" she whispered again, and her sunlit afternoon turned dim with unhappiness. She twisted round in her seat to keep her eyes on the portico. "What's its name? Did I ever know?" She could not discern a name. "I'm sorry I forgot all about you, Derek. I won't any more, now I've seen the—the Hotel *Remember*."

With eyelashes flickering, she scanned the house fronts for the name of the street.

When she went back to Northumberland a fortnight later she searched her home for a photograph of Derek and, finding one in a bedroom drawer, installed it on the drawing-room mantelpiece; and no one took it down.

Several times in ensuing years she passed the Hotel Remember; certainly not by design, for the sight of it meant the clouding of her day. She read its name, but she preferred to know it by the name she had given it. She had seen it last a month ago when she spent a few hours in London on her journey to Weyport.

Veronica shifted in the window recess . . . Derek's careless words, nine years old—"Mean to stay there always." What were they worth?

The magazine, which had been gliding, fell. Mrs. Morrit looked round.

"Veronica, to-morrow's Friday. You won't be able to play cricket for Miss Andrews' team, with that eye—surely?"

"No," said Veronica, "and it feels a bit funny. I think I shall run up to London to-morrow morning and let old Muirhead Simms, dad's town doctor, take a stare at it."

II

VERONICA passed among the miniature trees in the hall of the Hotel Remember, wondering whether in a moment she would be retracing her steps, horribly disappointed and drafting in her mind the precise form of advertisement which she would deliver in person at the Morning Standard office. Yes, now for the shock of disappointment. Of course Derek wouldn't be here. There wasn't a chance.

"A Mr. Smith, madam?" said the hotel clerk. "From Paris—quite so." He turned a page of his register. "Oh, yes, madam; Mr. D. R. Smith, arrived last evening." And then, having been instantaneously wrought upon by bruised beauty, he hurried aside from his register and moved forward a chair. "If you will please be seated I will send up word. What name, madam?"

"Thurloe. Please tell him Miss—Veronica—Thurloe—no one with her."

A page boy—also wrought upon—saluted.

"There is the gentleman, madam, just going into the smoking room. Pardon me one instant."

"No," said Veronica quickly. "I see—I'll go."

Lightly she went across the hall and caught the door of the smoking room as it was swinging to. The room was empty save for the man with his back to her—the tallish man with the neat head of brown-gray hair. Noiselessly she came round the door and noiselessly let it close.

"Busy, Derek?" she asked.

He turned and surveyed her. He was clean shaven as formerly, but there was an unexpected, slender furrow at either corner of his mouth. With his mouth shut rigidly, yet with a stupefaction that he could not hide, he examined Veronica's features. Suddenly there was wonder in his eyes—wonder with exuberant delight.

"Little Rhinoceros Knees!" Then in apologetic embarrassment he actually became red.

"Veronica," he corrected, holding her hands tightly.

Veronica squeezed his hard. Her query, "Busy, Derek?" had been a magnificent effort at calmness. Now she felt hot dribbles from her eyes going right down her cheeks, curling under to her throat. She snuffled. Seeing that Derek used to kiss

(Continued on Page 61)

Then for Quite a Time They Stood as They Were—Hands Locked, Smiling

GARLAND WEEK
GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best
The Good Old GARLAND is the choice in more than 4,000,000 American Homes
GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best
For Half a Century GARLAND has been famous for its superior cooking and baking

Garland Week All Over America

Thousands of Dealers Everywhere Are Demonstrating the Beautiful New 1922 Garland Stoves and Ranges

Beginning today, and continuing all next week, thousands of department stores, gas companies, furniture stores, hardware stores and general merchants, all over America, are giving special exhibitions and demonstrations of the new 1922 models of Garland Stoves and Ranges.

For over fifty years, Garland has been famous for its superior cooking, baking and heating. Today more than four million American homes, and 80 per cent of the up-to-date hotels, restaurants, institutions and clubs, are using Garland Stoves and Ranges.

Never, in its half century of continuous leadership, has the Garland been so beautiful, so varied and so good as it is today.

The new low prices make this year's Garland still more attractive in view of the quality, long life and fuel economy for which it is so well known.

The Garland store in your locality is showing Garland Stoves and Ranges in its window. Look for a window like the one illustrated above. See the beautiful new Garland models. See them demonstrated, and you will understand why they are the cooking mainstay of hundreds of thousands of good housekeepers in America.

The new 1922 Garland models include full enamel and plain gas ranges of every size and type, with or without the Garland oven heat regulator, a complete assortment of the famous three-fuel Garland Combination Range, in sizes for every kitchen, large or small, and a great variety of coal and wood stoves and ranges. If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problem, write direct to us because there is a Garland heating and cooking device for every purpose.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

The Cornerstone

The confidence that men everywhere have in the quality of wearing apparel that bears our signature is a confidence that has been handed down from father to son since the Civil War — a confidence that we prize above all else, for it is the very cornerstone of this institution

Wilson Bro's

The signature, Wilson Bro's, is not only a guaranty of quality but it is also an unfailing index of fashion and correct dress. Look for this signature on hose, shirts, pajamas, belts, underwear, cravats, garters, handkerchiefs, nightshirts, mufflers, suspenders, knit gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 58)

her good-night, surely —— Gripping his hands harder she leaned forward and kissed him.

"You dear child!" said Derek, his lips decidedly aquiver. He cleared his throat. "At least, not child. Veronica, what a great, dazzling beauty you've grown into! What a beauty!"

"Good!" choked Veronica. "I—I must be, since you can't help thinking so. But—no Veronica-ing. Stick to Rhinos."

"That I won't!" said Derek emphatically.

And then for quite a time they stood as they were—hands locked, smiling; their smiles ranging, without a word spoken, from sparkling to almost wistful, from contemplative to almost riotous.

"I say, how much longer am I going to keep you standing!" exclaimed Derek. "Come, let's sit down."

"Is the female gender allowed in this room? Shall I be turned out? Oh, I don't care! Over in the window seat, Derek. Excuse me." Veronica produced a handkerchief and mopped at her cheeks.

"Isn't this fine!" said Derek, sitting so that he could face her squarely. "My dear, don't think I'm reverting to criticism, but the wonderful color scheme of your eye——"

"Cricket—silly stroke of mine. The ball came up off the bat."

Veronica put down her handkerchief and parted her lips widely.

Derek looked, and ejaculated: "What a downright shame! Three of those lovely 'cuttlefish' teeth—bottoms snapped off!"

"Hockey, last March. But I'm going to have them crowned. I suppose I *am* rather clumsy and reckless, for I've also a patched-up collar bone, and if you feel this wrist ——"

"What a shame!" Derek repeated vehemently, running his fingers tenderly along the wrist.

"It's tremendously strong, really. Last night"—Veronica took a breath—"I nearly jumped up and hauled that little snipe of a town clerk —— I've a dangerous temper, you know ——"

"Town clerk! That sounds like Weyport West." His fingers on her wrist paused. The furrows by his mouth straightened. With eyes something the blue color of Veronica's, but faded, he questioned hers. "Weyport West," he said again. "Veronica, I'm all at sea as to how you found me. Did you pick up a clew in Weyport—yesterday?"

"I did, Mr. Derek 'Gilbert Banthrop.'"

He nodded with a whimsical grimace.

"Hue and cry on its way here?"

"Certainly not! Your address wasn't ascertainable. But a deputation of old and venomous friends will meet you at The White Gate to-morrow, if you care to go. I was a bit anxious to tell you this."

His fingers slid from her wrist to her palm.

"Veronica!" he said by way of thanks.

Veronica swallowed. The manner in which he spoke that word was pretty affecting.

"Spenliss was going to maul you," she remarked after a moment—"if he could, and then—the police."

"I laid out a poor beggar of a bobby, you know—seriously, according to the newspapers."

"He's quite got over it," said Veronica cheerfully. "He's to be specially invited to The White Gate. Sweet-natured Spen's idea." And then she withdrew her hand swiftly.

A white-haired, very amiable-looking old gentleman, with a newspaper and a novel under his arm, had come into the room. He was an old gentleman of delightful tact; for promptly he felt in his pocket for a forgotten pipe, and, looking more amiable than ever, went away to find it. Veronica blushed hard and willfully misinterpreted his retreat.

"He's going to have me booted out," she observed. "Anyhow, before that happens I'll tell you about last night."

She leaned sideways to recover her handkerchief from the floor, and straightened with the end of her great plait looped over her forearm. Getting the plait in her fingers and flicking at one of her palms with the final inch or two, she gave details—clearly, indignantly.

"Not altogether cricket, was it?" she ended bitterly, with a vicious flick.

"My own fault, I suppose." Derek, with his hands in his jacket pockets, shrugged. "Jimmy was right about that bag. I had to use twenty-five pounds." He stared at the floor. "I didn't think Ron and Nell—still, what do they matter, when Veronica ——! Veronica, I never once suspected that Gandry was swindling. And since that night, except for the twenty-five pounds, I've been straight, really straight."

"As though I doubted it!" said Veronica. "Dear old Derek! Now listen! I haven't yet explained how I found you."

She moved a shade nearer, and, leaning forward and twisting the tail of her hair, told him.

"So jolly glad we had tea that afternoon—at the Hotel Remember," she breathed eventually—"you and the object with knees. I wonder if the kitten's still alive. We'll ask presently. Derek, keep your head as it is a second. That's how you are in a photograph I have. Now have you really changed much? No; bit older, thinner, lines—don't know whether I like them or not—but, as some return for a compliment, very nice looking. Front hair's getting a trifle scanty, though." Veronica's finger lightly brushed it. "I'll give you some ripping stuff for that."

"Anything to do with cuttlefish?"

Veronica's smile well-nigh menaced him with physical violence.

"If you don't appreciate my solicitude ——"

"Appreciate!" His eyes, it seemed to Veronica, were scanning her more than fondly—yearningly. "Appreciate! My dear, if you knew how I appreciate! . . . Veronica, I separated from Gandry a week after we bolted from Weyport, and ever since I've been living among strangers in France or Spain, without making any friends somehow. It's been a terrible lonesome life, except for little spells that I've managed to put in with my people during the last few years; divine little spells of—of being with those who care about me. It's one of those spells, yet with something—I can't quite tell what—with something strangely different in it, that you're giving me now, Veronica, sitting there in your pretty flower-print dress, with your white filmy scarf—grown up, remembering, caring."

His voice had gone somewhat queer. He glanced away. Veronica saw his eyelids tremble. Her own immediately followed suit.

"If the sun had taken all the skin off your shoulders you'd want to wear a filmy scarf," she said gaspingly, and that set him laughing.

"So your people didn't know Mr. Lydekker had left Weyport?" she asked presently. He shook his head.

"And they didn't want me to risk going to him. But I *am* comparatively hard up, with no prospects. Also, I was very fond of him. I'd like to see him."

"I'll get his address. Yet—you mustn't go to Colchester. The precious conspirators are quite capable of having his house watched when you don't turn up at The White Gate." Veronica pensively stubbed her chin with the plait end. "Look here, Derek, I'll go and see him. I don't mind if the conspirators do find out; they shan't follow me here. I'll fix up an interview for you, even if Mr. Lydekker isn't—well, altogether in favor of it." She pressed her lips into the plait end, spreading it like a silky shaving brush, and smiled. "I *can* be persuasive when I wish."

Derek's furrow-cornered mouth had been getting very firm, but at that he chuckled. Then his mouth stiffened again; but the firmness in his face was less than the tenderness in it.

"Veronica, dear, I won't let you go. I won't have you mixed up in that way with—with a fellow like me; a sort of criminal. Why, it hardly seems right to keep you here with me for—for ——" But there wasn't any firmness in his face now. Rather weakly, in fact, he held his hand towards Veronica. "You won't go for an hour or two, Veronica?"

"Hour or two!" She gave his fingers a big squeeze. "I'm going to stay with you till the six-something train to-night, if I may. We'll discuss Mr. Lydekker some other day. But—I want to know this: How much money have you altogether?"

"Fifty pounds. Not a great lot, after nine years of language teaching, but something."

Veronica gave a sigh of part relief.

"I was just a scrap afraid you were down to your last five-pound note." She opened the vanity bag beside her. "I brought up a couple, in case."

Derek nodded his head slowly several times.

"You dear!" he said, repeating the term whisperingly.

"You might take care of them till to-night." Veronica leaned across and dropped a small mauve purse into his side pocket. "And of these." A pink manicure brick, a spare handkerchief, and three or four half-crowns followed the purse. "I'm always losing things out of this wretched bag. I've a trick of giving it an absent-minded whirl round—nearly welted a man on the nose this morning; but he was awfully nice about it. And now what shall we do? Lunch, inquire about kitten—what then? I say, let's go to ——" With extraordinary abruptness she stopped, her face scared. "Derek! You don't walk about in the streets as you are—without some disguise? Suppose anyone from Weyport met you!"

"Not a chance in a million," he answered, taking her possessions from his pocket and studying them before putting them carefully in an inside pocket. "I've a sixpenny beard for Weyport—at night. In daylight it'd cause a crowd to collect."

Veronica came close and linked her arm with his.

"If you were arrested when I was with you, I—I should die," she said tremulously, very earnestly. "I don't look like it, but I should."

He pressed her arm.

"Not you! You'd load up that little bag and welt—and I expect the police would be 'awfully nice' about it."

Veronica looked doubtful.

"I was going to say," she observed, "let's go to Lords and see the cricket. That would be splendid! And I should feel that you were safe from Weyport conspirators there. We should be among cricketers only." A touch of conscience—or mischief or sheer blitheness impelled her to add softly, "That old gentleman who forgot his pipe just now was a bit of a cricketer himself."

"Because he didn't have you booted out? Was it likely he would?" asked the obtuse Derek.

III

IN ONE of those narrow stone-walled lanes which run between two rows of back gardens of old Hampstead houses were Veronica and Derek, three weeks afterwards. They had been on the heath. Really, they were hurrying now to find a taxicab to take them across London to Veronica's train; but under the spell of the lane they were motionless—very completely in each other's arms. Possibly the train would have been missed, as on two previous occasions, had it not been for a sudden but somewhat stealthy grating open of a garden door within a yard of them. There was a lightning parting of their lips, a desperate readjustment of arms, and they were walking coolly and self-consciously from the neighborhood of the gate.

"I know we're being stared after," breathed Veronica. "Beastly unsporting! Do look back, Derek."

He obeyed, and then his arm slipped round her, and, turning, he turned her with him. The lane was empty save for a rough-haired white-and-black terrier whose obvious sentiments were pride in his skill as a door opener and benevolent interest in them.

"My dear, we mustn't wait!" protested Veronica as Derek brought her laughing face to his. "Well, *there*, and *there*! Now come."

She pressed her hands against him, and since the forefinger of the left was in a splinted bandage, having been fractured in a recent cricket match against men—for whose blood Derek thirsted—he yielded before it instantly, for fear of hurting it.

"I simply mustn't get late again," she said, her other hand in his as they walked on. "I believe Aunt Nell'd fairly lose her temper this time—invite me to clear off to Northumberland. Things are pretty tense I told you—because of my twice-a-week trips to London. Still no suspicion of you, of course; no thought"—Veronica grinned—"no thought that the noble conspirators owe me thanks for six disappointing evenings at The White Gate and tons of perplexity. Dear Jimmy—I've been proposed to dear Jimmy, the snipe, is still rheumatic ky from exposure to an empty house, you'll be desolated to hear. However"—Veronica looked contentedly at their hands—"there's now a distinct suspicion of something else—this sort of thing, perhaps I'd better tell you. I don't think Nell would have let me come to-day if Uncle Ron hadn't wanted me to go to the safe

WATERSIDE SUEDE-LIKE

Jaunty and youthful are the new Tams, fashioned from Waterside "Suede-Like". The soft, supple texture of "Suede-Like" is just right for Tams and its durability insures satisfactory service.

At good stores everywhere, Tams of Waterside "Suede-Like" are obtainable in a wide range of crisp, new colorings. If your dealer does not carry Tams bearing the "Suede-Like" label, send us his name and $2.00 and we will see that you are supplied. State color preferred.

Thermalware

Keep Foods or Liquids Hot or Cold

One for Coffee —and One for Fried Chicken

Two Aladdin Thermalware Jars double the joy of your motor trip.

In one you can carry a **full gallon** of hot coffee, iced tea, lemonade or cold water—16 cups.

In the other, pack your **hot dinner.** Four-inch opening admits **big pieces** of fried chicken, meat or cold potato salad. Or carry baked beans or ice cream—enough for everybody!

Absolutely sanitary. You can put your whole hand inside for cleansing and drying. Insulated container of heavy glass, beautifully silvered. Joined to outside steel jacket by patent Thermalware seal. High thermal efficiency. Extremely sturdy and staunch. Stands bumps. Insulated sanitary glass stopper instead of cork.

A New Dish for Keeping Meals Hot

Aladdin Thermalware Dish

Prepare soups, stews, vegetables, puddings, desserts, griddle cakes in advance, and serve **piping hot** at mealtime. Foods kept hot during entire meal, even though diners are late.

Bake or cook food in insert, place it hot in insulator (outer receptacle) and put on insulated cover. **Instantly sealed** by vacuum. Removed by touch of air-vent valve. Outside Polished Nickel or Copper. Almost as ornamental as gilt

Sold by leading Department, Drug, Hardware, Jewelry, Sporting Goods and Auto Accessory Stores

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc.
615 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me Free Booklet about Aladdin Thermalware Jars and Dishes.

My Dealer's Name _____

Name _____

Address _____

deposit for those papers of his. You've got them all right, Derek?"

He showed her a large envelope in his pocket.

In Fitzjohn's Avenue they hailed a taxi. Derek's tone, as he told the driver to close it, was somewhat biting—to discourage a smile. It could not be explained to these men that the sole reason for seclusion was Veronica's terror that while they drove through the streets someone from Weyport might catch sight of him. Veronica, settling within Derek's arm, was silent during the rush downhill. Then:

"I'm having a little look at some of our difficulties, dear. Here's Mr. Lydekker abroad—we don't know where. You've only fifteen pounds left." Reprovingly she lifted her hand that he might see a ring—which would be slipped off as she approached Weyport, and slipped on again in her bedroom. To discredit the reproof she put the ring to her lips. "Only fifteen—though I've twelve to add to that. And I can't endure you to go back to France without me, or to have a cheaper room than at the Hotel Remember—which has meant so much to us. I've a jolly good mind to ask dad to help us." Then she drew a deep breath and laughed gently. "It is strange to remember that when I was a kid you were a grown-up friend of his, a sort of extra father to me, whilst now"—she looked round at him and her blue eyes shone—"whilst now, to me, you're just my own age, my dear—my dear!"

Their lips came together.

"Don't ask dad." Derek's arm tightened about her. "His first concern would be to take you from me." He raised his head rather unhappily. "Poor old Tom, what a thundering cad I've been to him, snaring his daughter into loving me—*me!*"

"For ever—and she didn't require any snaring, thank you," said Veronica blithely. "As for cad"—her voice went low—"dear, haven't you utterly refused to let me do what dad and mum might—might have some excuse for feeling hurt about? Wouldn't I run away with you this evening, to be married in France, to be poor, to work every minute of the day? Wouldn't I?" She laughed suddenly, a hint quaveringly. "There! I'm really begging you again to take me. I can't help it. I want to go. Of course"—teasingly—"I may not seem worth taking, all mended up——"

He lifted her to him.

"If only I could say 'Come along'!" he whispered. "But there're not only dad and mum to consider, and—far above them—you, the present you, involved in such a—a proceeding. There's you of the future, my wife. I won't keep you in exile! I want you to live in England with me—openly, free of any fear that I shall be arrested." He hesitated. "Veronica, if I were arrested now and found not guilty of having a hand in Gandry's frauds—and most probably that would happen—I shouldn't get a long imprisonment on that bobby's account, after nine years. That imprisonment would sweep away a lot of our difficulties. We could face people so boldly! Dear, there's a possibility that I may get several years, but I think that when we've had a few more days together I'll surrender to the police."

Almost frantically Veronica grabbed at him—with her left hand, hurting her finger and whipping it back with a gasp and moan.

"No! no! no!" she entreated. "Oh-h, promise!"

With the hand between his palms, striving to comfort it, muttering reproaches at himself, he promised fervently.

The taxi brought them to Liverpool Street station two and a half minutes before Veronica's train, at a remote platform, was to leave. Derek was never allowed to emerge from the taxi in this neighborhood. Veronica swung out—and faced the interior of the cab before both her feet were on the ground.

"Nearly forgot!" she ejaculated. "Quick, all my possessions in your pockets—Ron's papers"—she tucked the envelope under her arm—"purse, bunch of keys. What? Didn't I give them to you? Oh, they're in the bag with all these moldy pennies then. What a weight! My finger brick, please. Moremoney? Can't wait. Good-by, dear! You shall see me sprint."

She darted, swinging back her vanity bag in a gesture of farewell as she swerved into an entrance.

"Hang!" She'd welted someone; but neither to apologize nor to pick up the couple of pennies, undoubtedly her own, which dropped in front of her, could she pause. She was lifted into an empty first-class carriage of the moving train by a gallant—and muscular—inspector; and, smiling happily, she relaxed in her deep comfortable seat and reviewed the latest day with Derek. Though presently their difficulties arrayed themselves formidably in her mind, her smile did not change. Difficulties—tsh! Didn't Derek compensate ten thousand times over for difficulties—for all the difficulties in the world! The great, beautiful, tired girl—excitement, rush, and a throbbing finger had told on her—sank lower in her corner, with her eyes on the ceiling of the compartment. Her lids drooped. She half dozed. Then her eyes flew open and she laughed gayly.

That nice ticket examiner at the barrier just now—how fortunate that instead of asking to see her ticket as she whirled by he had devoted his voice to a desperate endeavor to prevent the train from starting! Her return half ticket was in Derek's waistcoat pocket. And then her face became a little anxious. Fancy if Uncle Ron's keys were in Derek's pocket! She wasn't at all sure they weren't. She took up her bag. Ron had given her his bunch of duplicate keys that morning; for the key of his safe at the deposit was on it, and he was finding trouble in detaching it, and Veronica was in a hurry to be off.

She emptied her bag on to the seat, swept her hand scatteringly across the pile of odds and ends, and said "Botheration!"

There! She had known positively that Derek had the keys. This was a trifle awkward. Still, what did it matter? It was only one more difficulty—a tiny, temporary one.

She lay back again and thought. . . . Uncle Ron was dining out—wouldn't be home till she had gone to bed. Ripping luck! But she had told Derek to go to a theater—to have a bright evening. He wouldn't be back at the hotel till midnight. Bally luck! It would be a risky business long-distance phoning him from uncle's library at that hour. Ah, she wouldn't phone Derek. She would ring up the hotel presently from Weyport station—give a message to be repeated to him as soon as he returned. He must send her the keys by messenger, first train in the morning.

That was settled! With something better than keys to think about, Veronica drew off her ring, kept it against her lips for a while, and then, slipping it on to the threadlike gold chain around her neck, dropped it inside her blouse.

IV

VERONICA'S first realization, on waking next morning, was that it was raining. What a driving against her window—open top and bottom! Dressing table was sure to be soaked. Couldn't be helped. And then she heard a knocking at her door, and called "Hullo!"

"May I open it?"

"Why, come in, Uncle Ron. It's all right."

"What a sleepy-looking person!" Her uncle's smile was genial, but there was something unusual in his face. He was untidy too. He had not shaved, or brushed his hair, and his collar and tie were in a wonderful muddle. "Had a good ten-hour snooze?"

He sank his hands into his pockets. "I say, Veronica, did you lose those duplicate keys of mine by any chance?"

Silence.

"I left them in London. They'll be here directly."

Morrit made a somewhat rueful grimace. "They've been here already—to Harbour Street, at least. They've unlocked the side door of the office, unlocked the strong boxes and one of the safes, and departed with about five hundred pounds in notes and eighteen hundred pounds' worth of securities—probably did the job in five minutes." He moved towards the window. "It's a particular nuisance about those securities. They belong to a friend of mine."

Veronica, with no recollection of having turned over, discovered that she was lying with her forehead on the pillow, with her mouth strained open and the fingers of one hand hooked hard over her lower teeth. She bit deliberately on the fingers. The pain made her writhe. She took away her hand.

"If you'll—go down to the library," she muttered—"give me a minute—to collect thoughts—and garments, I'll come."

As the door closed she hudded her hands, splint bandage and all, beneath her chin, stretched to her utmost, and lay rigid, teeth clenched, eyes shut.

After a space she remarked huskily, "If you'd known how jolly bad I should feel, Derek, I don't believe you could have done it."

With a vicious twist she got out of bed. She fastened on a white skirt, slid into a blue kimono, and, bare-footed, hair in sundry plaits, went to the library, quiet, cold rage in her eyes, and, as it proved, not a falter in her voice—for a time.

"I was with Derek Smith yesterday," she said, sitting down. "I've gone up to see him—always."

Uncle Ron's face expanded. For an instant his lips were folded, and then he blew prolongedly.

"No need to tell your aunt," he said. "She'd only make an upset."

"I was in love with Derek—till five minutes ago." Veronica fingered her ring. "I'm sorry if it's a wicked thing to say, but I do wish I had died just before you knocked on my door this morning." Her breath came in a violent heave.

Uncle Ron looked at the ring. He moved over to her. She felt his hand on her shoulder.

"It is rough on the child. So Derek had the keys?"

She nodded.

"We'll let the matter drop," said Uncle Ron.

Staring vindictively at the carpet, Veronica turned and turned the ring. Her face began to flush.

"We won't. You've always been kind to me—incredibly kind in this minute, and I've been siding with him against you. I kept him out of The White Gate trap."

"You—you ——" Uncle Ron stuck, swayed her gently with his powerful hand, and then proceeded to chuckle. "I'll be ——" He laughed outright. "Thinking of Spen," he explained.

She was still speaking, her voice oddly monotonous.

"I'm siding with you now. Derek shan't have your money and things if I can prevent it. Derek's weak"—she rambled a little—"weak, you know. Oh, of course you knew that. I saw it the first day. He thought I oughtn't to be with him, but—but he let me stay . . . Weak—but only when it suits him. He wouldn't take me to France ——"

Uncle Ron's hand jumped.

"My dear, I haven't looked after you!" There was tremendous consternation in his tone.

"He wouldn't take me, because—of course—he didn't want me, didn't love me. He was just lying to me, just weakly making pretense to love, because, I suppose, he liked it. He might have remem—recollected I was such heaps younger than himself. . . . Then his money was going; there were difficulties. So when the keys gave him an idea he weakly yielded—preferred thieving to me. That's how things went, Uncle Ron." Her right hand moved to the chair arm; her nails began to work into the wood. "There's no reason to let Derek off; he's treated me pretty ——" Her breath came in another great heave; she nodded at the telephone. "Ring up the police or whatever're the right people. I'll tell you the name of his hotel—in a second. He'll have left there now, but it may help them to get on his track. Go on, Uncle Ron. I mean it."

"Oughtn't to let him have those securities." Her uncle walked to the telephone.

"Weyport fourteen," she heard him say.

That was the town clerk's private number, wasn't it? So the arrest would be organized by that little sn—— Her face sank between her hands; she began to cry silently, dazedly. She heard nothing with distinctness save presently her uncle's request for the hotel name, which she gave him, and, ages afterwards, the telephone bell as he rang off.

Then she stood up very suddenly, and made a step.

"Upstairs," she panted. "Feel awfully queer—can't breathe properly."

"Here!" vociferated Morrit, springing from his chair. "A great prize-fighter like you couldn't faint if —— Deuce! what a smash she's gone!"

"Feel pretty seasick," admitted Veronica, an hour and a half later. White, ringed about the eyes, still in her kimono, she sat with Uncle Ron by the telephone. "But," she added, "I won't lie down again till we have some news."

(Continued on Page 65)

NATIONAL MAZDA

Remember these Facts When You Buy Auto Lamps

There is the same need for care in the selection of automobile lamps that there is in the selection of tires or any other motor car necessity. It pays to remember:

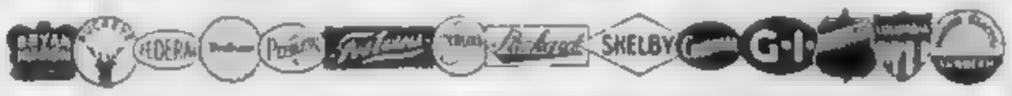
1—That accuracy—far more difficult to obtain in working with glass than in working with metals—is necessary to secure proper headlight focus and to eliminate glare.

2—That years of research work have been required to perfect the machines and processes used in the manufacture of accurate, dependable MAZDA automobile lamps.

3—That the majority of well known cars have National MAZDA automobile lamps as standard original equipment.

No car owner can escape the logic of these facts. You must conclude first, that accuracy is important, since the most accurate lamps are the ones most universally used; and second, that the research work is necessary, since the desired qualities could not have been obtained without it.

Only MAZDA lamps have the benefit of the research facilities that brought them to their present perfection. Only National MAZDA lamps have the name "National MAZDA" on the base. Be sure, therefore, when next you buy an automobile lamp that it has on its base the words "National MAZDA" and the correct MAZDA Lamp Number. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 304 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

A partial list of gasoline passenger cars on which National MAZDA automobile lamps are installed as initial equipment:

Allen	Franklin	Packard
American	Frontenac	Paige
Anderson	Grant	Pilot
Apperson		Porter
	H. C. S.	Premier
Beggs	Hanley-Knight	
Bowman	Haynes	R & V Knight
Buick	Holmes	Reo
Bush	Hudson	ReVere
Cadillac		Romer
Case	Jackson	Saxon
Chalmers	Kelsey	Sayers
Champion	Kline Kar	Seneca
Chandler	Kurtz	Stanwood
Cleveland	LaFayette	Stearns-Knight
Climber	Lincoln	Stevens-Duryea
Cole	Lorraine	Studebaker
Columbia	Maibohm	Stutz
Comet	Marmon	Templar
Crawford	Maxwell	Tulsa
Daniels	Metz	Velie
Davis	Mitchell	Vogue
Dixie Flyer	Moon	Washington
Dorris	Nash	Wasp
Dort	National	Westcott
Earl	Norwalk	Wills Sainte Claire
Elgin	Oldsmobile	
Elkhart		
Ferris		

Carry a set of extra lamps in this handy kit in the side pocket of your car.

AUTOMOBILE LAMPS

When He Comes to Your Door

WHEN this gentleman calls at your home, invite him to enter. He has expert knowledge of the hardest work you have to do as a housekeeper. Washing and ironing, cleaning and dusting—these are his specialty. His methods are new. At one-third the cost in Time, in Money and in Labor he can guarantee to you a cleaner home, cleaner clothes and household linens and more of them.

You will never regret listening to the message he brings you. In return for just a few minutes of your time he will give you hours—hundreds and thousands of hours—for rest, for recreation, for amusement and for self-culture. In fact, he will show how you can save 56¾ days every year by the use of these electrical appliances.

Give him the chance to mention the names of your own friends who will vouch for him. He is the personal representative of the leading electrical household appliance dealer in your neighborhood. Your entire life may be wonderfully changed by the things he will show you and tell you about the famous APEX Electric Suction Cleaner, the ROTAREX Electric Clothes Washer and the ROTAREX Home Double Roll Ironer. We invite you to write us for the name of our nearest distributor.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Factories and executive offices: 1011 East 61st Street

Canadian factory: Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Canadian Apex Distributing Co.

DEALERS: Investigate the Apex-Rotarex line—the only complete line manufactured by one company—the ROTAREX electric washer, the APEX vacuum cleaner and the ROTAREX Home double roll ironer.

We can use a few clean-cut men desiring to enter the selling profession. Previous selling experience unnecessary as we teach you our business under experts. If you can furnish good references, write us.

(Continued from Page 62)

She stared at a telegram in her lap:

"Haven't keys. So sorry. Will search on heath. Shall I advertise loss? D."

"Needn't have ended up on a big lie, need he?" she asked wearily. "For he can't intend to brazen it out." She looked at the telephone. "What a time they are letting us know! I expect he's got away."

"More than likely," said her uncle.

"Aunt Nell was very decent over it, don't you think?"

The telephone bell raced. Uncle Ron reached for the receiver.

"Jimmy? Well?" He listened for a while. "Right! See you directly." He put back the receiver. "They got him, Veronica—at the hotel."

She nodded, bending her head. Uncle Ron turned impatiently to the telephone. The bell, starting when he hung up the receiver, had not ceased to ring. He jerked the receiver hook.

The bell raced on.

"Can't they understand I've rung off!" He picked up the receiver. "You—Exchange! Why in blazes—eh? Oh, sorry. . . . Who? Colchester?"

Veronica, with no further interest in the telephone, stooped and pulled at one of the woolen slippers on her stockingless feet, and got up.

"Half a minute," Uncle Ron said to her, the receiver at his ear. Soon after he spoke into the telephone. "Very smart of your police. Many thanks. I'll motor right over."

He rang off, looking at Veronica. He had lost color considerably.

"The Colchester police ——" he said.

But she moved her head in appeal.

"Tell me later. I couldn't understand now." One of her feet turned over sideways, and back, over and back, nervily. Her blue eyes had a heavy stare. "I feel as if"—she passed her fingers across her eyes—"as if I shan't ever understand anything again. He's numbed me, being so shameful to me."

She breathed hard through her nostrils. "Oh, Derek!"

Uncle Ron stepped over and took her arm.

"You'll understand—and feel lots better. No silly self-reproaches, mind, though we have made a rare hash of things. The Colchester police rang up to say that they've just collared a man who has my five hundred pounds, the securities and the bunch of keys. He confessed everything at once. He found the keys on the ground in Liverpool Street station, read the office address on the tab, and took the eight o'clock train to Weyport."

"When the pennies fell out—I gave someone no end of a welt!"

Veronica laughed gayly, and then screamed, rocking in her uncle's hands, which had gripped her above the elbows.

"Whoa!" Uncle Ron shook her. "Attend to me! Derek'll be free in a day or two! Free! Understand that? He shall come before the Weyport magistrates—before me! I'll take care the swindling charge isn't proceeded with. There'll only be that policeman business. What'll he get for that? A paltry few days! Understand?"

But Veronica had quite ceased to understand.

Uncle Ron laid her on the floor and shouted, "Nell!"

▼

VERONICA stood amid the miniature trees in the hall of the Hotel Remember, with her eyes on the entrance doorway. The kitten of yore, stout in these days, purred somnolently yet anticipatingly at her feet. The arrival of Veronica meant that a plate of really choice viands would presently be placed before him. The plate appeared. Veronica spared one glance to note the commencement of the meal; then her eyes went back to the doorway.

Derek was coming here to meet her, straight from the fourteen days' imprisonment which had been his sentence. She had not seen him since that evening when she left him outside Liverpool Street station, that evening before his arrest. She was now facing, in her own phrase, a decidedly strenuous sort of moment. In fact, from head to foot she was in a quiet tremble. She had engaged a private sitting room on the ground floor. She was within easy retreating distance of it as she waited, wishing she could retreat to it forthwith but believing that Derek would be frightfully disappointed if he didn't catch sight of her as soon as he reached the threshold of the hall. Now and again her quivery fingers touched her hair. It was "up" for the first time in honor of the occasion.

Two taxis stopped outside. Wouldn't be Derek—just yet. There was a little influx of people—of luggage—and there *was* Derek, trying to edge past, smiling at her, with his eyes simply dancing.

She made a sign and slipped into the sitting room. Derek, following her, shut the door quickly; for Veronica, her forearms across her eyes, was crying—in great gasps. He took the forearms, kissed each, kissed the bandaged left-hand finger, and then parting the arms let them fold together again behind his head while his cheek pressed against a hot, already soaked cheek. Whispering, coaxing, saying that she would make him cry as well, he strove to calm Veronica, strove to brace her body—a big body, maybe, but seeming pitifully soft and defenseless in this stress—against the shock of her sobs. Fairly soon the sobs grew less rapid, grew gentler; but minutes passed before a coherent word came from Veronica.

"Swine—I am! Treacherous swine! Derek! Oh-h, Derek, why don't you fling me off—detest me?"

He whispered many reasons, and after a little she moved her head and with a sound that would have been a groan but for happiness in it rested her lips on his.

"But to think—of what I did!" She had put back her head. Tears were welling in her eyes again. "To think ——"

"Think of the great, black difficulty that's gone!" retorted Derek enthusiastically, joyously. "Think of that, you dear love!"

A smile wavered into her face at last.

"There's another great difficulty—nearly gone." She held him still more tightly, with her cheek to his. "Very nearly gone. Dad—he's coming here directly. Dad says—what I did—was so—so appallingly not cricket that perhaps, if you'd care to accept me—as a sort of apology from him and mum—from all three of us, he'll—let you have me."

Teton Mountains, From a Small Area of Jackson's Lake, Wyoming

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES

A few strokes on the strop—the blade is keen again

AS radical a departure as the first safety razor itself! No more of this spending good money for blades every little while! No more pulling and scraping to get the beard off with a half dull edge!

Hundreds of thousands of men are turning to the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the razor that sharpens its own blades.

A few strokes back and forth on the straight leather strop, and there's a new keen edge for your morning's shave. No knack needed! No bother! Strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

Every day in the week the Valet AutoStrop Razor gives that fine smooth shave—the kind that makes you smile when you stroke your chin.

And the money-saving! More than a solid year of smooth, clean shaves are guaranteed from every $1.00 package of blades. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Valet AutoStrop Razor for you today.

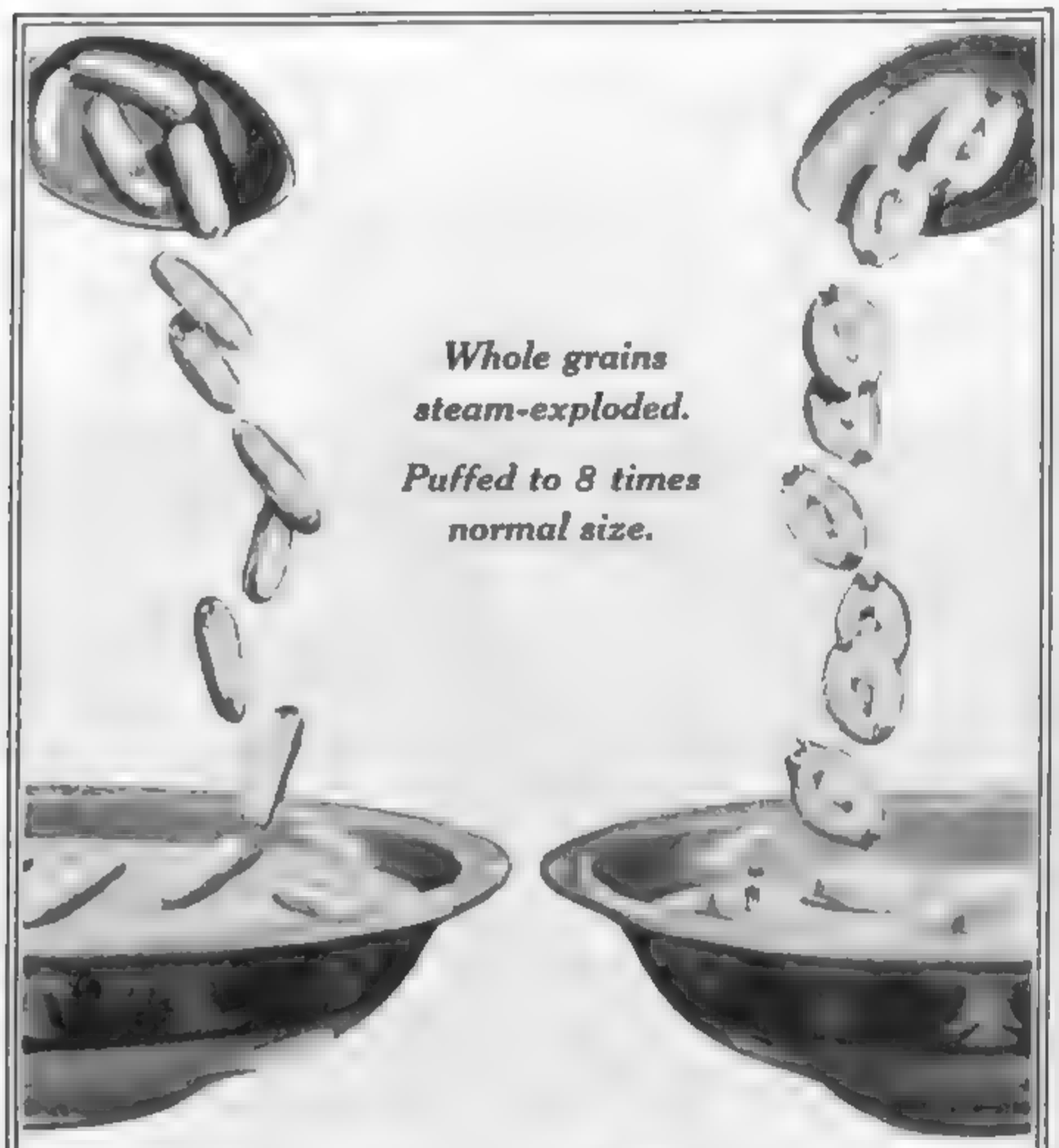
Valet AutoStrop Razor

Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case $5.00

Now also in a nickel plated model with strop and three blades for $1.00

Strops and blades may also be bought separately.

Saves constant blade expense



Whole grains steam-exploded.

Puffed to 8 times normal size.

One at Night

One in the morning

Make these all-day-long delights

Puffed Grains are the supreme breakfast dainties. Never was cereal food made half so enticing.

But that isn't all. Puffed Wheat in milk is a matchless dish for luncheon or for supper.

Puffed Rice, crisped and lightly buttered, is an afternoon delight. And on desserts, like ice cream, it tastes like bubbled nuts.

Think what puffing does

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. They are steam exploded—shot from guns.

Every food cell is blasted. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Digestion is made easy and complete. Every element in the whole grain is fitted to feed.

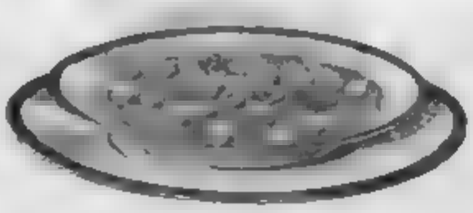
Thus one gets whole-grain nutrition—16 needed elements. All can be assimilated.

Puffed Grains are tidbits, flimsy and flavory. The texture is like snowflakes, the taste like toasted nuts.

But, above all that, they are scientific foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Let children eat all they will.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**



In Your Soups

Airy, toasted wafers, ever ready

Mix With Fruits

These toasted bubbles add a nut-like blend

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Camper's Coffee

TO ME the most important item of food on a camping expedition is coffee. There is nothing quite so stimulating or warming as a good cup of coffee in the morning or when you are tired. There is nothing in the world so unsatisfying as a bad cup of coffee. Badly made coffee always makes me sick. In the woods there is a long-standing argument as to whether coffee or tea is better for a man after physical exertion. Personally I prefer coffee. I believe that a majority of woodsmen, except in the far north, will agree with me. Up there they insist on tea. If you ever tasted the watery stuff they brew as coffee you would also insist on tea.

On one trip in Nova Scotia the Indian guides tried to please us with coffee one morning. Just one taste and we drank tea for the rest of the trip. Every guide up there carries a teakettle on his back. Instinctively he seems to know just when you are getting tired and suggests building a fire and "bilin' kittle." We grew to like this, but my, how we did enjoy a cup of real coffee on the train when we started south!

I have found that about one man in fifty knows how to make good coffee. I will take a chance on saying that about the same percentage of families have good coffee at their homes. I don't know if this is due to carelessness or to the fact that they do not know what good coffee is.

It requires very little more trouble to make good coffee than to make bad coffee. In a camp, of course, it is not practicable to have drip coffee or to use a percolator. But there are other ways. The main idea is to buy a very good blend of coffee to start with, and then use plenty of it. That old idea of using one tablespoonful of ground coffee to each cup won't always work. I've often wanted to know who started that tradition anyway. It may do for some people, but it doesn't suit me. I've found that it didn't suit the fellows with me either.

A better plan is to keep on using ground coffee until you have enough to make it as strong as you like. When you think you have enough I would even suggest that you use a little more. If you think it too strong for your health, why, drink less of it. But don't spoil the coffee. Others may not be so particular about their health. A small cup of coffee is much better for you than two or three large cups of sweetened, muddy water.

One of the best ways of making coffee over an ordinary fire is to fill the pot about three-quarters full of cold water. Pour in a cupful or two of ground coffee, covering the water until you can no longer see it. Let this come to a boil. The moment it starts to boil over pour in a few spoonfuls of cold water with just a bare pinch of salt. Then set the pot to one side and let it simmer. It will settle as clear as wine. The longer it stands the stronger it will be. If you see traces of the oil of coffee on top of your cup you may know you have good coffee.

Never heat coffee over or use the grounds a second time. Always make it fresh and have the pot clean. That's the trick.

By accident we discovered another good way once while on a boat. We had put ground coffee in the bottom of a pot to save trouble in the morning. In some way a little water had got in the pot, and the coffee had soaked all night, until the grains were swollen. The next morning we poured in cold water and boiled it in the usual way. The soaking had drawn the substance from the coffee and it was delicious.

There is still another method, commonly employed around fishing shacks. I do not think it is so good as the others, but it has the advantage of speed. Place a cup and a half of ground coffee in the bottom of a pot and pour in enough boiling water to cover it—just at the moment it begins to boil. Let this set, and then pour in more hot water. Sometimes it works well and sometimes it doesn't. You'll have to gamble.

The tiny bit of salt helps any coffee—gives it a tang or snap. But don't use too much. If in doubt don't use it at all.

I certainly would like to see all the campers have a good time this summer. They'll do it, too—if they use plain common sense and don't try to be Daniel Boone in two weeks.

Mange in Dogs

HAS your bird dog or your house dog picked up a case of mange? If so go to a good veterinary. If you have none get one of the standard remedies. You can perhaps profit by a little knowledge of home treatment. An English veterinarian's book recommends sulphur, two ounces, lard, two ounces, carefully rubbed in. A stubborn case would perhaps do better on one ounce oil of tar and twenty ounces of whale oil. Red mange, the skin disease which gives a red tint to the hair, is best treated, in the belief of that veterinary, by an application of one ounce of oil of juniper and four ounces of glycerin. The standard American remedies are good.

It is no use to treat a dog for mange unless you treat its bed also. Scald out the kennel thoroughly. When dry, swab it with a solution of an ounce of corrosive sublimate in a gallon of hot water. Move the dog to new quarters if possible.

Silver Trout

SURELY we do not lack in improvements on Nature. A sporting journal points out that a considerable amount of the so-called silver-trout eggs were in process of shipment to Eastern states by government authorities in exchange for the eggs of the brook trout of the East. The writer of the article is an angler of the state of Washington, and cautions Eastern stockers against having anything to do with the silver trout of the tributaries of the Columbia River. I do not know this fish, but it is said that it is a pygmy salmon, whose length when mature is only six or eight inches, and that the fish is utterly devoid of any game qualities.

"As a game fish for a sportsman," he says, "I should call him a flat failure, and as a food fish for real game fish worse than a failure. For such purposes a fish should be noncompetitive with the fish that he is intended to feed."

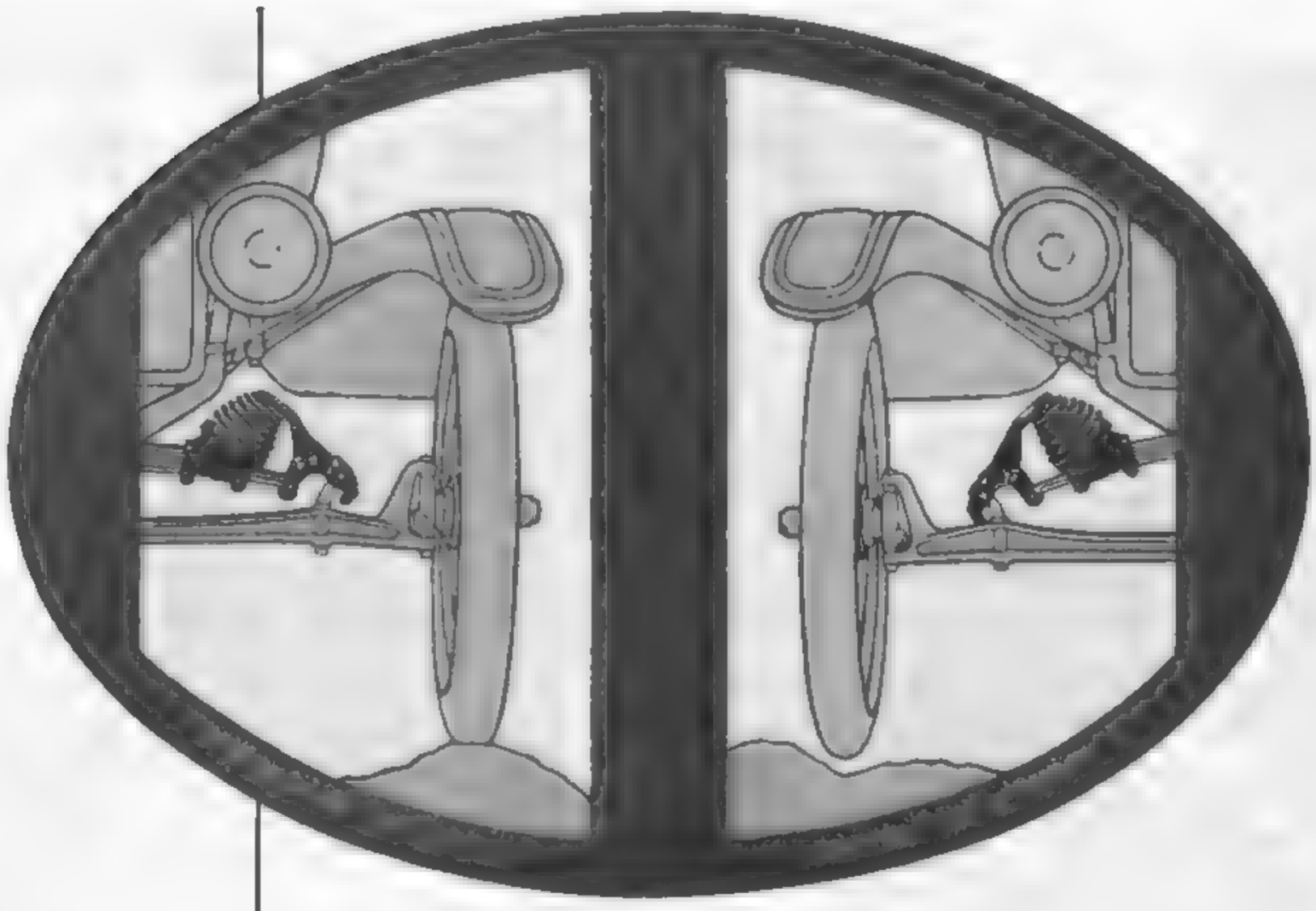
Indians point out that these silver trout "eat all the bugs up; by and by no trout in lake." They have protested against the planting of this fish in some of the waters in the Northwestern country, where they fish for the larger native trout. The Western writer is of the belief that Eastern sportsmen ought to beware of experiments of this nature, because the introduction of a strange species might be quite hurtful rather than helpful. The name of the silver trout is alluring, and it seems too bad that the creature cannot live up to its cognomen. Look before you leap in stocking a stream. Be sure you know what you want.

The Trophy Supply

ONE taxidermist firm in an Eastern city—not one of the largest of Eastern cities either—reports the past year as the banner year in the entire life of the firm. It received for mounting, tanning or other treatment a total of 5567 pieces. The owner thinks that this year will run fifty per cent higher in totals. There were 768 deer heads, 500 deer hides, 81 bear hides, 150 fox skins, and a great amount of other smaller game. This firm received for mounting a bald eagle with a wing spread of six feet five inches which, incidentally, was taken by a hunter and poisoner in South Dakota.

On the whole, it would seem that the demand on wild life for furs of every description is greater now than ever was known, and there are more wholesale campaigns of poison, side hunts, vermin campaigns, and the like, being waged now than ever were known against all our wild game animals. We would have all the game we really would need if the game had any sort of a chance. Of course, these tremendous figures on the part of taxidermists indicate an abnormal amount of killing, rather than a normal amount of game supply. The last year of the buffalo on the Western plains turned out more hides than any other year in all the skin-hunting days. The next year there were none.

In one trade paper I notice in one column eight advertisements of poisons for use by trappers. This poison idea seems to have sprung up within the last three or four years. It is spreading very fast, under national government encouragement. Ain't civilization wonderful?



HASSLER PACIFIC COMPANY
San Francisco Los Angeles, Cal
Seattle, Wash. Portland, Oregon
HASSLER COLORADO COMPANY
Denver, Colorado
HASSLER OKLAHOMA COMPANY
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
HASSLER DAKOTA COMPANY
Fargo, North Dakota
HASSLER TEXAS COMPANY
Dallas, Texas Houston, Texas
San Antonio, Texas
HASSLER NEBRASKA COMPANY
Omaha, Nebraska
HASSLER MISSOURI-KANSAS CO
Kansas City, Mo. St. Louis, Mo.
HASSLER IOWA COMPANY
Des Moines, Iowa
HASSLER MINNESOTA COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. St. Paul, Minn.
HASSLER SOUTH-EAST CO
Memphis, Tenn. Atlanta, Ga.
Birmingham, Ala. New Orleans, La.
HASSLER ILLINOIS COMPANY
Peoria, Illinois
HASSLER WISCONSIN COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
HASSLER CHICAGO COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois
HASSLER INDIANA COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana
HASSLER KENTUCKY COMPANY
Louisville, Kentucky
HASSLER OHIO COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio Cleveland, Ohio
HASSLER SALES AGENCY, INC.
Richmond, Virginia
HASSLER PENNSYLVANIA CO
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Baltimore, Md.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
HASSLER NEW YORK COMPANY
Newark, N. J. Syracuse, N. Y.
Paterson, N. J. Utica, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y.
Albany, N. Y. Troy, N. Y.
New York, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y.
Brooklyn, N. Y. Utica, N. Y.
HASSLER NEW ENGLAND CO
Boston, Massachusetts
J. W. Packwart & Co., Ltd.
Birmingham, England
for Britain & Ireland

The famous Hassler action does it

IT is the unique Hassler design—that makes so much difference in the way your Ford or Dodge Brothers car rides.

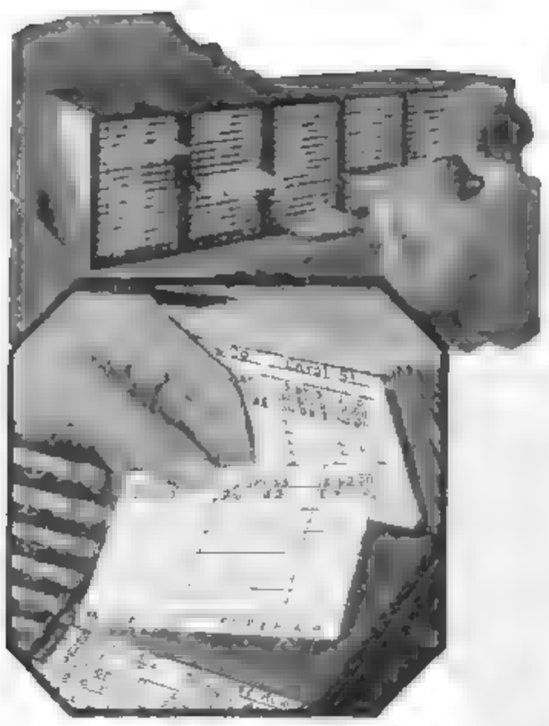
Hasslers cushion the bumps, check the upthrow and stop sidesway. They work on both upward and downward movements of the car body! And because Hassler Springs have been scientifically provided with the right degree of resilience for each model they do it thoroughly.

Hasslers absorb the heavy jolts that might cause breakage. Nuts stay tight longer. Repair and up-keep costs are minimized. Tires are saved. Less fuel is used.

To get Hassler results you must ride on Hasslers. That's why over a million cars are Hassler-equipped. Try them ten days at our risk. Ask your dealer.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC.
Indianapolis, U. S. A.
ROBERT H. HASSLER, LTD., *Hamilton, Ontario*

HASSLER
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Shock Absorbers
PATENTED



KARDEXING
Your Records
Will Increase Profit

60,000 Up-to-date Users in
Over 300 Lines of Business

With records Kardexed, 50 to 75% of your clerks' and executives' time is saved. Kardex your perpetual inventory, sales, advertising, production, payroll, ledger and credit records—take them out of their boxes and loose-leaf books—make them fool-proof. You can Kardex your present record card or use up-to-date Kardex forms.

When Kardexed, each record card is in its own transparent-tipped pocket—in sight always. Each steel unit Kardexes 500 to 3,000 of any size record cards or ledger sheets. By using backs of card holders, this capacity is doubled and two sets of records are combined in one. Kardex units stack together to hold any number of cards—hundreds or millions.

Write for KARDEX booklets. Send samples of cards you now use or ask for new Kardex card forms. If not convenient to write a letter, use the coupon below.

KARDEX

Card Record and System Authorities

217 Kardex Bldg., TONAWANDA, N. Y.

Visit displays at Kardex Bldg., 10 E. 44th St., New York City, 253 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, 213 Tremont Bldg., Boston, 461 Market St., San Francisco; 60 Front St. W., Toronto, 3 Holborn Viaduct, London; 10 Rue Notre Dame de Lorete, Paris. Branches in 72 cities. Look for Kardex in local telephone directory or ask your banker

District Managers Wanted

Men who have earned more than $5,000 as District Managers, or $2,500 as Salesmen; write for booklet "Your Opportunity."

COUPON FOR CATALOG OF KARDEX EQUIPMENT

Kardex, Tonawanda, N. Y.

Name _____

St. No _____

City _____

(Attach your present card forms or check for new Kardex forms ☐)

KARDEX
Cards in Sight

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Color

WHAT is it in the nature and temperament of certain races that makes them prefer certain colors? Why do Orientals select clear rich colors, and savages display a marked preference for brilliant hues? Centuries ago among the ancients there were schools of color. Green was dedicated to piety, black to intellect, white to inspiration and gold to understanding.

The average person remains faithful throughout life to the color or colors he first preferred. In other words, certain colors attract certain individuals. People respond to color as plants do to the sun. We are told that the colors of the surrounding landscape influence our lives by creating in us certain types of thought and varying degrees of mental and physical activity. A plant would be seriously injured by being subjected to the same degree of light continuously. The same thing is true of an individual, and for that reason the average person benefits largely through a change of environment which surrounds him with a new and different set of color waves. The city dweller who goes to the country and the ruralite who visits the city are likely to respond favorably to the changes in surrounding colors.

The progress of civilization represents a slow advance from an understanding of simple truths and elementary principles to an attempt to master such mysterious forces as light and electricity. We have now come to the science of color, which subject presents a field of interesting possibilities. In addition to its use in the art of illumination color is being applied to the treatment of human disease. It is likely that before many years intelligent people will seriously consider the hygienic value of colored lights the same as they do the health factor in proper ventilation at the present time. In the past we demanded that light should be given us in sufficient quantity; in the future we shall insist that it be of proper quality. Some day we shall look back with amazement on our present lighting practice, which condemns most human beings to live and work in a dead level of color which not only impairs personal efficiency but which injures human eyes and nerves. One reason for the health resulting from an outdoor life is that the individual is subjected to the ever-changing vibrations of Nature's color rays.

One of the pioneers in the rapidly expanding group of color scientists is Beatrice Irwin, whose research has been carried on in many parts of the world and whose work in this new art, or industry, has been recognized by various scientific and technical organizations. A talk with Miss Irwin developed a number of points that will be likely to interest many people.

There are three fundamental scales of color, reacting respectively on our physical, mental and nervous systems. Each one of these is divided, in turn, in accordance with its affective values, into sedative, recuperative and stimulant colors. Respiration is affected by color. The sedative colors induce deeper respiration; they soothe and calm us. The recuperative colors induce a more superficial or more even respiration; they equalize and refresh us. The stimulant colors excite a more rapid respiration; they quicken our activities. The sedative, recuperative and stimulant colors of the three systems are classified as follows:

The Physical	The Mental	The Nervous
SEDATIVE	SEDATIVE	SEDATIVE
Lead Gray	Olive Green	Moonlight Blue
Prune		
Terra Cotta		
Moss Green		
RECUPERATIVE	RECUPERATIVE	RECUPERATIVE
Golden Brown	Rose Madder	Orange
Turquoise	Fawn	Flame Rose
	Royal Blue	
	Emerald Green	
STIMULANT	STIMULANT	STIMULANT
Vermilion	Violet	Eau de Nil
	Chrome	Mauve
		Citron
		Azure Blue

The theory is that people lean toward those colors which represent qualities or aspirations in which they are deficient. The people of primitive races prefer the hard, brilliant, mental colors. Individuals or races handicapped physically show an affinity for the colors which represent physical power, while as a general rule people who are highly materialistic turn to the nervous, or spiritual colors, which furnish the vibrations in which they are lacking.

The retina of the eye, color scientists affirm, is capable of only three color sensations—blue, red and yellow. All other sensations result in combinations of these colors. Each eye has an individual appreciation of color; the left eye generally prefers physical and the right eye mental colors. The nervous or spiritual colors are actually intensities of vibration, and are discerned by most people in a diffused sensation rather than as an actual vision. Each individual responds more quickly to colors with which his own development is concerned.

Many people are deeply affected by displays of color without noting or analyzing the reaction on the human system. Certain colors make one draw a deep breath, as if one were drinking in those colors. Sometimes we observe a color scheme that makes us hold our breath, or perhaps causes an involuntary exclamation. Frequently a vision of color unfolds before us, and the sensation causes us for an instant to remain speechless, and our eyes involuntarily close. Such is the effect on many urban dwellers when they view the pool of color which opens before them at the seashore after many months spent in the city.

Red has been called a stimulant, blue a sedative and green an exhilarating color. The modern belief is that red can be recuperative, blue a stimulant and green a sedative, according to the composition of these three colors or their combination with other colors. It should be remembered that the terms "red," "blue" and "green" are only symbols for long ranges of vibratory phenomena.

The use of color in the preservation and restoration of health is gaining recognition in many quarters. Screens and color filters which absorb certain color rays and allow other rays to pass through are being employed in the treatment of diseases of the eyes and the nerves. There are good reasons for the statement that a change of color is often of as much benefit to an invalid or convalescent as a change of air. The green of the ocean or of the woods is a physical sedative, soothing nerves and giving fresh life to people who are mentally tired. In medicine, reds, greens and yellows are the most powerful in healing properties. The records show that insomnia and dipsomania have been materially relieved by color treatments. Practically all the color cures are based on the therapeutic effect of light when filtered through color mediums. Since respiration is affected in different ways by different colors, it follows that color science may be used in the treatment of various nervous conditions, such as shell shock and other inflammatory nervous ailments.

The most immediate use of color rays, however, is in the illumination of our homes, offices and public buildings. One authority says, "The lighting of the future which does not take into account the value of color effects may be likened to a scheme of decoration in black and white—a scheme that is sufficient and satisfactory only to those who are color-blind." Since the absolute necessities of lighting, especially in the matter of quantity, have now been supplied, the time is opportune for the development of a decorative art in illumination. We have reached the day when we must have lighting artists as well as illuminating engineers. Lighting schemes in our homes and offices will be carried out in accordance with plans which take into account the effects of the light rays on health and efficiency. Most everyone is aware that opaque colors such as those on walls and ceilings exert an influence on the temperament of people; luminous colors have far more decided affective powers than those which are nonluminous. A discriminating alliance of color with illumination is becoming a constructive necessity.

Because of the large item of cost many people cannot afford to redecorate their homes and offices at frequent intervals. However, when we acquire a better understanding of color science and the application of its principles to illumination we shall be able to remove much of the depression caused by the monotony of light and color that now surrounds us. The rooms in our homes will radiate sedative, recuperative or stimulant colors, according to their location and use or the demands of any occasion. The color schemes in bedrooms will be sedative and recuperative, while hall entrances and reception rooms, instead of being somber, will be alive with stimulant colors.

In the future illumination will no longer be the outcome of mechanical minds. In considering every lighting scheme the engineer or artist will carefully consider the psychological as well as the physiological value of color. Though we shall have diffused, semi-indirect lighting for the first or general installation, we shall also have side lights -possibly globes sunk in the wall—to give us color effects. Though the primary installation will be tinted to produce the proper vibratory color values in a room, the tint will be so delicate as to be unobtrusive. The globes or lamps producing the color effect will be likely to be located in natural recesses of shadow, and if such do not exist in a room they can be created by masses of silk, which has high reflective value. The impression received should be from the color itself rather than from the fixture. In future lighting installations, especially in ballrooms, pools of colored light will be installed in the floor under glass translucencies.

In the to-morrow of lighting, when color rays will have become an important factor in most illumination schemes, careful attention will be given to seeing that the colors in the plan are well balanced. For example, if a room is worked out in sedative gray for the first or primary installation, the illumination engineer will see that the secondary installation consists of such colors as recuperative orange and stimulant green. Lighting installations which completely eliminate shadows will be regarded as bad engineering, especially in sick rooms. Shadows reduce monotony and relieve eyestrain. In schemes where the light is reflected through a room from pools in the floor the owner will be able to change the color of each pool whenever he desires.

The whole subject of the color qualities of light is intensely interesting, and will prove a fruitful field of study for investigating minds. Let those who deny that color rays have an effect on people prove the strength of their opinion by experimenting first with animals. One simple test is to climb the fence of a pasture and wave a red flag at an observing bull.

There is much we have yet to learn concerning light and its effect on life. Compared with the lower animals man is possessed of limited powers of vision. Above the absolute zero of temperature all bodies continuously radiate rays of light, invisible to humans, except when reënforced by daylight, but doubtless perceptible to many animals and birds. The phosphorescent qualities of the eyes of a cat, so apparent at night, doubtless enable the animal to see the invisible rays that all objects emit. The cat can clearly see the outlines of the bodies of other animals in the black of night, whereas human eyes would not be able to discern the long wave radiations from these same objects at all.

Some day there will be rooms dedicated to certain color schemes, so that regardless of season or location the dweller in the city will be able to surround himself with the green of the forest or the blue of the sea.

Eventually, when women understand the full value of color as a force of attraction, men will be more helpless than ever in resisting the artifices of the fair sex. In that day many people will surround themselves, physically and mentally, with colors whose potencies they desire. Also, in the future, we shall profit greatly through our better understanding of how colorful Nature, coöperating with climate, has molded the temperaments of peoples and largely shaped the destinies of the races of the earth.

SEIBERLING CORDS

From Bead to Bead—the Same Tough Tread

When your wheel drops into a rut or grazes a curb, your tire is all tread.

If the side-wall of your casing has less resistant qualities than good *tread* qualities, it is right there and then that you pay for any real or assumed saving by the use of somewhat less expensive side-wall material.

Seiberling Cords have the same kind of rubber—"tread-stock", we call it—from bead to bead. It is thicker, of course, at the center, where most of the wear comes, but is one and the same tough piece throughout—built to take the hard rubs and the hard knocks and the sharp stones and bits of glass with least injury.

There is no joining of two pieces of surfacing material, so that there can not be any separation of the tread from the side-wall such as you often notice in looking at a car standing by the curb.

This one Seiberling Cord feature is a good illustration of the principles you'll find in all other points of construction, which will be fully explained in subsequent advertisements.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

"A Tire that Will be Known Everywhere"

TO TIRE DEALERS: Seiberling Cords and Tubes are distributed through regular retail channels. We desire to establish connections with good business men who agree with us that high-grade products, a policy of selected and not closely competitive distribution, and service to the user form the right basis for a lasting and mutually profitable relationship. Write or wire Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

"CORDS ONLY": Seiberling Tires are Cords only. All Tires, Tubes and other products carrying the Seiberling name and trade-mark are of one grade only—as good as we can make it.

SEIBERLING TUBES: Seiberling Tubes, like Seiberling Cords, are of "one grade only, as good as we can make it". They are heavy, large tubes, of long-lived "pure gum, floating stock", and should last as long as the casing itself.

Tomato Soup
10c per can
at your grocers

Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans
Spaghetti
Evaporated Milk
Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne
Salad Dressing
Mustard Dressing
Catsup, Etc., Etc.

Prize French Recipes

From Hotel Ritz,
with American perfections

YEARS ago, a famous chef from Hotel Ritz in Paris came to the Van Camp kitchens. He had won prizes in French culinary contests. And he brought his finest recipes for Soups.

But here we employ scientific cooks—men with college training. We use exacting methods. Materials are selected by analysis. Countless blends are tested to get the ideal flavor.

Then every detail is fixed in the formula. So every soup is always like the model soup adopted.

And here, to get the home flavor—to make the soups as you would—we employ a Domestic Science expert of nation-wide repute.

Combined skill

So the chef made up his recipes. Our culinary experts studied months to perfect them. The final result was soups much finer than one ever makes by guess.

Those Van Camp Soups are now delighting millions. They bring to homes the finest soups produced—a new conception in exquisite flavors.

Try them, in fairness to yourself and us. One serving will induce you to adopt Van Camp's. And it will induce you, we think, to try some other examples of our matchless cookery.

They will come to you from the finest kitchen in the world, from master cooks; and you'll enjoy them.

As a test ask your grocer to send you Van Camp's Tomato Soup today.

Van Camp's

HENRY GETS AN ASSIST

(Continued from Page 39)

worst of all insults, burned the ball through with everything he had.

"No use," said Henry finally. "The fast ball ain't there. I can throw harder'n that with my left hand, and I never used it for slingin', either."

At this the boy caved in, covering up his discomfiture with a sickly attempt at a smile

"How old d'you say you was?" Henry asked, putting his mitt on again.

"Nineteen—uh—that is, almost," McCormick answered.

"Atta boy!" yelled Henry loudly. "Le's see what yuh got! C'mon, boy, shoot!"

That evening McCormick approached Manager Barnes in front of the hotel. He was a very much discouraged youngster.

"Say," he said, "can't you make that old bum lay offa me? He thinks his job consists of ridin' me all the time. If he don't cut it out I'm through. I'll quit the job."

"Suit yourself, son," Barnes replied, blowing smoke rings. "But remember, you asked for work. I never sent out any searching parties to find you, did I?"

"Aw, say ——" the kid began.

"Now, wait a minute," Barnes continued. "What you need is to keep still and learn something from the old bum."

"Why, he wouldn't tell me anything if his life ——"

"Yes, he would," Barnes cut in. "He told me a while ago he thought you had the stuff. And listen! If anybody in the world can make a pitcher outa you, old Henry Hammond's the guy to do it. Now you run along to bed and do what you're told."

Began, then, a thorough course of schooling for pitchers. Young Charley McCormick did not get into another game for three weeks, even to finish a loser. The reason was that after his forenoon workout and another session in the afternoon before game time he was so utterly weary he had nothing left. An hour every morning he worked at fielding bunts and hard grounders, playing every ball as if a pennant depended on it. Barnes swung the bat and old Henry Hammond egged him on. A half hour every morning he worked on a snap shot to first base, the only variation being a shot to third, also for the purpose of picking a runner off the bag.

Another half hour he spent pitching to Hammond, learning to put his weight into every ball. This was the only phase of the task over which old Henry was not enthusiastic.

"The kid will be a world-beater fieldin' his position," he confided to Barnes. "And he can take a runner offa first or third now with anybody. But he can't throw as hard as Bryan tried to keep from bein' President of the U. S. A."

"He's gotta throw, though, to be a pitcher," and Barnes grinned.

"So I'm gonna make a slow-baller outa the kid."

"Yeah, but even a slow-baller has got to have something else," said Barnes.

"This kid will have a slow ball," Henry replied, "and for a change of pace he'll have a slower one. You watch him!"

Barnes watched him. He saw Henry show the boy how to hold his fingers to throw a slow ball. He saw him demonstrate the body action, the shoulder motion and the position of the feet. He saw Henry show the kid a fast motion for a slow ball, and a slow motion for the same delivery. When all these were mastered he watched the old ketcher show the boy how to throw a slow curve, as well as a slow straight ball that floated on the air like a cork on a canal.

The longer they worked the more enthusiastic old Henry became. The boy went into his task with a dogged perseverance; but Henry, laboring just as hard, was strangely jubilant for one of his years and gnarled experience. What Barnes did not notice was a growing affection on the part of Henry Hammond for young McCormick. The kid had dropped his resentment, but held aloof from the old-timer as if while tolerating the discipline and schooling he did not intend to let anybody think he liked it or his teacher. He had taken the chip off his shoulder, but he seemed to carry it handy in his pocket. Old Henry went about his work in a benign manner that took no notice of the boy's feelings.

Presently Barnes began to be impatient. He was carrying McCormick as an extra, and one salary more in the minors makes a difference.

"Say, Henry," said the manager, "isn't that kid about ready with his slow ball?"

"Just about," Henry replied. "I was goin' to ask you to use him in the morning game on the Fourth."

"Good enough! We'll give him a chance. If he can come through—fine! If he can't it's curtains for him," said Barnes. "He's costin' us money."

"He'll deliver," Henry declared confidently. "And say, Mike," he added after a moment, "I didn't tell yuh about this boy. But since the papers told about me some time back ——"

"Yes, and I told them, and it helped boost the crowds," Manager Barnes interrupted.

"Well, you can tell 'em that this kid is old Charley McCormick's boy," said Henry quietly.

"What?" Barnes almost yelled. Henry nodded. "Gangway, gangway! Lemme get to a telephone! I'll tell the papers that, and we won't be able to hold the crowds!"

Barnes hustled off toward the ball-park office. Managers in the minors have to think of many things other than hits and errors.

The youngster did deliver, thanks to some hard hitting and good fielding behind him, brainy support by old Henry Hammond, and his own sharp fielding. A great crowd was out rooting for him and Henry, before the other Tots. He was a happy kid that evening.

"Not so bad, not so bad," conceded Henry when McCormick asked him how he had done. "You were not as good as you will be with another game or two under your arm."

The boy swore at the ketcher under his breath, denouncing him for an old crab. But he changed his tune soon afterward when Manager Barnes told him that Hammond had asked to have him as his roommate for the coming road trip. He hunted up the old ketcher.

"Say, I'm much obliged," he said awkwardly. "The boss just said you wanted me to bunk with yuh on the trip, and I'll be glad to. Mighty nice of yuh."

"Forget it!" Henry replied.

"But, Henry," said the boy, "is this stuff in the paper here I've just read, about you and my dad, right? Did you used to ketch him?"

"Don't know what the paper says," Henry replied. "But many's the game I've been in there with old Charley McCormick."

"Why didn't you tell me about it long ago?"

"Never just got around to it, I guess. Why? What difference does it make? This is a different league."

"Nothing, except I've sworn I'd never be friends with any friends of my old man," the boy said bitterly.

Henry thought a long time before he replied.

"There's more'n one kind of friend, boy."

Henry learned by judicious questioning why the boy was trying to become a baseball player. McCormick told, a little at a time, how his father had left his mother when he was a baby, and had later died somewhere in the Northwest. His mother, he said, had kept him in school because she did fairly well with a little millinery shop she owned in Woonsocket. She even sent him to college for one year. But then business got bad and he had to drop out. Now she was barely able to get by herself. In fact he wanted to make as much money as he could, to repay her and take care of her. It was a rough job though. Henry betrayed no knowledge of his own.

"But why did you wanta play ball?" he asked.

"High wages. Anyway, everybody said a good ball player could make a lot of money."

"Good ones, yeah," Henry grunted. "But most of 'em don't keep it."

"Well, I'm gonna get into the big leagues, or quit and go into something where I can get over," the boy declared. "I've got to make good and make money both, that's all. My mother's not gonna be thrown down by two men of the same name, not if I know it."

His blue eyes flashed and his jaws set as he spoke, but Henry did not notice. He was blowing his nose, and when he finished that he had to clear his throat.

"Fine!" he said finally, in a voice that may have been a little husky. "That's the stuff, boy! I'm for yuh. But don't be too rough on your old man, son. He was one good guy."

He slapped McCormick on the shoulder and walked away.

Young Charley McCormick won four games in a row on the road for the Tots, and fans and newspapers all over the Middle West talked of the new edition of McCormick and Hammond. It was a bigger sensation than that caused by the effort of Peeka-boo Veach's boy to break into baseball at Indianapolis, where the old-time slugging second baseman got his start. On the way back to Terre Haute Henry Hammond asked Manager Barnes for permission to take two days off. Barnes was reluctant, but agreed when Henry suggested he might be able to sell a pitcher to one of the big-league managers.

"Ross?" asked Barnes.

"Nope."

"Not Smith?"

"Well, mebbe," Henry said.

"Who, then?"

"Why, prob'ly McCormick."

"Who're you kiddin', Henry? That swell-headed kid can't pitch for marbles."

"But you'd sell him, wouldn't yuh, Mike?"

"Sure, but if he ever gets to the big time he'll blow like a toy balloon in a baby's hands."

Henry did not pause to argue the point, but took his two-day vacation. He journeyed to St. Louis, and forgathered with Bill Higgins, manager these many years of the Royals. Traditionally strong and traditionally winners, the Royals were fighting their way to another pennant and another world series. Bill Higgins, a rough character of the days when baseball was played on the diamond instead of in the sport pages and the movies, was an old friend of Henry. He had played third base for years on the club for which McCormick and Hammond had worked. Higgins was a quick-spoken, cocksure fellow.

"Don't need any," was his answer to Henry's query about pitchers.

"Also you don't need to breathe," Henry countered.

"Air's free," said Higgins, and laughed. "But listen, Henry, why don't you see Charley Earle? He needs pitchers terrible, and would buy if you tipped him off to something good."

Henry Hammond unbosomed himself then at great length. He included several facts, among them the fact that he had never delivered Higgins a lemon; also the fact that he knew a pitcher when he saw one; also the fact that every cussed one of the pitchers he had tipped off to Higgins, four in all, had made good.

"I ain't arguin' any o' them things, Henry," Higgins said. "All I'm sayin' is I don't need a pitcher. Go see Charley Earle."

"But you do need this one," Henry insisted patiently. He proceeded then to sell his goods. "Why don't yuh ask me what I've got?" he demanded. "Tell me yuh don't want it when you don't know what it is! Listen! Suppose I told yuh I got the pitcher yuh may need to win this here series this fall. What then, hey?"

"I'd have to laugh, Henry. I got eleven pitchers now."

"You wouldn't laugh near as loud as people laugh when they think about yuh gettin' into the series again," declared Henry, warming to his task. "Lemme tell yuh something, Bill. If you'd think about this series before the darn games was starin' yuh right in the face mebbe your club would win once in a while."

"I never noticed you leadin' any ball clubs into the series," said Higgins, hotly resentful.

"No, but that ain't no sign I can't lead one little idea up to a series and make it work."

"Oh, well, what yuh got on your chest? Shoot! But I'm not gonna buy, and you can make up your mind to that."

"Listen, Bill! I'm gonna sell you a pitcher. Le's look at this thing a minute. You got eleven pitchers," Henry began slowly.

(Continued on Page 73)

The trademark of the Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Engraved by TIMOTHY COLE

A policy bearing the trademark of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company is an absolute guarantee that the financial loss by fire will be repaid. Furthermore, this company reduces chance of fire, for, at no extra cost, the Hartford offers its policy-holders the co-operation of trained Fire Prevention Engineers. Over a century of business integrity testifies to the Hartford's ability and willingness to fulfill its promises.

There's a Hartford agent near you

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

The Grand Prize Cleaner

Winner of Grand Prize at Panama Pacific Exposition, at Buenos Aires, at Milan, and Para Highest Award at Amsterdam

THE spontaneous and widespread enthusiasm accorded the new 1922 model Eureka has strengthened our belief that this improved Eureka is the finest vacuum cleaner engineering skill has yet produced.

Of the thousands who have already seen the new model since its introduction, none, we are convinced, had ever witnessed such an amazing demonstration of deep, thorough cleaning power, effortless operation, and ease in using attachments to clean portières, mattresses, and upholstered furniture.

For the new Eureka embodies sound refinements of design and construction that make it even more efficient, more dependable, more beautiful and easier to use than any previous model—*yet the previous Eurekas were awarded more international grand prizes and highest awards of merit than all other portable electric cleaners combined!*

See the superb new Eureka in operation! Observe the effect of its many refinements and improvements! Watch how quickly the most deeply embedded dirt is removed—how easily lint, hairs, and surface litter are swept up—how simply the attachments are connected and how perfectly they utilize the unsurpassed suction!

Eureka dealers will gladly make just such demonstration of the new model. Write us for name of the one nearest you.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England

(32)

Nozzle cut away to show how the Eureka suction cleans the thickest rug to its entire depth

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER

The detachable sweep or dust brush can be instantly snapped into position when required

(Continued from Page 71)

"Every durn one of 'em's a fast-ball pitcher, right or left hander. Is any one of the lot a slow-ball pitcher?"

"Why, I wouldn't have a man on my club that couldn't throw a slow ball!" Higgins exclaimed.

"Throwin' a slow one don't make a man a slow-ball pitcher," said Henry with conviction. "I'm talkin' about a slow-ball pitcher. Now listen! Have you figured on the teams yuh may have to play in this series? I'll answer that myself. They tell me the Whales are done, leavin' the Terriers and the Red Men to fight it out. Well, look at them two teams."

"Sumpin to look at, I'll say!" muttered Higgins.

"Oh, I don't know! Wouldn't yuh say they're both free-swingin' clubs? Neither one's got a real smart hitter on it. Every durn one of 'em likes to lay back and take his swing from his heels to hell an' gone. Ain't that right?"

"Yeah," Higgins admitted grudgingly.

"Well, that's why I'm sellin' yuh a slow-ball pitcher."

"Who said you was sellin' me a slow-ball pitcher?" Higgins demanded warily.

"I did. And I've got two more things to say before we make a deal. You're gonna sign me up so's to have me eligible for the series. Go ahead now and laugh, before I finish what I'm sayin'!" He paused while Higgins let out a yell. Then he continued. "This boy I'm gonna sell yuh is a little, undersized, left-handed slow-baller. His name"—and here he paused again, while Higgins held up both hands in horror—"his name," Henry continued, "is McCormick—Charley McCormick."

He eyed Higgins closely and Higgins stared at him in disbelief.

"Why, Charley's gone long ago—passed out!" Higgins began.

"That's right," Henry agreed. "His boy."

They were silent for some little time, Higgins thinking back into the past, Henry into the future.

"McCormick and Hammond," said Higgins soberly. "McCormick and Hammond, Waddell and Schreck, Brown and Kling, Young and Criger, and—McCormick and Hammond. Henry, that's been a long while."

When Henry Hammond took the night train back to Terre Haute the next evening he had sold Bill Higgins one pitcher and one ketcher, to be kept up the sleeve as an ace for the series in which they were sure to take part. Higgins agreed to say nothing of the deal publicly, and Henry resolved to mention it to no one but Mike Barnes, the Tots' manager.

At home with the club, he obtained Barnes' agreement to keep the news from young McCormick, with the thought that the boy would develop better and be more likely to escape swelled head if he knew nothing of the sale.

Then began the second phase of Charley McCormick's education. If he had thought he had been hazed, the boy must have decided that the next three weeks was one continuous tornado. The work he had done on joining the club seemed play compared to what he went through now. Never was a more relentless taskmaster than old Henry Hammond. At home and abroad, morning and afternoon, the boy toiled to meet the exacting demands of the old ketcher. Besides laboring manfully to develop his stuff, as Henry called it, McCormick started three games of his own, and slow-balled his way to victory in two of them.

More than that, he finished two games in which a pair of the Tots' speed boys had been knocked out of the box.

McCormick could not help boiling over under the strain. Once during the late innings of a game he decided to use his own judgment in pitching to a batter instead of relying on Henry. He shot a fast ball, or what was intended to be a fast ball, when Henry had asked him for a slow curve. The hitter looked it over without offering to swing, but Henry turned to the bench and wigwagged Barnes to call in another pitcher from the bull pen.

"What's the big idea?" demanded McCormick sullenly, on the bench when the inning ended.

"Wanted yuh to take time out where yuh could remember who gives the signals," replied Henry laconically.

"Where do you get off, yuh big stiff? Only guy on this club can tell how to pitch to a hitter?"

Henry ignored him then, but that night he reminded the boy very pointedly, but without heat, that the way to get ahead in baseball is to play the game according to orders. Next morning Charley was still rebellious.

"Field 'em yourself, old-timer," he called airily when, in fielding practice, Henry was driving him harder than ever, handling bunts for throws to first and third. "If you wasn't so old and stiff you could pick 'em up yourself, right there by the plate."

"Come on, get this one!" yelled Henry, ignoring the remark. Charley came up fast, scooped the ball on the jump and made a snap shot to third. Then, standing near the plate, he said:

"I'm wise to you, yuh big stiff. If you wasn't dead from the neck down yuh could move around fast enough to field 'em yourself. I don't see yuh makin' Ross and Smith and the big fellows field your bunts for yuh."

"No, and I don't see him tryin' to chase them into any big leagues either, you little tramp!" barked Barnes, who was hitting to the infielders. "Go on back out there, now, and do what you're told!"

Henry said nothing. McCormick cooled off before the day was over, but, like a spoiled child, did not take the trouble to apologize. Shortly after that Barnes broke the news to the youngster that he had been sold to the Royals, to report the first week in August. Henry was not around at the time, and did not see Barnes until late in the evening.

"Told the kid this afternoon," said Barnes.

"Yeah? How'd he take it?"

"Wanted to laugh or cry or something. Finally started to kiss me, but I walloped him one."

"Where is he?" asked Henry.

"Don't know."

Henry started a search for McCormick, going first to a rooming house where the boy had been living, and then to the hotel pool room downtown where the younger ball players loafed. Charley was not there, and neither was any other of the Tots' line-up. It was an hour before Henry found him with some of the younger and wilder Tots in a bootlegging drug store on the outskirts of Terre Haute. He had almost to carry the boy out and drag him home.

There was one other occasion of the same sort. It came a month later when the pair had been sitting on the Royals' bench day after day until they were in danger of wearing out the seats of their uniforms. They were rooming together, and Charley had been behaving himself, realizing that old Henry had been responsible for his opportunity in the majors. One night the boy went out alone. Henry found him at midnight in a soft-drink saloon, drinking harder drinks than were sold when all drinks were hard.

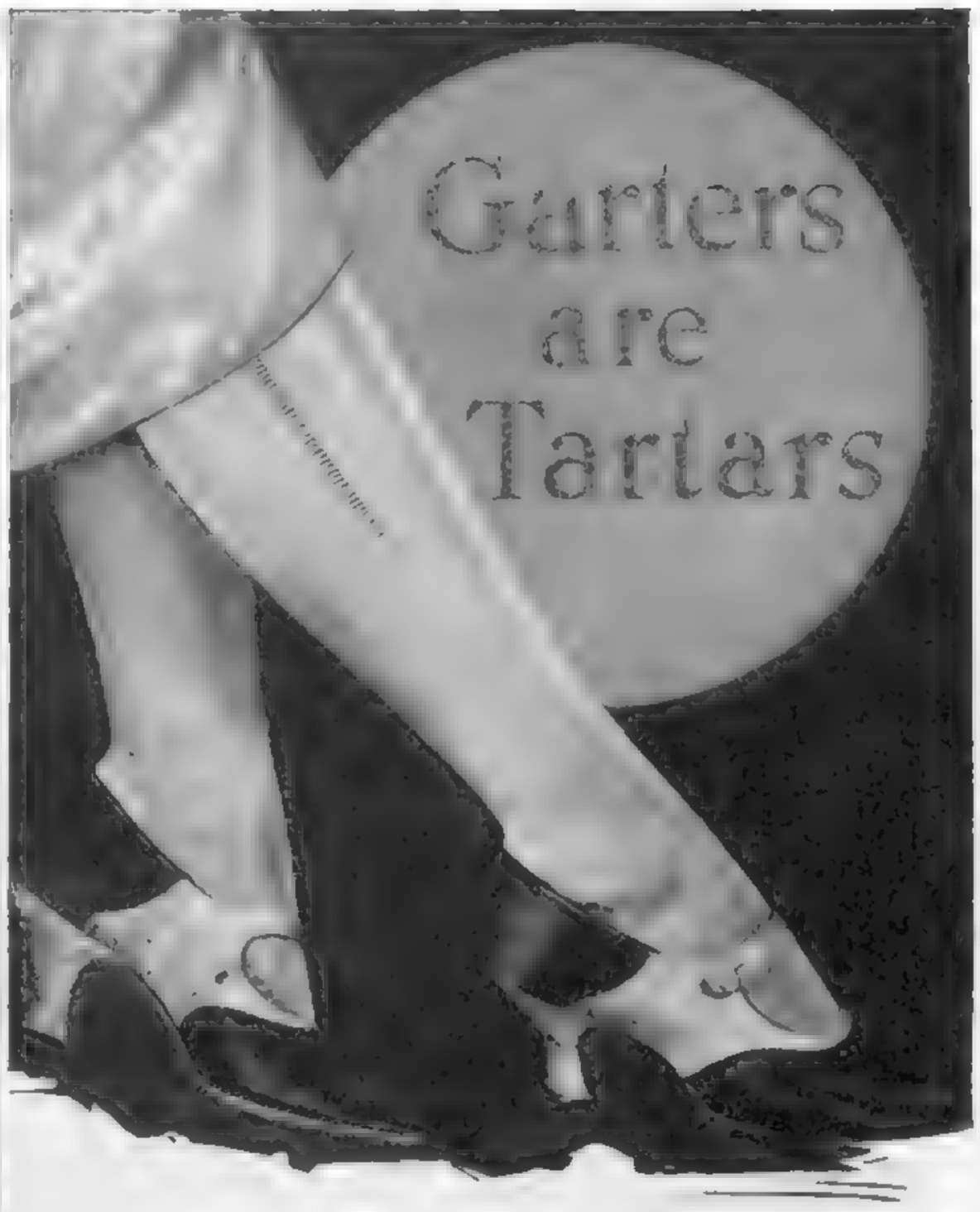
"Won' lemme have a chansh," Charley was complaining to a small group of new friends. "Get me up here 'ith a splend' record in Shentr'l League, but won' lemme pish. Make me sit roun' all day. Never throw a ball."

Once more Henry dragged him home. This time he gave him a sharp lecture, for McCormick was rebellious.

"And last of all, I'll say this," Henry concluded: "You're a little runt. You've got no build, no weight, no constitution. Now, listen! I knew your dad, and he was a pal of mine. Never told yuh that before, but he was. Your dad was a strappin' big, powerful fellow. Throw a ball through a brick wall. That's why I can ketch your fast one barehanded. But he was a big man. He tried this same stuff you're tryin', and it licked him—licked him cold. See? If you was the man he was you'd still get licked by the booze. See? You've got to cut it out.

"And while we're at it, kid, lemme tell yuh this: If you was the man he was you c'd throw a fast one like his. But you're not. That's why I had you work on 'at slow ball. It's all you've got, and it ain't enough to keep you up here in the big time. You wanted to come up, and I've brung yuh. You can stay a while if you're good. See? If you're not you're through, that's all."

It was the longest single speech Henry ever made, and probably the most effective, for young Charley McCormick walked the chalk from that time on. He and Henry journeyed out to the Royals' park every day for morning practice and went through workouts faithfully. Afternoons, they sat



THOSE Tartars—your garters! Hungrily, tirelessly gnawing away till through goes the fabric—down goes the run—into the discard go your loveliest stockings.

No need to have garter runs; for the cross stitch in

True Shape

HOSIERY

STOPS THE GARTER RUN

Never can a run pass the cross stitch below the garter top—to ruin the hosiery—to embarrass the wearer.

True Shape Hosiery is beautiful, close-fitting, long-wearing; yet the price is moderate.

Ask at the store for

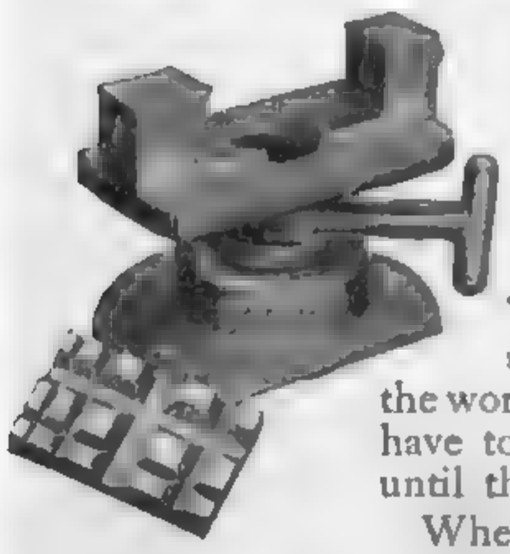
True Shape No. 564

True Shape Hosiery is also made for men and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if TRUE SHAPE *you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.*

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



The only vise removable from base for continuous work

The "Yankee" Vise means more speed—greater accuracy. Lock the work in the vise just once. You don't have to remove the work from the vise until the entire job is completed.

When you carry the work from bench to drill press, to milling machine, and so on, simply lift the vise, work and all, off the swivel base.

No matter how or where you place a "Yankee" vise, perfect alignment is assured—because bottom, sides and ends are machined true.

"YANKEE" VISES with swivel base (detachable)

Vise is quickly released from base by turning a set screw. Can be locked in any desired position on base simply by moving the cam-throw lever at side. Hardened steel block, with V-shaped grooves, holds round or irregular work.

With Swivel Base

No. 1994—Body, 10½ in. long; 4 in. wide. Jaws open 4 in.; depth 2⅝ in.
No. 1993—Body, 7¼ x 2¾ (wide) x 3 in. Jaws open to 3⅛ in.
No. 1992—Body, 4⅞ x 2 (wide) x 2 1/16 in. Jaws open to 1 15/16 in.
No. 1991—Body, 3⅝ x 1½ (wide) x 1½ in. Jaws open to 1½ in.

Without Swivel Base

As above: Nos. 994, 993, 992, 991.

"YANKEE" Plain Screw-drivers will not turn in handle

Even if you clamp a "Yankee" Plain Screw-driver in a vise, set a wrench on the handle and pull with all your might, yet the blade won't turn in the handle.

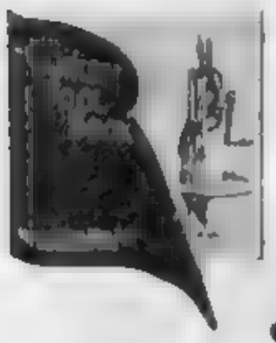
Stand hard use, and even abuse. Blades of specially tempered steel.
No. 90—Standard style. Blades 1½ to 30 in.
No. 95—Cabinet style. Blades 2½ to 15½ in.

Dealers everywhere sell "YANKEE" Tools

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

Some Other "YANKEE" Tools

Spiral Screw-drivers
Quick Return Spiral Screw-drivers
Ratchet Screw-drivers
Ratchet Hand Drills
Ratchet Bench Drills
Ratchet Chain Drills
Automatic Push Drills
Ratchet Tap Wrenches



Tool Book Mailed Free

Illustrates and describes all the ingenious "Yankee" tools for saving time and labor.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

on the bench. The first of September rolled around, and Bill Higgins sent Henry on a trip scouting the Terriers, now apparently certain winners in the rival league and therefore opponents for the Royals in the big series.

"You won't stick the kid in there while I'm gone, will yuh?" asked Henry. "Better keep him covered up or the idea won't work."

Higgins promised, and Henry went forth to dog the trail of the Terriers until the end of the season and they should be ready to start play for the world title. He was a canny scout, and a faithful one, although it must be recorded that on one occasion when the Terriers were in Boston he deserted them to spend a day in Woonsocket, and repeated the offense on a day when they were in New York. Furthermore, when it rained one Saturday in Philadelphia he left them again and did not get back from Woonsocket until Monday afternoon when the game was almost over. His friends, if he had bumped into any of them, would have remarked that the old ketcher was sprucing up, looking younger than he had in years.

The series came on, and the United States of America left a nation-wide coal strike, an international situation and the high cost of living flat on their backs to give attention to the great event. Newspapers mortgaged their accounts receivable to employ great experts to write many columns of baseball. Poor fans stayed up all night to acquire tickets to the games, and rich fans dug up money at the banks to buy reserved seats at fabulous prices. It was a wonderful series, probably the best in the history of world's title play, but that makes little difference in the telling of this tale.

McCormick and Hammond had their full share, and more, of the publicity preceding the series. When Manager Higgins submitted his list of eligible players, and the newspapers printed the names of all his Royals, Royal followers could not believe their eyes. McCormick and Hammond? Why, hadn't McCormick shot himself, or something, years ago? And Hammond—he wasn't in the game any more, surely! Must be other players by the same name; but, boy, so the head-wagging comment ran, that was some battery! A pair to draw to, or rather to stand pat on—McCormick and Hammond!

Charley and Henry played big rôles in the publicity, but took no part in the first half dozen games on the diamond.

The world knows how the Royals, with a dashing, slashing attack and fast, furious pitching, won the first three games. It knows, too, how the Royals collapsed in the next three games, falling flatter than a flivver tire on a muddy road. It saw through its own eyes, or more vividly through the eyes of the great experts aforementioned, how this collapse took place. It saw the nervy Terriers, with their teeth set in the series, hanging on like grim death while they added a second game and then a third to their string, tying up the title contest. It saw them smash and pound their way to three victories in a row against cannon-ball pitching.

Then came that seventh and deciding game, with the Royals on their home grounds and a massive crowd of sullen fans waiting to be shown whether the Higgins men could come back for one lone game. The park was packed as tight as a sausage. Everywhere bets were offered that the Terriers would walk away with the game, but the Royal rooters would not bet.

"Pitchers all shot," was the universal comment when Royal chances were discussed.

Higgins had used eleven of his twelve pitchers in the first six games, eight of them in the three straight defeats. His staff was on the run, routed and in a sorry plight. Every speed merchant on the list had been smashed hard and often by the free-swinging Terriers. Only little Charley McCormick, sliding nervously back and forth on the bench, had not been used against the enemy. Old Henry Hammond sat placidly beside Higgins at the other end of the bench. Higgins had given his men a terrific tongue-lashing in the clubhouse before the game, calling them everything he could think of from mere quitters to filthy yellow dogs. The line-up was full of fight, but the spirit was tinged with uncertainty, for the men did not know what sort of pitching they would have as their bulwark.

Higgins sent in Whaley, a great, hulking six-footer with a fast ball that was reputed to dent armor plate whenever it met a battleship. Whaley had all his steam, and got by for two innings without wavering. Then the Royals, reassured, tore into the Terriers for six runs in the next two rounds, sending the crowd into the clouds.

"There goes the old game!" said the fans exulting.

But they repeated the remark shortly afterward with a different inflection, for the Terriers adjusted their sights to Whaley's fast ball and waded into him for two runs in the sixth. He got the side out, but the fans wavered. Starting the seventh, the Terriers slammed a pair of doubles for another run, and Whaley retired to let Smithson, another giant with a faster ball, finish the round. Back came the Terriers in the eighth to peel another run, getting to Smithson for a single and a long triple. A double play staved off further disaster, leaving the score stand 6 to 4, with one inning to go.

The crowd breathed easier and got ready to go home, waiting only to see the Royals take their turn at bat. The Royals went down in a row, and then began the test. Dobbins, a lanky Terrier, leading his league in hitting, landed on Smithson for a three-base drive to open the last half of the ninth. Royal rooters gasped in dismay. Some of them filed out at the gates, and others sat back in disgust to see the brutal finish. They swore aloud as Swope, another fine hitter, but better known for his speed on the bases, came up to face Smithson.

"Nobody out, and they only need two to tie," groaned the fans. "Watch him kill it!"

But Swope was too smart to take a chance on a double play with two runs required. He played to get on base. Instead of swinging, therefore, he dumped a pretty bunt down the third-base line. Smithson fielded the ball, but watched Dobbins, on third, so long that he had no chance to throw out Swope. He stood and held the ball and saw his own undoing, as the fans execrated him and his kind for a race of dumb-bells. The Royal infield surrounded Smithson to calm him down, but they were just as far in the air as he was.

Bill Higgins, smart manager though he was, appeared at a loss. He did not know what to do, for he had nothing but more of the same stuff that Smithson was made of warming up in the bull pen. He looked them over and studied Smithson, standing sullenly in a group of his mates on the diamond.

"Say, Bill"—Higgins felt an elbow in his ribs and looked around—"lemme take the kid and go in there now."

It was old Henry Hammond talking, as nearly excited as he had ever seen the ancient ketcher. Higgins looked at him in amazement.

"That kid?" he jeered. "You're crazy!"

"He'll slow-ball 'em outa this," declared Henry patiently. "They'll murder all the speed yuh got left."

Higgins pondered the suggestion an instant, incredulous, and then wavered.

"But he's stone cold," he said.

"Don't need to be warm to throw a slow ball," whispered Henry.

Instantly Higgins was on his feet. He wigwagged to Smithson, who professed not to see him, and then piling out of the dugout rushed toward the base lines and called him in. Motioning the catcher to hold the fort a moment, Higgins went back to the bench, followed by the disconsolate Smithson, kicking his glove in the dirt.

"You, kid," he said, jerking a thumb at young Charley McCormick.

The boy's heart beat wildly as he heard Higgins address him, but he calmed down when he looked from the manager to Henry and saw the old-timer buckling on his breast protector. Henry winked at him. Reassured, the boy tore off his sweater, grabbed his glove and started out of the dugout on the run.

"Hey, wait a minute!" said Henry. "I'll go with yuh."

An announcer, following a hurried consultation with Higgins, ran out to the diamond with his megaphone.

"Ladies and gen'l'mun, for th' Royals, McCawmick pitchin'. For th' Royals, Hammon' ketchin'. McCawmick and Hammond!"

The effect, as he repeated the announcement to all corners of the grounds, with fans studying their score cards and old sport writers scrutinizing the strange pair taking the battery positions, was electrical. All eyes were on the boy after the first instant, for older fans remembered Henry and passed around the word it was the old fellow himself.

Continued on Page 77

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

"Well," said the little Eskimo, "I'll tell you all about it

"LONG, long ago there was a King whose boast it was that he had the best feasts that men could devise or cooks could cook.

"He had a beautiful daughter, as all Kings of olden time had. When she was old enough, the King announced that he would give his daughter's hand to him who would bring a new beverage that would be as beautiful as golden sunlight, would be icy-cold and hot at the same time, would sparkle and live through a whole feast, and which, while it quenched the thirst of the moment, would awaken desire for it in young and old, rich and poor, male and female.

"And in due time it came to pass that a handsome young Prince, aided by an old wizard, brought some roots from one island, some canes from another, and some fruits from a third. From below the ground he drew the living waters of a magic spring. Then the old wizard blended the essences of the roots and the fruits, sweetened them to a nicety, and infused the whole with the bubbles that gave it life. And at the next feast the Prince won the King's daughter with the wonderful new beverage, which fulfilled all the King's conditions.

"'And what is the name of this beautiful golden liquid?' asked the King when the feast was over.

"But the Prince had walked into the garden with the King's daughter, and there was no answer.

"So, my dears, we must assume that then and there was discovered the universal beverage, Ginger Ale—the one of which we say *'They all like it'*."

Under the ground at Millis, Massachusetts, are bed-rock springs of pure, cold water. The ginger used in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale comes from Jamaica. The sugar is from the cane. Lemon and lime juice are combined in the Ginger Ale that is cold and hot, is alive and golden, and which pleases everybody.

For your feasts, for meals and between meals, drink Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

There's Extra Value in Fisk Tires

THE only time a lower price is a real inducement to a wise buyer is when comparison proves the price to give a greater purchasing power to his dollar—when he can buy more for less. Because Fisk Cord Tires show contrasting values in size, strength, resiliency and appearance when compared with any other tires, the price is interesting.

30 x 3½	Fisk Premier Tread	$10 85
30 x 3½	Non-Skid Fabric	14 85
30 x 3½	Extra-Ply Red-Top	17 85
30 x 3½	Six-Ply Non-Skid Clincher Cord	17 85
30 x 3½	Six-Ply Non-Skid Cord, Straight Side	19 85
31 x 4	Six-Ply Non-Skid Cord	27 00
32 x 4	Non-Skid Cord	30 50
32 x 4	Non-Skid Cord	39 00
34 x 4	Non-Skid Cord	41 00
35 x 5	Non-Skid Cord	51 50

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value in every size for car, truck or speed wagon

(Continued from Page 74)

"But 'at kid, now?" was the question.

"Naw, naw, he's dead long ago," wiser fans replied. "'Nother McCormick, 'at's all."

Then the word went round that this was the son of old Charley McCormick, discovered by Henry in the minors and hand-raised by him for the Royals. As the throngs grasped the situation they broke into a cheer out of pure friendly sentiment. Any son of old Charley McCormick deserved a hand. But as the audacity of Bill Higgins in trotting out an untried youngster and a broken-down backstop in a last desperate effort to stall off the onrushing Terriers became apparent to the fans they went wild. Here was a situation to warm the heart of even a Philadelphia fan. Trust Bill Higgins to pull something good! McCormick and Hammond—wow!

Old Henry Hammond, shoving on his mitt, shuffled along beside the boy as far as the third-base line. Then, an arm over his shoulder, he whispered to the boy and belted him on the back reassuringly. Whispered? Rather, he shouted to make himself heard above the clamorous greeting accorded to the new version of the old battery—McCormick and Hammond. Followed some stage management. While the Terriers' manager rushed out to the head umpire and wrangled over the eligibility of this unfamiliar battery, although he vaguely remembered their names from the certified list of eligibles, young Charley McCormick warmed up. He shot through the fastest ball he had, and old Henry took it in his mitt with a thud like that of a Darktown bass drum. The Terrier manager dragged his feet back to his bench and sat down.

"More speed, eh? We'll eat it up!" he said to himself.

Then, with Dobbins on third, Swope on first, nobody out and Wayburn, a heavy-hitting first baseman, up, Henry ambled out toward the box to hand the ball to McCormick instead of throwing it to him. Again he put his arm around the boy's shoulders, and again, with an eye on the base runners, spoke to him. Then he went back behind the plate and crouched.

"All right, boy!" he called.

Charley responded with a fast one through the heart of the pan for a strike. He followed that, upon signal, with another fast one, this time a ball. Old Henry walked out with the ball.

"You field the ball and play it to me," he ordered.

Calling for a high slow ball, Henry looked quickly at Dobbins on third and Swope leading far off first to satisfy himself he had guessed the enemy campaign. McCormick came through with a floater, and Wayburn dumped a slow roller down the first-base line. Dobbins and Swope were on the run.

"Play it here, kid!" yelled Henry at the top of his voice as Dobbins came whirling home from third. Charley was on the ball in a flash, and flipped it to the pan, where old Henry was waiting. Dobbins flung himself at the plate, sliding in a cloud of dust. Henry bluffed at tagging him, and then straightening up whipped the ball like a bullet to third base. Swope, springing like a Paddock, was caught standing up in his desperate try for two bases on the play, and Wayburn stopped at first base.

The crowd, sensing old Henry's strategy in trading one run for the chance to cut off Swope with the tying marker, roared its approval. The applause heartened Charley and was music in the ears of the old ketcher.

"If you big stiffs 'at try to pitch on this club would learn to field a ball like 'at kid, and you ketchers had the guts and brains to pull a play like that, we'd never lose a game to anybody," pronounced Bill Higgins, Royal manager. The Terrier leader, in the enemy dugout, was alert to keep his men on the jump. With only one out and an old man behind the bat, the Terrier boss ordered Wayburn to steal.

"We get the tyin' run on second, and either George or Mason can drive it home," he said to himself.

Henry, watching Wayburn narrowly, sensed the play, knowing full well the opposition would hold him and his old arm cheaply. He called for a fast straight ball over the plate, and George looked it over—for a strike. Henry then resolved to put up a bluff at playing into the Terriers' hands. He bluffed by taking a position wide of the plate for a pitchout, and George bluffed a desperate desire to knock the ball over the fence. Young Charley McCormick, carefully watching Henry's signal, bluffed a windup.

Wayburn edged away from first, down the line for second base. He dug in his spikes and swung into his stride as Charley's arm lifted. Even as he did so, however, he heard the ball slapping into the first baseman's mitt and knew he had been tricked. Wayburn ran it out as best he could, but was trapped halfway to second.

Forty thousand fans went crazy. Bill Higgins drew a long breath. Old Henry Hammond and young Charley McCormick settled down to the task of disposing of the third and last man. George, facing a forlorn hope now, was desperate. He clutched his bat and crowded the plate, determined to swing the Terriers back into the running if it were humanly possible. Henry called for a slow curve ball over the plate. With one strike, George took a chance that the second one would be wasted, but swore bitterly as the ball curved through the heart of the pan.

It was two strikes. The hitter smashed the plate with his bat, jerked his cap down and defiantly faced the pitcher as the crowds, appreciating not merely the Royal comeback but a beautiful example of battery art, yelled their approval. Henry called for another slow curve in the same groove. This time George, overanxious and smarting under the taunts of the throng, waded into the ball. He was off balance in his anxiety to hit, and had started his swing before he realized that the little southpaw, though using a snap delivery, was floating another slow one up to him. The best he could do was a high looping pop-up to the second baseman, and the game and the series were over.

Triumphant Royals, jubilant over the decisive turn in their favor, started to carry Henry and Charley off the field on their shoulders, but gave it up when wild fans insisted on parading to the clubhouse bearing the pair aloft.

"Henry," called Higgins in the dressing room, "the boys are gonna do the right thing by you and the kid."

"Aw, f'rget it!" Henry replied.

"F'rget nothin'! We're gonna vote you one full share between yuh. Of course, you only worked one inning; but, man, what an inning!"

"Aw, f'rget it!"

"Modest as well as brainy, hey?" yelled Higgins. "How about the kid? Say, boy, that was a nice game yuh pitched."

Henry, watching the boy, saw McCormick flush. He blushed himself an instant later as Charley replied, "You're talkin' to Henry, not me. He's the guy that pitched that game."

When they had finished dressing, Henry took the boy's arm.

"Come and go with me," he said. "I'd like for yuh to meet my girl."

McCormick stared at the old-timer in disbelief. This was too much, old Henry Hammond having a girl!

"Yeah," Henry continued. "Gotta date with her for after the game up by the press box."

Three minutes later they crossed the diamond and approached the stand. Charley's heart missed on three cylinders. He stopped a moment and stared in surprise, then ran forward to take old Henry's girl in his young arms. "Mother!" he cried.

"Son, I'm proud of you," she answered. "And you, too, Henry, bless your old bones," she added, holding out a hand to the old ketcher over Charley's shoulder.

Henry grinned happily.

"But you didn't say anything to me," Charley began in reproach.

"We intended to all along," his mother said.

Charley looked around for a place to sit down. "When did all this begin?" he asked, the surprise too much for him.

"When *the* Charley McCormick was pitchin' and yours truly was ketchin'—McCormick and Hammond," said Henry. "Your mother had her choice between us. I won't say anything about her first guess, but the second makes a hit with me."

"All I've got to say is, three cheers," exclaimed the youngster. "But what'll you do? Quit and settle down? Who'll do the ketchin' for me?"

"You wanted to hit the big time, and you've done it," said Henry. "Now you go back to pitchin' to one of these college faculties, son. McCormick and Hammond it used to be, and I'm proud it was McCormick and Hammond again to-day." He looked at the boy in an almost paternal pride. "But to-morrow"—and he shifted his gaze—"I'm prouder to say, it will be Hammond and Hammond."

$30 PAYABLE ONLY AFTER 10 DAYS TRIAL

Balance in Convenient Payments

WALES—*the Choice of "Big Business" Is Offered on the Easiest of Terms*

The Wales Portable adds, multiplies, divides and subtracts. Can be used for every form of calculation. It combines these proved superiorities which are features of every Wales Machine:

1 *speed* Every form of calculation is done with the least mental and physical effort because of Wales triple visibility and easier handle and keyboard action

2 *accuracy* The Wales provides the greatest number of mechanical safeguards against human error. In no other adding machine has mechanical precision so completely replaced human variability.

3 *durability* Wales Machines from 13 to 15 years old are today giving continuous service on the hardest kind of work.

We have used the Wales Adding Machine for several years and at present have several hundred of their machines in use in our various offices and stores. We do not hesitate to recommend this machine.—F. W. Woolworth Co.

The Wales Portable has met with a reception seldom accorded an office appliance. We have been forced to alter our sales plan to take care of territories. This opens the most attractive opportunity in the office appliance field for a few experienced salesmen with managerial ability. Communicate with our home office.

HOW long this offer will be open we cannot say. It is an experiment to see if the easy payment plan appeals to American business men. The point is—if it appeals to *you*, may we suggest that you act at once?

Simply notify us to place a Wales Portable in your office on ten days' free trial. At the end of that time you have the option of returning the machine at our expense or making a first payment of $30. The remaining $120 can be paid in convenient installments.

The Wales Portable gives you in portable, compact form the *proven* Wales superiorities which have made Wales the choice of such organizations as:

The Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, F. W. Woolworth Co., E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Co., Fox Film Co., R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Westinghouse Electric Co., Winchester Repeating Arms Co., National City Bank of New York, Corn Exchange Bank of Chicago, New England Trust Co. of Boston, etc., etc.

WALES ADDING MACHINE CO.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Send this Request for a 10 day Free Trial NOW

PLEASE CHECK ONE OR BOTH ITEMS

☐ Send me a Wales Portable on 10 days' trial.

☐ Send me your book "Profitable Business Analysis," which will show me how accurate analysis cuts down overhead and increases profits.

Name

Address

Line of Business

WALES VISIBLE

ADDING·LISTING·BOOKKEEPING·CALCULATING MACHINES

"Good Morning Mr. Lang it's Seven O'clock."

What better to start a day right than a cheery "Good Morning" from a voice that makes you feel things must go well today? It's worth a lot to get started right, especially when you're "on the road" and have to arise often to make an early train.

Keenan Hotels—the Plankinton at Milwaukee, the Waldorf at Toledo and the Anthony at Fort Wayne—are all governed by a desire to make each and every guest feel at home from the time of arrival to the hour of departure.

Comfort Assured

For instance: the clerk invariably 'phones you immediately after your arrival to be sure that all details of service are satisfactory.

It is a Keenan custom to do everything possible to make your stay with us enjoyable.

When stopping in any of these cities, be sure to go to a Keenan Hotel. Cafe service and room rates reasonable. Notice the names carefully. Sales managers will find it to the advantage of their firms to suggest Keenan Hotels to their men.

THE PLANKINTON Milwaukee THE WALDORF Toledo
THE ANTHONY Fort Wayne
Acknowledged Leaders

KEENAN Hotel SYSTEM

THE NINTH WAY

(Continued from Page 27)

had acquired the greater brilliance of suffering. Her face was sun-tanned but youthful as ever. Mr. Blass was forced to admit to himself that even in her threadbare raiment Miss Marsh would give most city girls—Miss Kuhn, f'r instance, whom Mr. Blass had selected because her dark hair and pallid complexion went well with the rose-colored draperies—cards and spades, and beat them at their own game.

"You are looking well, Miss Marsh," he remarked. "And Mr. Marsh? How is his rheumatism?"

"My father is well," the girl replied. "The dry desert air has nearly cured him. If it wasn't for that I don't know what we would have done," she murmured faintly. "He worked for the railroad nearly three months this spring."

Mr. Blass nodded. This was the entering wedge he had hoped for.

"Quite so!" He beamed happily. "Would you believe it, Miss Marsh, when you and your father came into this office two years ago"—here he tapped the arm of his chair impressively with one fat forefinger—"I said to myself 'There's a man that the desert will cure,' Miss Marsh?"

"Oh!" There was a note of surprise in the girl's voice. She shot him a swift, appraising glance. "The desert came near killing us both—of starvation," she informed him as impassively as before.

Mr. Blass' eyebrows shot upward in well-simulated distress. He pursed his lips and frowned.

"As bad as that? Upon my word, Miss Marsh, I assure you I had no idea —— Why didn't you—tell me?" he demanded, turning upon her with reproachful vehemence.

"We had—quite a lot of correspondence, Mr. Blass. I ——"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Blass interrupted. He glanced at the face of the marble clock as if to refresh his memory. "I remember now. I was—up north at the time. Mr. Frisbie, my partner, handled the correspondence. He spoke to me about the matter when I returned, but when I did not hear any more from you I thought everything was all right."

Miss Marsh opened the frayed hand bag in her lap.

"The letters were signed by you," she said. "I have some of them here."

Mr. Blass waved the letters away.

"Not by me, personally, Miss Marsh," he corrected. "Miss Kuhn, my secretary, signed my name to them of course, but Mr. Frisbie dictated them. I came across this old correspondence quite by accident the other day—your letters to us and the carbon copies of the letters mailed to you over my signature. I was thunderstruck, Miss Marsh—posi-tively thunderstruck!" he repeated. "I hastened at once to write to you. You wouldn't believe me guilty of such fla-grant discourtesy to a lady, Miss Marsh?" he implored. He paused. "A serious—er—rupture has taken place between Mr. Frisbie and myself over the matter. I'm genuinely distressed, I assure you." He paused once more, imploring her with his eyes. "To set myself aright in your estimation I wrote you at once making the offer of drilling for water to help you out. I had no idea that you did not have the funds for drilling, yourself. If I had known this in the first place I would never have permitted you for a moment to go on the land."

The girl studied him in silence for a moment. Then running her hand across her eyes, as if to brush away from her mind the unpleasant suspicion that had dwelt there, she said, "A well, I understand, will cost about two thousand dollars, Mr. Blass. I have nothing to offer you as security."

Mr. Blass waved his pudgy hand magnanimously.

"My dear lady, I'm afraid you do not understand land values in California. With plenty of water developed your land will be worth at least two hundred dollars an acre." He smiled apologetically. "Naturally I shall expect something in return. Enough to reimburse me for the expense of drilling."

Pausing he brought down his pudgy fist on the glass-top desk, as if a bright idea had suddenly occurred to him.

"Tell you what, Miss Marsh! You can deed me ten acres somewhere—say, the upper ten. We will draw up a contract to the effect that all the water we strike will belong to you with the exception of enough to irrigate the ten acres you deed me, free of charge, indefinitely. I will give you a right of way to the well—twelve feet wide, we'll say—through my ten acres, for your irrigating ditch."

Mr. Blass leaned back in his chair, fairly carried away with the brightness of his idea.

"How does that strike you?" he demanded grandly, both his stubby thumbs hooked into the armholes of his cerise waistcoat.

"You are very generous, Mr. Blass," the girl replied so promptly that Mr. Blass wondered momentarily if the tone of her voice was sarcasm or just plain relief.

"With plenty of water your land will be worth two hundred dollars an acre," he hastened to explain. "Think of it, Miss Marsh! Six hundred and forty acres at two hundred per acre. One hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars."

The girl stared at him in amazement.

"But—Mr. Blass, why didn't you keep this land and drill for water yourself if it is worth such an amount?" she asked incredulously.

Mr. Blass nodded delighted approval.

"A perfectly natural question—to the un-initiated, Miss Marsh," he beamed. "It's like this: We promoters have so many irons in the fire all the time we are forced to let some of 'em get cold to keep the others hot." The contemplation of this apt simile pleased him hugely. "When I sold you the land," he went on beamingly, "I was badly in need of ready cash for developing a mine project in Southern New Mexico. Your sixteen hundred dollars, small as the amount was, just about saved the day for me. Naturally I feel that I owe you something."

"Oh!" The girl studied him again in silence for a moment. Then she asked, "Why do you want to drill the well on the upper ten acres? The ground is higher there. I should think you'd have to drill that much deeper."

Mr. Blass slapped his fat knee in delight.

"An apt question, Miss Marsh. Shows you've got the makings of a fine business woman." He arose and led her around the desk. Pulling down the map he pointed to the square in red ink. "From this point," he explained, "your land slopes away in all directions. You can irrigate every inch of the whole section by natural gravity. Fifty feet more or less of drilling makes little difference, Miss Marsh."

"I see," said Miss Marsh thoughtfully. "Very well, then; I'll accept your offer—gladly."

III

THE town of Inca, Rowans Valley, lay blazing in the hot midday sun—a peculiar habit of desert towns—as it had lain every noon of its twelve summers since the day the city of Los Angeles gave birth to it by planting two portable cottages and a water tank beside a narrow-gauge railroad and calling it Inca.

The railroad continued its way up the alkaline floor of the Rowans Valley to Rowans River, but Inca remained to grow and prosper or to wither and die.

Inca grew but did not prosper. Neither did it wither, and it refused flatly to die. Its first census, taken ten years after its birth, showed a population of eighty-seven souls, eighty-four of whom were engaged in wringing a living from the moistureless soil, a discouraging task.

Of the three remaining, one ran the Sierra Café, the only restaurant within a radius of thirty miles. Another had committed suicide a year earlier by misappropriating his neighbor's horse. He was buried at the foot of one of the Nevada-Los Angeles Light and Power Company's conduit poles, after having been suspended briefly from said pole by the neck. And the third, a drinking man, had walked himself to death with a prescription blank in his pocket, looking for a rattlesnake. His body was never found, and quite a heated discussion arose at the census taking about his status. Municipal pride was strong for admitting the wanderer to the final count, but Duffy, the census taker, who made his living between censuses by running the Sierra Café, and for this reason was a dictator of sorts, decided against it.

Duffy was a large clean-shaven man. He looked like the average fat man, which he was not; but he had one trait in common with all fat men—cheerfulness. His small gray eyes twinkled. A network of fine mirth wrinkles crisscrossed his bland moon-like face. He seemed unnecessarily cheerful, considering his environment.

He was seated on his high stool behind the cash register of the restaurant with his two hundred and forty pounds of obesity spilling, wheat-sack fashion, over the edge of the high stool. The narrow-gauge train from Cardinal had just pulled in. The train crew—both of them—were uncoupling a flat car loaded with heavy timbers, and in the shade of the station awning, sprawled on bundles of blankets and suitcases, were seated sixteen men who had alighted from the train. All sixteen were mopping their foreheads listlessly with their handkerchiefs. If the expression upon their faces could have been translated into words it would have read something like this:

"What a place to be dumped off at!"

One of the strangers, a tall young man in a Palm Beach suit, arose and detached himself from the group, and sauntered down the platform toward the Sierra Café. Pausing before it he surveyed it dubiously for a moment, then put one sun-tanned, efficient hand upon the handle of the screen door and entered, accompanied by a cloud of flies.

"Dinner ready?" he inquired of Duffy.

Duffy glanced at the clock behind him.

"'Twill be in ten minutes," he informed his questioner. "Mac's twenty minutes early to-day." Mac was the engineer of the iron steed champing on the track outside.

Mealtime at the Sierra restaurant was regulated by Mac's schedules, he and his conductor being the star boarders.

The young man flashed a row of strong white teeth at this information.

"There are sixteen of us; I and my drilling crew. I'll call the boys," he said, stepping to the door and beckoning to his gang. The fifteen men arose, picked up their various bundles and filed into the restaurant.

"Dinner for sixteen, Miss Marsh," Duffy's voice boomed.

At the word "Marsh," the young man wheeled about and found himself looking into the gray eyes of a quiet-looking girl in the apron of a waitress, behind the counter. He recognized her at once as the girl he had collided with at the elevator the day he went to see Mr. Blass.

"Yes, Mr. Duffy," the girl replied.

She gave the young man in the Palm Beach suit a glance of swift scrutiny as the fifteen others ranged themselves in a row upon the stools at the counter, then dropped her eyes.

"Marsh," said the young man, addressing her with a smile; "that's the place I'm looking for—the Marsh place."

The girl raised her eyes to the speaker, then let them travel down the row of faces lined up before her. She smiled faintly.

"You must be the men who are going to dig my well," she said. "I'm Nora Marsh."

The young man held out his hand with an answering smile.

"My name is Ben Callister. I'm the driller in charge." He looked at her in silence for a moment as if he was trying to make up his mind about something. Then releasing her hand he said, looking about him, "You own this place?"

The girl flushed.

"I work here," she informed him.

Ben Callister's eyes twinkled.

"Well, you won't have to very long," he said in a low voice.

"I hope not," she replied.

"We've met before, I think," Callister said, reminding her of the episode a week earlier.

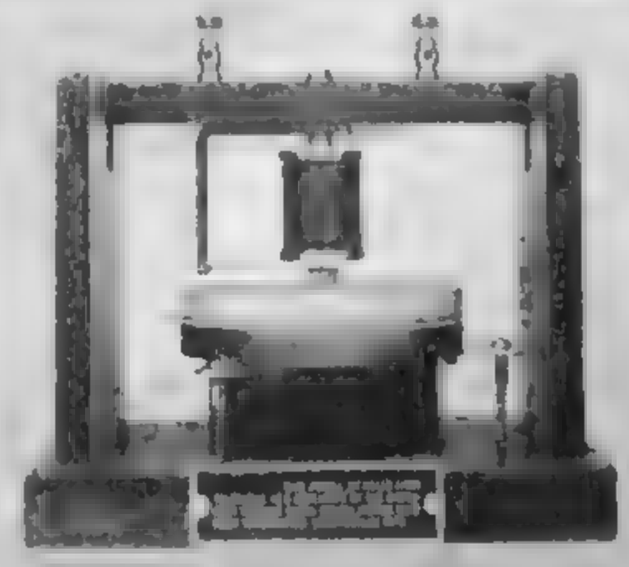
"Oh, yes, I remember now," the girl returned. "I thought your face was familiar."

When they had given their orders Callister questioned her about the distance to her place, and asked her if she knew where he could rent a truck.

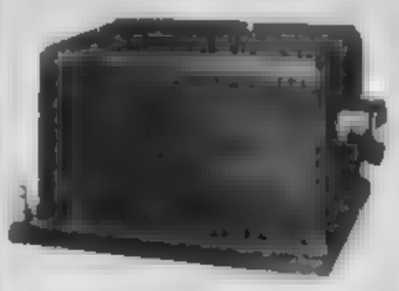
"I've got a flat car loaded with lumber for the derrick, out there," he told her. "Mr. Blass will be out in the morning. I want to get the stuff hauled out right away. My employer is anxious to begin drilling at once." He paused. "I guess you are too," he added.

"Yes," she told him. "I've had all I want of dry farming. There's a man by the name of Stanley down the track half a mile who has a big truck. I think you can get him to haul your lumber. He hauled ours—for the house."

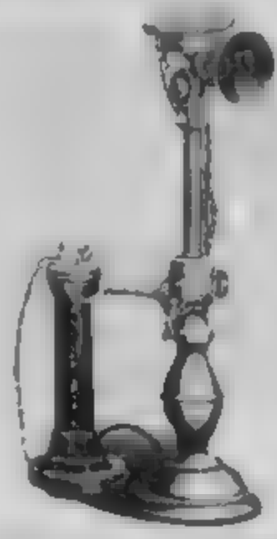
(Continued on Page 81)



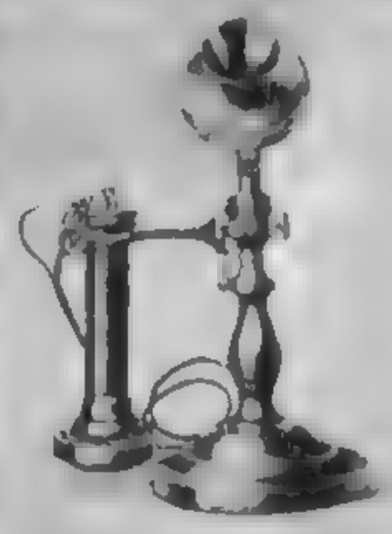
1875 A duplicate of Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone.



1877 Bell's Box Telephone, used both as transmitter and receiver. This instrument, demonstrated by the inventor in his early lectures, became the first commercial type of telephone.



1886 One of the instruments through which our fathers talked.



1898 This year marked an important change in telephone design.

1900 The type of telephone used during Roosevelt's first term.

From Bell's first model to the telephone now in use

Your telephone, then and now

Since the time, forty-odd years ago, when the telephone was recognized as a commercial possibility, the Western Electric Company has been a maker of telephones.

This long experience has enabled us constantly to improve your telephone and to make it a marvel of mechanical and electrical precision, sensitive to the subtle differences in inflection of your voice. Yet with all its accuracy, the telephone must be manufactured economically and in great quantities to meet the demands of a growing telephone system.

In finding the solution to this problem, Western Electric has helped make possible the quicker, more efficient, more intimate life of the nation today.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

How Heat Comfort Is Assured

Many years of comfort are embodied in the service of an International Heater, well selected and properly installed. Down in the cellar, where the modern heater belongs, it will continue to protect health by maintaining summer coziness indoors regardless of weather out-of-doors. Year after year there is an assurance that this comfort will be provided.

The right selection of type, style and size of heater, however, is of great importance. Houses differ and so do conditions surrounding them. But there is an exact style and size of International Heater to meet each set of conditions.

What is it worth to have the right choice assured? How much would you be willing to pay to insure yourself against the expense of correcting a mistake? Remember that the selection of a heater for a given building should come rarely more than once in a lifetime.

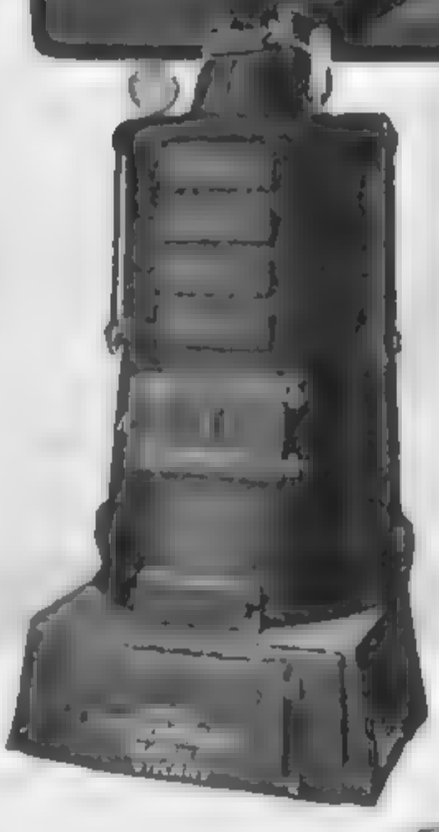
You can have this assurance free of any charge. You can make certain that your heater is exactly suited to your needs and will be the most economical.

We make *all* types of standard heaters. Hence we can and do give entirely unprejudiced advice concerning the type, size, etc., that will provide the greatest heating satisfaction at lowest cost. A good reputation of 75 years' standing is one result of this policy. We would not risk losing that reputation for the sake of a sale.

Send for our catalog. With the catalog we send a simple chart and question blank. These returned, enable us to give you the valuable advice you need. Address Service Dept. A.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Nashua, N. H., Greensboro, N. C., Cleveland, Ohio

DISTRIBUTING POINTS: Portland, Oregon, Lyon & Brothers
Spokane, Wash., Holly Mason Hdwe. Co.
San Francisco, Cal., California Hydraulic Engineering & Supply Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah, W. P. Kiser
St. Paul, Minn., Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co.
Denver, Colo., [illegible]
Nashville, Tenn., [illegible]
Kansas City, Mo., Richards & Conover Hdwe. Co.



INTERNATIONAL HOT WATER BOILERS

Balanced design of these boilers enables them to heat more water to a given temperature from the same amount of coal. Their rating is established only after most careful test in accordance with standards set by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers. Send for catalog. Address: Service Dept. A.

All Standard Types
Hundreds of styles and sizes at a wide range of prices.

at the sign of Good Heating
INTERNATIONAL BOILERS and FURNACES

INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

UTICA, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 78)

"You live on the place then?" Callister asked.

"Yes—I and my father," the girl replied.

IV

THE derrick was finished and Callister was watching his men removing the planking from the newly constructed concrete starter hole one afternoon two weeks later, when the girl and her father came up the trail.

Mr. Blass, moist and perspiring, was sitting on a timber in the shade of the tool shack, fanning himself with his Panama hat. He arose as the two rounded the corner of the tent, and held out his hand with a word of greeting. Something in old Marsh's eyes made him pause. He glanced sharply at the girl, who ignored his proffered hand, then shot Callister a quick, suspicious glance. Evidently someone had been blabbing.

"Well?" he demanded, on his defense.

Old man Marsh took a step forward, his slight wasted figure bent threateningly.

"I met Warren, of the Buena Vista Oil Company, down at Duffy's to-day," he said. "When I told him you were drilling for water he laughed in my face."

Mr. Blass drew his breath in sharply. Then running his hand into his inside vest pocket he pulled out his pin-seal cigar case, selected a cigar and removed its end carefully with his pearl-handled penknife. Lighting the cigar he blew a cloud of fragrant smoke skyward.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked, flecking an imaginary speck of dust from his carefully creased trousers.

"I'm—I'm going to make you and your gang get off my land, derrick and all, you swindler!" the old man retorted in a blaze of fury at the other's insolent attitude.

"Zat so? Where d'you get that stuff—your land?" Mr. Blass scoffed. Pulling a document from his pocket he held it up before the old man's eyes. "Your daughter's deed, Mr. Marsh, to this ten acres, recorded two weeks ago. Run along home and don't bother me. I'm a busy man."

"You're a—crook, that's what you are!" Marsh shouted. "I'll have the law on you! I'll ——"

"Go as far as you like," Mr. Blass retorted placidly. "I signed an agreement to deliver to your daughter all the water I strike here in drilling, in consideration for which she deeded me this ten acres. If there's anything illegal about that you gotter show me."

"Water! Phaugh! You knew there was oil here," Marsh stormed.

"Nobody knows where you might strike oil. Oil is a gamble, Mr. Marsh—a big gamble. Besides, you didn't say nothing about oil. Water was what you wanted. If we get it it's yours, I assure you."

"And if you strike oil it's yours, eh?"

"Well, of course," Mr. Blass agreed. "Drilling a well is an expensive proposition. I stand a good chance of sinking fifty thousand dollars here without getting one cent in return."

"You mean to tell me that you'd have taken the chance of losing that amount if you hadn't thought there was oil here? I'll have you arrested for false pretenses."

Mr. Blass laughed heartily. He was vastly amused.

"It ain't what a man thinks that puts him in jail, Mr. Marsh. It's what he signs his name to." The promoter wagged his fat forefinger in Marsh's face to emphasize his remarks. "I might think this whole section was full of, f'r instance, diamonds, and go digging for them. If I found that it was so I suppose you'd have me arrested for guessing right. But suppose I didn't find no diamonds, could I have you arrested, Mr. Marsh, for letting me think wrong and go ahead losing my money, digging?"

Marsh made a movement of impatience.

"Your twisted arguments don't stand with me!" he retorted, his thin face white with anger. "You swindled me once before. The laws of this state must be pretty rotten when such as you are walking around loose instead of being in jail."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Blass reproachfully. Veneration for the law that had always served him so well was his long suit.

Callister stepped off the derrick platform just then and joined them, attracted by the argument. He glanced at the girl questioningly, then at his employer.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter enough, Mr. Callister," Blass replied. "These people sign an agreement and then try to welsh on me."

The girl threw her head back haughtily. She gave Callister a curious level glance which included the gang on the derrick, as well as himself and his employer.

"You people have taken advantage of my ignorance of—of the law to swindle me and my father." She turned upon the promoter with blazing eyes. "No; we may be fools, but we're not—welshers—even to cheaters."

Taking her father's arm she turned her back upon Callister and Blass, and the two, man and girl, walked down the trail.

Mr. Blass winked at Callister.

"Lots of spunk that girl has," he chortled. "A good looker too." He rubbed his double chin reflectively. "If I was twenty years younger I'd go after her and have her eating out of my hand in a week."

Callister glanced at Mr. Blass' perfectly manicured right hand. "She'd have to be hungry," was on his lips, but what he said was, "I'll be ready to start drilling in the morning. If I judge right we ought to strike oil sand in less than a month. We're drilling in decomposed granite, and it's soft as cheese."

"Fine," said Mr. Blass. "Don't forget that I'm paying you to hold down expenses. So don't waste any money."

"I never do," Callister replied quietly.

V

DUFFY looked up from his stool by the cash register when the driller and his crew filed in to supper that evening. A scowl rode, slack saddle, across the restaurant man's usually cheerful countenance.

"You're a fine flock of crooks," he said, including them all, but addressing Callister. "I ought to refuse to feed you. If Nora drops a spider into your coffee I wouldn't be surprised, but delighted. You're sixteen fine excuses for a coroner's inquest."

McFee, the tool dresser, an old wizened-looking desert rat, spoke up.

"What's eatin' you, grandpa? Stow the gab and trot out your mulligan. We're hungry, and when this crew's hungry we eat 'em alive."

Nora took their orders without a word. Callister watched her out of the corner of his eye, but not once did she glance his way.

When the rest had finished he stayed behind on purpose. Nora was clearing away the dishes from the end of the counter farthest removed from him.

"Another piece of apple pie, Miss Marsh, please," he said.

When she placed the pie before him a moment later and wrote out the amount of his check his hand closed about hers holding the pencil.

"I want to know if I was included in that remark of yours this afternoon," he said.

She tried to withdraw her hand, but Callister held it fast. Her first impulse was to strike him with her free hand, but something in the young driller's eyes deterred her.

"Certainly!" she blazed out.

Callister let go her hand. Nora got the impression that the look in his eyes was more of contempt than of anger.

"I don't know what your agreement with my employer is," he said quietly. "It's none of my business. I've taken the job to drill this well, and I'm going to drill it." As he picked up his check a cold, steely look came into his eyes. "You're the first human being that called me a cheat and got away with it. This fact may interest you."

Without glancing at the amount of his check he tossed a twenty-dollar bill on the counter, picked up his hat and strode out of the restaurant.

When Nora gave Duffy the check and the money the restaurant keeper rang up the amount, fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents, and handed the girl the remainder.

"Well," he said, "they're good spenders at any rate. A tip of five and a quarter is not to be sneezed at."

The girl laid the money down on the rubber mat beside the cash register.

"Please give Mr. Callister back his change to-morrow," she said with a toss of her head, and went back to her work of clearing the dishes.

Duffy chuckled softly to himself as he pictured Callister's discomfiture on the morrow. An hour later when he was closing up for the night he was still smiling, and he lay awake half the night, mentally staging his little personally conducted drama of

A Most Remarkable Engine Value

To meet the needs of those who want a thoroughly dependable engine at a comparatively small investment, we have designed this new engine. It is a genuine "Z" and is built to the same *high standards*. Its remarkable value has been made possible by scientific study and large production facilities. We believe it offers buyers one of the greatest values in years.

The new "Z" Engine has simple, high tension battery ignition; suction fuel feed; hit and miss governor; positive lubrication; quiet running, spiral cut gears; generous bearing surfaces; renewable die-cast bearings; parts liable to wear are made of hardened and ground steel. The crankshaft, connecting rod and camshaft are drop forgings. The new type, safety flywheels are balanced. Thorough insulation prevents shocks to the operator and short circuits in the ignition. Operates on gasoline alone.

The engine is wonderfully simple—no complicated parts and has clean cut lines. It starts easily, runs steadily; requires little attendance; carburetor requires no adjusting; delivers more than rated horsepower; control lever gives six speed changes. Rigid inspection insures against flaws and minor faults. All parts are positively interchangeable and easily accessible. The engine is built to give years of satisfactory service.

Fairbanks-Morse Engines for every purpose

The many kinds and sizes of Fairbanks-Morse Engines, operating on gasoline kerosene and low grade fuel oils, supply dependable, economical power for

—concrete mixers
—conveyors
—crushers
—hoists
—pumps
—saw rigs
—spraying outfits
—feed grinders
—clothes washers
—milkers
—cream separators
—churns
—grindstones
—corn shellers
—clover hullers
—shredders
—hay balers
—tiering machines
—wood workers
—cotton gins
—flour mills
—grain elevators
—rice plantations
—irrigation and reclamation projects
—manufacturers
—oil producers
—railroads
—municipalities
—water works
—public service companies
—electric light plants
—mining companies
—machine shops
—refrigeration plants
—pleasure boats
—tug boats
—fishing craft
—freight boats
—work boats of all kinds

No other engines embody all the engineering and structural features which have established the Fairbanks-Morse line as distinctive in type. These engines combine durability, ease of operation and high fuel economy. Estimates upon request.

See it at your dealer's—or write us

This new "Z" Engine we consider one of the important achievements of our 70 years of manufacturing experience. Over 300,000 users have approved the "Z" Engine. It is sold in over 5,000 towns. Your dealer will give you full details. Or write us.

New low prices on other "Z" Engines

With high tension magneto and throttling governor

1½ H. P.	$67.00
3 H. P.	100.00
6 H. P.	160.00

All f. o. b. factory—add freight to your town

(17)

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago

HAPPINESS!

Can it ever really be had if the foundations of all healthful activity are kept imprisoned and inert in stiff, unnaturally shaped shoes that nag and drag at every step?

What a pity so many people seem to think so! How much of all the best life has to give they miss!

For how can one expect head or hands or vital body-organs to function alertly over the handicap of *deadened FEET?*

GROUND GRIPPER WALKING SHOES

will restore LIFE to your feet!

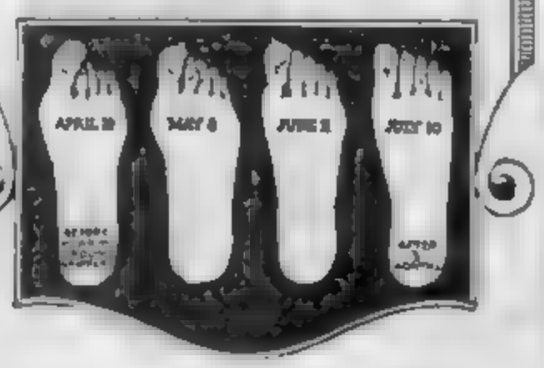
There's real *exhilaration* in these famous ORIGINAL Flexible-Arch Health Shoes. No shoes in the world are exactly like them—nor ever can be. Their patented straight-inside-line, graceful swing and snugly-fitting, *pliant* grip relieve and straighten poor cramped muscles and bones, while at the same time supporting and strengthening every part of the foot;—keeping good red blood in vigorous circulation and encouraging the entire body to smarter, happier, fatigue-free action.

You'll like the smart STYLE of GROUND-GRIPPERS, too. Most intelligent people do. There are more than sixty handsome numbers from which to choose;—brisk oxfords, boots, pumps, sport models—in all popular leathers and colors—for Men, Women and Children. They're *wonderful* shoes!

Don't fail to write us at once for our Style and Medical Booklets on Feet—FREE!

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO., Inc.
141 Brookline St., East Lynn, Mass.

Exclusive Stores in Principal Cities—2000 Agents Everywhere. If there isn't a "Ground-Gripper" Shop in your locality, send us the name of your regular dealer. Refuse substitutes!



revenge. So when Callister and his men came in for breakfast the following morning he waited until they were all seated, then beckoned to the driller.

Callister, thinking that he had made a mistake in paying his check the night before, arose. Duffy handed him the five silver dollars and the quarter, and said in a voice that could be heard a block away, "Miss Marsh asked me to give you back your tip, with her regards."

The driller glanced at the money in his hand, then back over his shoulder at the girl behind the counter, who never so much as raised her eyes.

Without a word of comment Callister walked to the door, opened it and threw the six coins out into the street. Then he returned to his seat and picked up the bill of fare.

"A bowl of oatmeal mush with plenty of cream, and a double stack of buckwheats, Miss Marsh, please," he said in a steady voice.

The girl gave him a brief nod and passed on to the next.

Duffy drew a long breath and scratched his head. He looked worried.

When the men had gone and Nora was busy in the kitchen the restaurant keeper left his seat and sauntered outside. Looking up and down the street to satisfy himself that he was not being observed, he poked the inch-deep dust of Inca's main thoroughfare with the toe of his slipper. For a full minute he stood, thumbs hooked into the armholes of his ample vest, whistling. Then stooping quickly he picked up the six coins, stuck them in his pocket and sauntered back to his high stool.

When Nora returned from the kitchen he was still whistling energetically.

VI

EARLY one morning the following week Fred Warren, field manager for the Buena Vista Oil Company, called on Callister. Warren was an easy-going, mild-mannered little man, with a stubby gray beard, bushy eyebrows and very little hair on top of his head. Callister had drilled several wells for his company and, young as he was, had won for himself the reputation of being one of the best rotary drillers in Southern California.

The two men were friends. Warren had no desire to antagonize a man whom he might need at any moment, so he held out his hand with a smile and said in his mildest tone, "Reckon you're going to strike oil here, Ben?"

"Search me," Callister grinned. "I'm hired to drill a two-thousand-foot hole. What might be at the other end of it don't worry me."

Warren gave the driller a quick, searching glance, then dropped his eyes.

"My people have been wondering how you fellows got the hunch to go looking for oil around here," he said.

"Search me again," Callister replied. "All I know is that Blass left word for me at the Consolidated, where I had just finished a well, to come and see him. When he told me where he was going to drill I thought he was crazy, but my business is to drill and not to give geological advice. Besides, I've struck oil in some pretty unlikely places the past three years, so I hustled my crew together, and here we are."

Warren smiled softly.

"Not so crazy—this man Blass," he said. "We've been scouting this territory for three months. Bang-up report. What we'd like to know is, How in blazes did it leak out? We've been wearing muzzles and rubber heels all summer. Funny about him knowing to drill on this spot. Of the whole section, only this upper ten acres comes under Blair's report as possible oil-bearing."

"That is funny," Callister agreed.

"Another thing," Warren went on. "Old man Marsh showed me the paper his daughter signed with your employer. It's a rank swindle, Ben—the rankest I've seen in my life, and I've seen a few. Gets the girl to deed him this ten acres under pretext to drill for water for her." He pulled a document from his pocket and handed it to Callister. "I had my stenographer make a copy of it when Marsh came to see me last week. Read it."

Callister ran his eyes down the typed page, then beckoned Warren to a seat beside him in the tool shack, while he perused it more carefully.

"Suffering cats!" he exclaimed when he had finished reading it. "That man Blass is an artist and no mistake. Robs them of their eyeteeth and makes them sign him clean."

"Pretty rank, eh, Ben?" Warren said with a nod.

"Rank is right," said Callister. "No wonder they raised the roof. They were up here a week ago—the old man and his daughter. Nice girl, Miss Marsh."

Warren nodded.

"A hard worker. She's supported herself and the old man by working at Duffy's. Duffy feeds Marsh. That's part of the bargain. The two of them came out here from Iowa a couple of years back—to keep the old man from passing out. The girl was a school-teacher back there. Your employer sold them this dry section for a farm. When they got tired of starving the girl went to work." Warren paused and frowned mildly. "It seems as if the people that can least afford it are always the ones who get swindled."

"Yes," said Callister. He was thinking of the somber-eyed girl slaving her youth away in the stuffy heat of Duffy's restaurant.

"How far you down?" Warren asked after a pause.

"A little over four hundred feet. We'll hit sand in less than a month—unless we strike hardpan. I don't think we will."

"You won't." Warren agreed. "It's easy going all the way down, Blair reported." He arose. "I thought maybe you'd like to know what sort of a man you're working for."

"I sure do."

"Well, so long, Ben."

"So long, Fred."

Instead of going straight home after supper that evening, Callister sauntered across the street to the depot and tried, unsuccessfully, to engage Jean Bullpit, the station agent, in conversation at his open window. Bullpit talked, but in monologue, a monologue directed against those who use the law to aid them in swindling helpless womenfolks and old men.

Callister listened until Bullpit ran out of breath, then said, "I know you mean well, Bullpit, so I won't punch your face for you."

"Try it and see what'll happen to you," the station agent invited him.

Callister shook his head.

"Nothing would happen—to me. The S. P. would be a man short for a week or so, that's all."

Bullpit scowled at the driller.

"You hate yourself, don't you?" he growled.

"Not particularly," Callister replied cheerfully.

"Well, there's a lot of us in this town that do," the station agent informed him, "and don't you forget it. If I had my way about it you and your outfit would be hitting the ties south by daylight to-morrow morning."

Callister laughed.

"It'd take a lot of you to make us."

"Oh, I don't know. There's a sight of us here who know how to nurse a pair of shooting irons."

"That's all right with us," Callister grinned. "I and my crew always travel heeled. Trouble is our middle name."

"That so? Well, maybe we'll teach you how to spell it backwards—yet," Bullpit retorted, pulling down the window with a bang.

Callister strolled about town until he saw Duffy lock up his place for the night. When Nora came out of the alley a moment later and walked down the road he followed.

Increasing his pace until he was abreast of her he said, "I owe you an apology for insulting you with that tip. My only excuse is that I was so mad that I forgot the change."

"You owe me nothing," the girl replied, increasing her own pace.

"All right. Consider it a present then."

The girl bit her lip and made no reply.

"There are one or two things I'd like to know about," Callister went on imperturbably. "You bought this section from my—employer?"

"I did."

"You put all the money you had into it—or nearly all?"

"I don't see that my affairs are any of your business," she retorted haughtily.

"They are—and they are not. I'm making them my business—if you don't mind."

The girl whirled upon him angrily.

"I do mind! I wish you'd leave me alone!"

Callister laughed.

"You've got the same kind of a temper that I have. We'd make a fine pair." Then seriously he added, "I'm butting into your affairs for the simple reason that they need butting into—unless you want to sling hash at Duffy's for the rest of your life. You need a man to take care of you."

"Indeed!" she remarked acidly.

"Yes, indeed," Callister reiterated; "and I'm going to elect myself a committee of one for the job."

The girl stopped short, fists clenched.

"Oh, if I were only a man!" she cried. "I'd—I'd—I don't know what I'd do to you!"

Callister caught her raised arm by the wrist.

"I'm glad you're not—a man," he said, "but not because of the walloping I might get," he added gently. Then as she left him and took the path across lots to the house he called out after her softly, "Good night, honey!"

Mr. Blass and Frisbie motored out from the city the following week. Mr. Blass was in the usual good humor preceding the successful consummation of a deal, as he termed his questionable transactions. Frisbie was morose and silent. The junior partner was suffering from an aggravated case of writer's cramp, from O.K.ing vouchers for the new enterprise. Half of the firm's bank balance had been depleted, and only half of the hole in the ground, as he gloomily referred to it, had been dug.

Chills of horror percolated down his spine when he had itemized the first weekly expense account.

"Listen to this!" he shouted. "Twelve dollars a day for a well digger. Ten more for a tool dresser. Does he maybe manicure 'em too? Is the man crazy? Two hundred dollars a day—wages alone. Forty dollars a day more for meals. Did he hire a bunch of ostriches, oder does he maybe board them at the Waldorf Astoria?"

Mr. Blass explained patiently the difference between a well driller and a well digger. Instead of answering, Frisbie waved a bill for three hundred and eighty dollars' worth of gasoline—a thousand gallons—in his face.

"Maybe you can explain this also. Is it that we have Barney Oldfield running races for us, und did you dilute the gasoline with perhaps champagne? Thirty-eight cents a gallon! For that price I could fill me, almost, a cellar with bootleg."

Mr. Blass explained here that the gasoline was used for the engine and that its price—thirty-eight cents a gallon—was due to the three-hundred-mile haul across the desert by tank car. When he suggested that Frisbie accompany him to the property, his partner demurred at first. But later, drawn as a criminal to the scene of his crime—to Frisbie, paying out money, his own, was synonymous with crime—he agreed to motor out with Mr. Blass.

For the best part of the three-hundred-mile drive he sat listening in agonized silence to the high-powered cylinders eating up a gallon of gas every fifth sand-strewn mile; and when they arrived at the well, tired and dusty, he took one amazed look at the derrick, then exclaimed, "Thirty-one thousand dollars! For that thing! For thirty-one thousand dollars I could build me on Wilshire Boulevard a house, with a Jap cook and seven bathrooms."

"Oh, shut up!" Mr. Blass exploded as the two men, hot and perspiring, climbed the derrick platform.

"Well, well, how's it going, Mr. Callister?" Mr. Blass ejaculated, pleased at his own little pun.

"All right," the driller replied, acknowledging his employer's introduction of Frisbie with a brief nod. "We're down twelve hundred feet."

Frisbie poked his long nose over the edge of the casing and looked down, as if expecting to glimpse there some of his vanished dollars.

"Such a business!" he muttered.

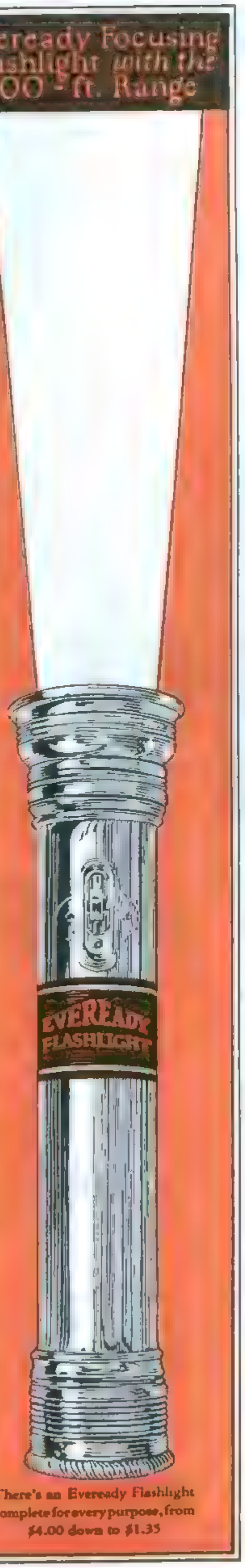
VII

A FIRST-CLASS well driller can do things with a well that would make a magician sick with envy. Callister was a first-class driller. He had the reputation of being able to use his head in an emergency. He had been using it for the past week—since his talk with Warren.

He was down now where his drills told him that he was nearing oil sand, and his nose confirmed the suspicion. Gas had been rising in the casing for the past two shifts.

(Continued on Page 55)

Eveready Focusing Flashlight with the 300-ft. Range



There's an Eveready Flashlight complete for every purpose, from $4.00 down to $1.35

"AN EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT IN YOUR CAR IS AS NECESSARY AS A SPARE TIRE"

Keep your flashlights ready for instant use

You can't light your flashlight without a live battery, any more than your town can be lighted with the power house shut down. The battery is the power house of your flashlight . . . . . Eveready Flashlight Batteries are universally used because they give a brighter light; they last longer; and they fit and improve all makes of flashlights . . . . . *Insist upon Eveready.*

Sold everywhere at electrical, hardware, sporting goods, drug, and auto accessory shops; garages; general stores.

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES

USG

Sheetrock is wall plaster cast in sections!

Insert shows the actual thickness of Sheetrock

SHEETROCK has the great advantage of being *a fireproof wallboard.* It is gypsum plaster, made from rock that is mined and ground and factory cast in broad, ceiling-high sheets. It cannot burn, ignite, or transmit heat. On the walls and ceilings of your building, it furnishes a fire-resisting protection to the studs and joists to which it is nailed. It makes rigid, tight-jointed, standard walls and ceilings that will not *warp, shrink or buckle,* and will last as long as the building stands.

There are many economical uses for Sheetrock in new construction, alterations and repairs. It saws and nails readily, and any good carpenter can do good work with it, easily and quickly. It offers a perfectly flat, smooth surface for any decoration you want—wallpaper, paint or panels. As soon as it is up, you can decorate and move right in. Lumber dealers and dealers in builders' supplies sell Sheetrock. Its cost is low. Write for our free illustrated booklet about Sheetrock, "Walls of Worth."

SHEETROCK

The FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

World's Largest Producers of Gypsum Products

Approved by The Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

SALES OFFICES: New York, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., Cleveland, Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Michigan, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Minneapolis, Minnesota, St. Louis, Missouri, Kansas City, Missouri, Omaha, Nebraska, Denver, Colorado, Los Angeles, California

MINES AND MILLS: Oakfield, N. Y., Plaster Co., Va., Cleveland, Ohio, Gypsum, Ohio, Genoa, Ohio, Detroit, Mich., Alabaster, Mich., Grand Rapids, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., Fort Dodge, Iowa, Blue Rapids, Kas., Southard, Okla., Eldorado, Okla., Piedmont, S. D., Loveland, Colorado, Denver, Colorado, Arden, Nevada, Amboy, California

(Continued from Page 82)

In his little cubby-hole of an office behind the tool shack he considered his position. For a full half hour he sat in his chair, thinking—about his own reputation as a driller, about the unscrupulous piracy of Blass, his employer, but mostly about the girl who had been bucking the wolf, lone-handed, with a sick father. His eyes grew hard, and when he finally arose they had narrowed to mere slits.

That night, under the cover of darkness, he sent a wagon team down to the creek which skirted the lower end of the adjoining quarter section, for a load of adobe clay.

Adobe clay is inseparably interwoven with the history of Southern California. Sun-dried bricks were made from it by the Indians and the early settlers for their dwellings. The ruined arches of the old missions are chapters in the history of adobe construction.

Adobe is the stickiest of sticky clay, a dark brown substance, soft as peat in winter, tenacious as India rubber in spring, and hard as concrete in summer. It has the adhesive qualities of a leech, and the impenetrableness of an elephant's hide. Mixed with straw and smoothed down with a trowel it makes an excellent plaster. When damp it sheds water like a gaberdine.

Callister found a new use for adobe clay. Mixing it with water to the consistency of tar he poured it down the drill casing by the bucketful. As the drill ate its way into the oil sand the wet mud formed a coating of adobe on the walls of the bore, which upon hardening prevented the oil from flowing through.

Watching his drills closely as they were pulled up for resharpening he noted that their points were sticky with oil. Blass had guessed right. There was oil there—lots of it. But he was not going to get any of it—not if Callister could help it.

After three shifts of drilling the formation changed. He had gone through eighty feet of oil sand to the harder stratum below. Pulling out his drill he lowered a six-inch casing into the bore, thus shutting off, for good, any flow of oil.

Then smiling softly to himself he wired Blass at Los Angeles, and went on drilling.

He had one trick more up his sleeve. If it failed he could still break Blass by drilling.

When Blass and Frisbie arrived from the city in Mr. Blass' eight-cylinder roadster Callister led them into the office behind the tool shack and shut the door.

"Well, gentlemen, she'll blow inside the next forty-eight hours," he said. "I figured that you'd like to be on hand for the fireworks, so I wired you."

Mr. Blass rubbed his fat hands.

"You think there's plenty of oil there then, Mr. Callister?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't think it—I know it," the driller replied.

Frisbie relaxed his gloom momentarily, and permitted himself one of his rare smiles.

"It's about time," he grumbled. "We've paid out already sixty thousand dollars. If something don't happen pretty quick we'll be looking for a meal ticket."

"Something will happen—pretty quick," Callister assured him.

McFee, the tool dresser, came into the office then. He nodded to Blass and Frisbie.

"There's a gang of men with rifles coming up the hill, Ben," he said to Callister.

Mr. Blass' pudgy hands clutched the arms of his chair. His smooth, pink face turned the color of chalk. Frisbie stared, mouth drooping, from McFee to Callister. The driller glanced out of the window and saw a crowd of perhaps fifty armed men coming up the trail. He turned to McFee.

"Pass out shooting irons all around, Mac," he said quietly. "The cartridge clips are in that box," he added, pointing to a box under the desk. "Better move them up on the derrick platform. Rouse the two off shifts and form a line around the derrick. I'll be with you in a minute."

He turned to Blass and Frisbie as McFee carried the box of cartridges outside.

"You gentlemen had better stay where you are," he said. "There might be some shooting going on around here in a little while. I reckon you'd look good to them for targets."

"We'll stay," said Mr. Blass hoarsely, and Frisbie seconded the motion with a forward droop of his head.

Callister opened the drawer of his desk and took from it his automatic pistol. Slipping two extra clips of cartridges into his pocket he stepped outside.

When the advancing men were within a hundred yards of the derrick he called them to halt, and asked them what they wanted. The men paused. Jean Bullpit was the first to speak.

"We want you and your gang to get out," he said briefly.

"The sooner the quicker," Duffy, the restaurant man, supplied, stepping forward.

Both men were armed with rifles. Callister pulled out his pistol.

"I suppose you know what the law says about attacking a man, or his representatives, with deadly weapons on his own land," he said.

Bullpit laughed.

"We're not losing any sleep over what the law says," he jeered.

"Perhaps not," Callister came back, "but you'll have a nice long one if you don't observe it." He raised the pistol. "The first man that comes a step nearer will go back down the trail feet first. I took the job of drilling this well and I'm going to finish it if I have to bury Inca by mass funeral. Think it over."

The men conferred among themselves briefly; then Bullpit said, "We'll give you one hour to pull out—or be starved out."

Callister shook his head.

"Come again. We won't pull out, and we'll shoot our way to grub—if necessary."

"It'll be necessary, all right," Duffy chipped in. "You won't get nothing to eat from me—not for a hundred dollars a meal."

The men retreated a short distance, then split up in groups of twos and threes and proceeded to surround the derrick on all sides.

Callister joined his men on the platform.

"We're in for a fight, boys," he said. "Can I depend on all of you?"

"Sure you can, boss," they informed him in unison.

"All right, then." He turned to the tool dresser. "Gather up all the empty cement sacks, Mac, and fill them with sand, and pile them up around the derrick. The shift on duty, go back to your drilling."

Looking around he noted that the attacking party also were preparing for a siege. They were busy piling up brush and digging trenches in the sand. He smiled grimly. His last card still remained unplayed.

VIII

THE happenings of the next thirty-six hours are history in the annals of oil. For six shifts, without food or water, and under the blazing desert sun in midsummer, a handful of determined men defied a whole community.

When the water supply ran low on the third shift Callister called the men together.

"We need every drop of water in the tank to keep the drill going," he informed them. "That means nothing to drink from now on until we're through. We can shoot our way to water, but some of us are bound to get killed. Have you got the nerve to stick it out?"

"Boss, we'll go to the devil for you if you say the word," one of the men replied. The others nodded their agreement to this homely sentiment.

"Maybe some of you will be called on to do that," Callister replied grimly, glancing with pride about the circle of sweat-grimed faces.

At the end of that first hot day the beleaguering forces grew restless. Bullpit advised a rush during the night, but Duffy, the cautious, demurred.

"Another day of it, and they'll run out of water," he said, hardly knowing how great a truth he was uttering. "They'll be too weak to fight. We can dump 'em on a flat car and ship 'em south then."

For the next ten hours sixteen hungry and worn-out men awaited the desert dawn that would be the beginning of another day of suffering.

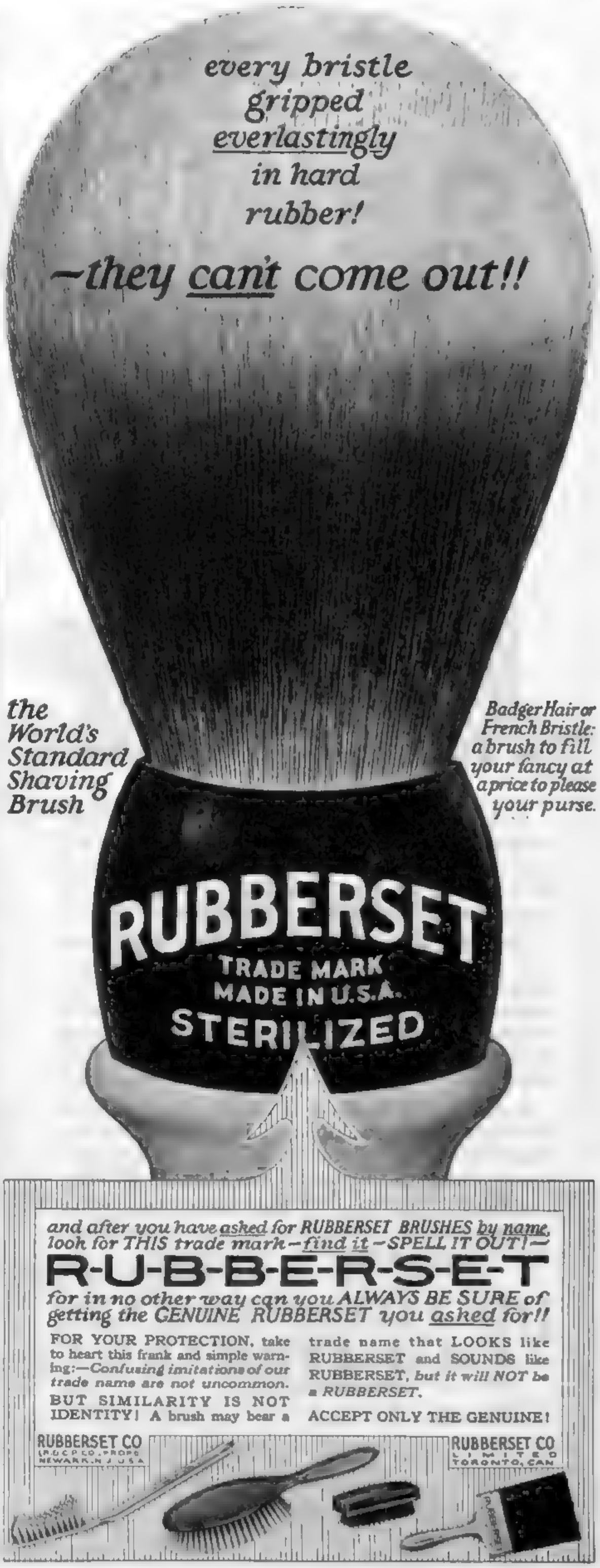
At five o'clock the red ball of the sun crept up over the rim of the wastes.

Callister called the men together for the last time.

"I'm going to ask you to stick until dark—no longer," he said in a dry, parched voice.

The men nodded in silent agreement. None spoke. But Callister reading their faces felt assured.

Blass staggered out of the office just then, followed by Frisbie. All the promoter's bravado and complacency were gone. His face had turned a ghastly green. His clothing was disarranged and his collar was pushed askew. He walked with the


every bristle
gripped
everlastingly
in hard
rubber!
—they can't come out!!
the World's Standard Shaving Brush
Badger Hair or French Bristle: a brush to fill your fancy at a price to please your purse.
RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
STERILIZED
and after you have asked for RUBBERSET BRUSHES by name, look for THIS trade mark—find it—SPELL IT OUT!—
R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T
for in no other way can you ALWAYS BE SURE of getting the GENUINE RUBBERSET you asked for!!
FOR YOUR PROTECTION, take to heart this frank and simple warning:—Confusing imitations of our trade name are not uncommon.
BUT SIMILARITY IS NOT IDENTITY! A brush may bear a trade name that LOOKS like RUBBERSET and SOUNDS like RUBBERSET, but it will NOT be a RUBBERSET.
ACCEPT ONLY THE GENUINE!
RUBBERSET CO
(P.O.C.P.CO., PROPS.)
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
RUBBERSET CO
LIMITED
TORONTO, CAN.

The Power That Makes Steel

Prosperity manifests itself invariably in an increased demand for steel. From farm implements and machinery to pleasure cars and the fine tools of expert industry, little that is important in American life can be done without the use of steel.

Coal furnishes the power that transforms iron ore into the vital and necessary steel. It is estimated that the iron and steel industries of America consume approximately 100,000,000 tons of bituminous coal each year. Three-quarters of a ton are required to produce one ton of iron ingots and four tons are consumed in making one of finished steel.

From our 92 mines in the four great coal producing states, The Consolidation Coal Company supplies a large volume of bituminous coal precisely suited to the needs of steel production.

Consolidation Coal of high heat content and greatest possible cleanliness appeals to the industrial manager with an eye for economy.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building - New York City

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG., *Detroit, Mich.* — UNION TRUST BLDG., *Washington, D. C.*
137 MARKET STREET, *Portsmouth, N. H.* — FISHER BLDG., *Chicago, Illinois.*
CONTINENTAL BLDG., *Baltimore, Md.* — UNION CENTRAL BLDG., *Cincinnati, Ohio*
STATE MUTUAL BLDG., *Boston, Mass.* — FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG., *Roanoke, Va.*
LAND TITLE BLDG., *Philadelphia, Pa.*

Sales Agents { NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO., MERCHANTS NAT'L BANK BLDG., *St. Paul, Minn.*
NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO., ROCKEFELLER BLDG., *Cleveland, Ohio.*
EMPIRE COAL COMPANY LTD., SHAUGHNESSY BLDG., *Montreal, Quebec.*

gait of a drunken man, and when he climbed up the platform ladder his movements were those of a huge, ungainly turtle.

Behind him stalked Frisbie, hatless, with his long arms dangling at his sides and the palms of his hands turned outward, ape fashion.

"Where's the—drinking water?" Blass gasped.

"In there," Callister said, pointing to the tank.

The promoter reeled forward.

"We couldn't stand it—any longer. Came out—to get a drink."

"You came to the wrong place," Callister said coldly.

"What! Is the tank empty?"

"No, but we need every drop for the drill. You can't have any."

"But I want a drink!" Blass shrilled, clutching at his throat.

Callister laughed hoarsely.

"There are sixteen of us here in the same notion. You're no better than the rest. Get back where you belong and stay there."

"But we'll—die of thirst!" Blass screamed.

"You'll die of something else if you don't get off this platform or stop your blubbering," the driller informed him.

Mr. Blass looked down at the pistol in Callister's hand. With a gulp of terror he slid down the ladder into Frisbie's long arms and the two of them staggered back to the tool tent.

As the desert day advanced the men began showing signs of weakening. Callister moved among them, laughing and joking, shaming them into taking a grip upon themselves. He cajoled them, told them what he thought of them, bitterly, pointedly, praying the while for time.

At noon the engineer collapsed and Callister himself took charge of the engine. When he measured the water in the tank he found that less than six inches remained.

The heat was now almost unbearable. The sun rays poured upon them like sheets of molten metal that seemed to break and become shattered against the blinding whiteness of the desert sand into minute pinpoints of heat which pierced their skins and drained their bodies of the last vestige of moisture. Callister lifted his head. Above them a buzzard soared in long lazy circles. He returned to his seat at the engine with a savage shrug of his shoulders.

Two interminable hours dragged by. His throat was parched. His tongue had swollen to shocking proportions. It seemed as if there was no longer room for it in his mouth. Every bone and joint ached. He felt sick and faint. His body from the waist down was a cumbersome, leaden thing, that responded to his will only at his most determined effort.

The short staccato gasps of the engine fell upon his ears with maddening monotony. He had a sudden frenzied desire to leap upon it and shatter it to bits.

He sounded the tank again. A scant two inches remained. One hour more and he'd have to shut off the engine. He was drilling in hardpan, and without water to keep the drill cooled he'd have to shut down. In one hour it'd be all over. His judgment as a driller hung upon a scant sixty minutes.

He was bending over the engine, filling the lubricating cups, when looking up he saw Nora coming up the trail. Dropping the oil can he straightened up and shaded his sun-blinded eyes with his hand.

The girl paused at the nearest group of watchers and exchanged words with them briefly, then came toward the derrick.

McFee, the tool dresser, raised his pistol almost involuntarily. If the girl saw the motion she did not heed it, but kept coming. Fifty feet from the derrick she stopped.

"Don't you think this has gone far enough?" she demanded of Callister.

The driller tried to reply, but the words rose to his swollen lips unuttered.

Blass, hearing the girl's voice, staggered out of the tool shack.

"Water, water!" he gasped, dropping at her feet in the sand.

The girl shrank back. She stared at the prostrate man, then at the row of thirst-maddened faces that peered at her dully over their breastwork of sandbags. Turning swiftly she ran down the trail to the nearest group of watchers. Before the men could prevent it she had snatched a two-gallon canteen from them and started back to the derrick with it.

As Callister reached for the canteen and straightened up one of the sand hummocks behind him spat a puff of smoke. The report of the rifle was deadened in the noise of the engine, but he felt the sharp sting of the bullet in his left shoulder.

Clutching the canteen in the crook of his wounded arm he whirled about, raised his pistol and emptied it at the hummock. The would-be murderer rose to his knees, sawed the air with his arms briefly, then fell across the hummock and lay still.

Callister replaced his pistol in his pocket and unscrewed the cover of the canteen. Then to the girl's amazement he staggered across the platform and poured the two gallons of water into the casing.

"Fifteen minutes more time," he muttered thickly, as he threw the empty canteen back on the sand to her.

A groan went up from his men. Blass shrieked and beat his fists on the sand.

The girl climbed the ladder to the platform.

"Please, please, stop!" she implored Callister. "You'll all be killed."

Callister clutching his wounded arm smiled and shook his head.

"You're hurt!" she cried. "Oh, you stubborn, arrogant man!"

She forced him to sit on a beam and examined his wound. When she leaned forward he swept her into his right arm and laid his parched burning lips to her cool ones.

There was a rush and a roar behind them. A shiver seemed to pass through the platform; then a recoil. The derrick rocked and swayed. Out of the mouth of the sixteen-inch casing burst a column of cool sparkling artesian water! It rose ten feet in the air, then collapsed, fan-fashion, and struck the platform with the roar of a cataract, engulfing the man and the girl completely, and almost sweeping them from the beam where they were sitting.

Callister dropped to his knees and buried his face in the cool turbulence and drank—with every pore of his thirst-racked body. Again and again he plunged his face into it and drank; and the girl clung to him, sobbing.

"You wanted water a minute ago," he shouted to Blass. "Take a swim and drown, you crook!"

IX

"I WANT you to tell the truth, Ben," Fred Warren said one evening two days later when the two men were forgathered at Duffy's over a bottle of not very soft cider. "Did you or did you not strike oil?"

Callister stroked his bandaged arm solemnly.

"That would be admitting that I had bungled or—faked a well," he came back with a smile. "Either would queer me for life as a driller. But if you want my advice it's this: Get your crews together and drill for all you're worth."

Warren smiled back.

"You think you're pretty foxy," he growled good-naturedly. "But I've been on to you for a week. When I found that somebody had been swiping 'dobe, at the dark of the moon from the creek on our property I put two and two together." He offered Callister his cigar case. "You can move your rig over on the quarter section next to you and go to it. We've leased it from the S. P. on royalty. You get a bonus of a thousand dollars if you strike oil within sixty days. But for the love of Mike be careful. I don't want no second Niagara on my land. The floor of this whole valley is a lake, Blair says."

Callister blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward.

"I knew I couldn't miss it if I kept on going," he chuckled. "This gang of rubes came near spilling the beans on me though."

"When can you be ready to start drilling?" Warren asked.

"In two weeks," Ben replied. "There are two things I want to attend to first. I want to record a deed and take out a license."

"What!" Warren exclaimed. "You haven't been drilling in this county without a license?"

"Yes," said Ben with a wink. "I've been drilling all my life without that kind of a license. But I won't do it any more, Fred." He handed the other a legal-looking document. "Blass' deed, conveying back to my future wife ten acres of land." He smiled reminiscently. "He owed me and the crew for the last week's drilling, so I agreed to take the ten acres in payment. Cleaned out? Well, I guess yes! I had to stake him and his long-faced partner to their breakfasts, and thirty gallons of gas to get back home on."

Champions

Champion Regular now 75¢
Champion X now 60¢

For Every Engine Everywhere

Your Dealer has Champions and can tell you why you should buy a full set

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY . . *Toledo, Ohio.*

THE CREDIT TRIMMERS

By Edward H. Smith

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT WAS a memorable morning, this twenty-third of May, 1712. The flowery frost was fallen from the branches and the amorous promise of June glowed in the sunshine. In the forking streets of London the curious crowds were clad cap-a-pie in the high plumage of the season. Catches of song were in the air, and where the spaces were green there was the whistle and whir of birds.

Richard Town sat in the lumbering cart with the Newgate ordinary at his side and thought he had never seen the old city so mellow, so magnificent. Never before had he remarked its ways and vistas. Never before had he felt the same kinship with its throngs. And never had the women, who stared at him as he passed, tugged at his male imagination with such exigence. He gazed back at them with calm, unflinching eyes. He felt a vibrancy, a sentience in his nerves and veins. He was glad to be alive on this tumultuous morning—and sorry.

"You do not know, sir," said he to the ordinary, "that this is my birthday."

The religious turned a sour eye upon him.

"I had thought you would not jest at ——"

Richard Town did not let him finish.

"You do not believe me; and yet it is so," he insisted. "If I live until noon I shall have completed my forty-first year."

Something in his melancholy smile and the visioning cast of his eye caught the ordinary's attention and wrought belief.

"Is this truth, Town?" he demanded.

"As God may have mercy on me, it is so. Forty-one years ago my sainted mother bore me in Spitalfields, and I came brawling into the world as the bells announced noon."

The preacher let his head slip from its prim erectness and stared before him at the back of the driver, wordless for once. Presently the racking, springless cart bruised its wheels on the last of the cobbles and eased upon the grateful dirt roads in the half-rural section approaching Tyburn.

Stern Measures of Old Times

"THERE are the Tyburn elms," said Town, "and there is the crowd, dressed for a fête. I like to think it is my birthday they have come to celebrate."

"You are a strange man, Town," said the preacher. "Why do your thoughts run on these things at such a time?"

"Because the world is very beautiful and life is very sweet," murmured the merchant—"and I always liked to indulge my fancies."

The cart turned into the open space and wedged its way forward through the crowd.

"And what of your immortal soul?" demanded the ordinary.

"That is in your hands," said Town.

"It should be in your mind."

"Perhaps. But I have another thought."

"What?"

"Men will say," said Richard Town, "that I celebrate to-day the strangest birthday any man has known."

The car stopped abruptly before the tall structure. The two sheriffs on the rear seat sprang down. The parson dropped his head into his hands and prayed aloud.

Richard Town stood up in the cart and stared again at the inviolate green of the Tyburn elms, at the flower and glow of the fields, at the fleckless blue of the vernal sky. He took into his lungs a great draft of the opulent sunlight and turned quiet, smiling eyes upon the multitude.

"My friends," he called resolutely, "this is my birthday. I see you have come to help me honor it."

He sprang down from the cart and walked briskly to the first sheriff, from whom he took the white cap of doom. In a moment he had mounted the scaffold, slipped the harness about his neck and placed himself to adjust the cap. A pretty woman in the front row caught his eye and he bowed to her.

"Madam, my compliments," said he. "And thank you for coming to my adventure."

He placed the cap over his head with easy assurance and gave the signal himself.

The drop fell. The rope lashed out like a serpent and jerked taut. The body plunged to the tether's end, and Richard Town had been hanged.

He had been executed under the law of 1705 for concealing assets of the value of twenty pounds and for fleeing from his creditors. His was the first hanging under this strange and significant statute. In reality, Town had caused fifteen tons of tallow, valued at four hundred pounds, to be shipped out of the country and had then attempted to follow his goods, taking his money with him and defrauding those he owed. The ship in which he had set sail was driven back by a gale, and Richard Town was captured and brought to trial and death.

You may find a record of all this in the Old Newgate Calendar, and you must not object if a later poet has somewhat embroidered and adorned the tale.

Early in the reign of Queen Anne in England there had been serious creditor trimmings, with the result that Parliament finally nominated this trick a felony in 1705, providing that whoever might conceal his assets and attempt to fleece his creditors after April, 1707, should be publicly hanged. But Queen Anne in her darkest day never witnessed such a volume of this type of crime as is seen in the United States on the brightest one.

This offense of trimming creditors, legally called commercial fraud, is related, to be sure, to fraudulent bankruptcy, yet it is a distinct offense, committed in its own peculiar manner. Its technic, too, bears certain analogies to bankruptcy scheming; but the two things are distinct, since one falls within the punitive powers of the national bankruptcy act, with its wide rights, whereas the other must be prosecuted under the ordinary criminal law, unless circumstances should permit the harmed creditors to throw the culprit into bankruptcy.

In a former article I gave some authorities for the estimate that fraudulent bankrupts mulct American business of sixty million dollars a year. It is possible to keep some sort of record in this matter and prove the probabilities at least. On the other hand, there is practically no check on the credit trimmers, and only a rash man would try to tabulate the amounts they steal annually. However, the best judges of the situation tell me that the latter offense is as costly as the former. It is certain there are many hundreds of such cases each year. It is a fact that in certain districts the reputation of merchants for this sort of crime is so bad that no broad credits can be got.

When the National Industrial Tax Conference was in session in Chicago two years ago, various witnesses estimated the yearly turnover at anywhere from two hundred to six hundred billions of dollars. The question arose as to what a one per cent tax on retail sales would yield, and the economists summoned said that in their opinion the Federal income from such an impost must be between two and six billion dollars. Let us take the mean and say that four hundred billions are spent yearly by the people of this country. Ninety per cent of the goods so retailed are sold to the dealers on credit. I mention these figures only to show how vast is the field in which the credit crook operates.

In no other type of crime save stock or market swindling and bank defalcations is the loss a crime so great as in this. Mr. C. D. West, the veteran authority of the National Association of Credit Men, who has put thirty-odd years of his life into the detection and prosecution of these offenders, assures me that the creditor trimmer who takes only twenty or thirty thousand dollars is called a piker. Fifty thousand dollars, says Mr. West, is probably the average loss. And there have been cases in which a single trimming conspiracy cost the creditors a million dollars and even a million and a half. These things we are to witness presently.

The Growth of Commercial Fraud

HISTORICALLY it is a little difficult to catch this matter. I find no record older than that of Richard Town, yet there must have been numbers of antecedent crimes and many punishments. As soon as Europe turned from its old organization and became a continent of commercial empires, credit organization grew up, and credit crimes must have appeared at about the same time. The more commerce and credit were extended and liberalized the greater became the opportunities of the crook. After England had weathered the peril of the Armada and begun to colonize the New World her commercial prosperity mounted rapidly, and energies long wasted on military aims came to be expended upon the handling of goods and the making of money. Trimming grew as did prosperity.

In our own country there seems to have been no time at which this type of skin game was unknown. But our attitude toward it used to be far different from what it is at the present. In the brave old days the manufacturer and jobber charged off such losses and put the cost of them on the shoulders of their honest customers. In his computations of a fair selling price he put in his own cost, his overhead, his handling cost—and stealage. The false bankrupts and trimmers were thus provided against. This may have been a convenient way of doing business, but it had its decided evils. Perhaps the greatest of these was the gradual education of a troupe of men in the arts of credit trimming. They were allowed to commit their crimes in high immunity, and they soon came to regard this fraud as their privilege.

To-day many organizations of makers and wholesalers of goods are carrying on a determined fight against this

(Continued on Page 92)

A good way to save

INSTEAD of cream for coffee, fruits and cereals, use Carnation Milk. It is rich and delicious. Use Carnation in your home for every milk purpose and you will effect quite a saving in your monthly milk bills. It is pure, country milk, evaporated to creamy thickness and sterilized in air-tight containers. When you add an equal part of water to one part of Carnation you get milk of normal richness. To get thinner milk, add more water. Your grocer is the Carnation Milkman. Send today for our Cook Book.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 532 Consumers Building, CHICAGO; 632 Stuart Building, SEATTLE

Chocolate Blanc Mange—¼ teaspoon salt, 2 cups Carnation Milk, 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups water, ½ cup cornstarch. Combine 2 cups water and Carnation Milk. Put in double boiler and bring to boiling point. Mix cornstarch, sugar, salt and balance of water. Add to first mixture, stirring constantly. Add melted chocolate, stirring occasionally until mixture thickens. Cook fifteen minutes. Add flavoring; mould, chill and serve with whipped Carnation Milk.

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago New York Aylmer, Ont.

After Every

WRIGL

Wherever you may be
remember your

In traveling, especially,
digesting the hastily-eaten
up for lack of water, too
and thirsty.

In short, it helps a great

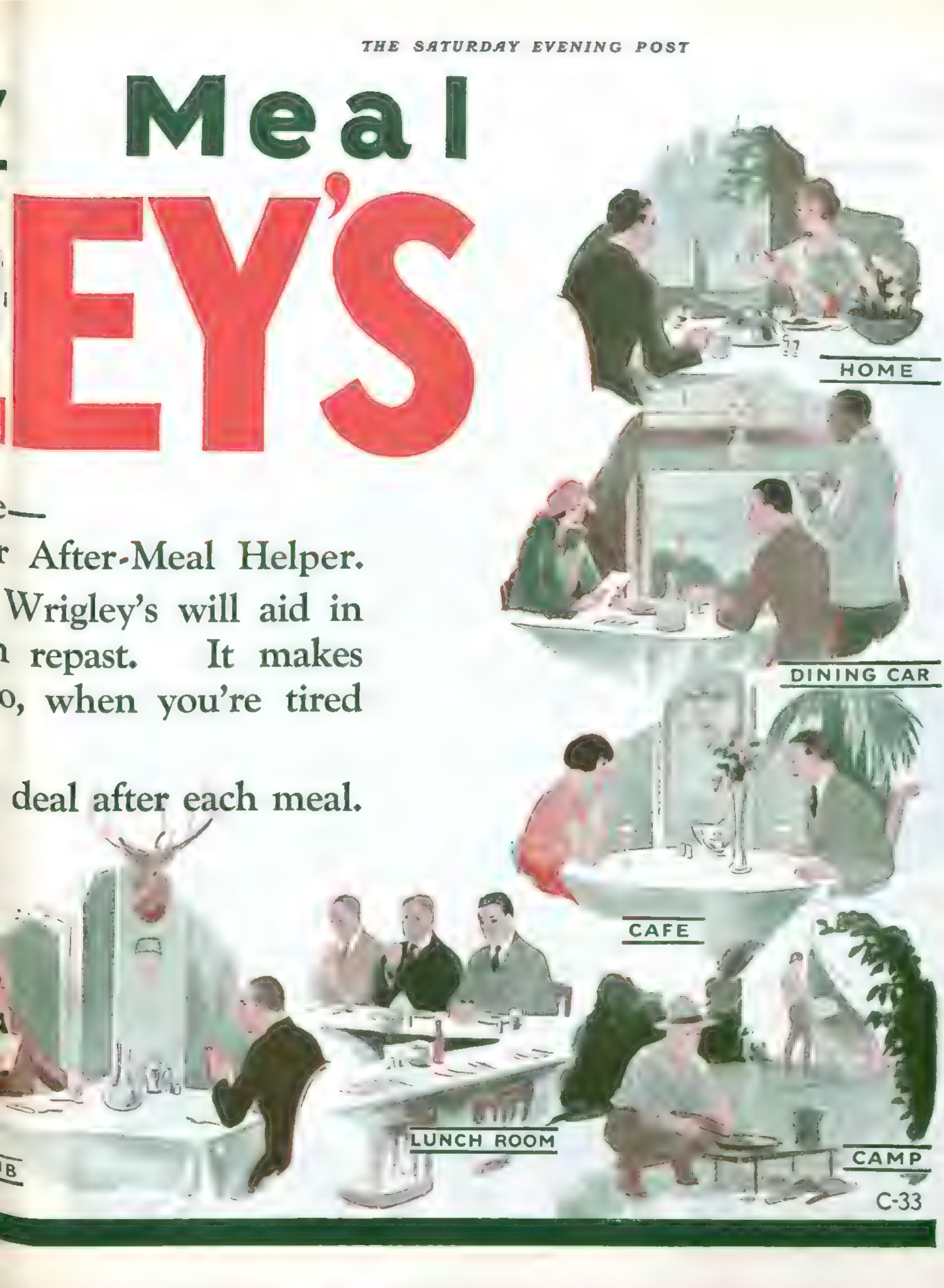
Meal

EY'S

e—

r After-Meal Helper.
Wrigley's will aid in
n repast. It makes
o, when you're tired

deal after each meal.



Why do women like pipe-smokers?

We asked many women. One said: "Because a man who thinks things out, does them and goes all the way through with anything he starts generally smokes a pipe if he smokes at all—and nearly always he does smoke."

Another replied: "A pipe smoker is more of a home man, it seems to me. There is no better picture of contentment than a man smoking a pipe in his home after the day's work is done."

"He is more honest, more reliable, more manly," said another—but she was rather young.

"Pipe-smokers are not so jumpy and fidgety, so nervous as non-smokers. They're more easily contented," was the opinion of one woman.

There were many reasons given by the fair ladies; some of them not very powerful from a logical viewpoint. The significant feature of the questionnaire was that the great majority of the women admitted that they do like pipe-smokers.

And just to show that woman is not the only illogical of the two sexes, we asked a number of men why they liked the tobacco they smoked. One said it was strong enough for him. Another said it was mild enough for him—and they were smoking the same brand. All of them had some more-or-less indefinite reason for liking a certain tobacco, but putting that feeling into words was difficult. Even our old Edgeworth smokers—our best friends—have difficulty in telling why they like Edgeworth. "It is a friendly, friend-making tobacco that just suits me," was the best answer we could get. *Just suits me!* There's the whole thing.

But Edgeworth doesn't suit everybody. Out of every hundred pipe-smokers there may be one or two who couldn't get supreme satisfaction out of Edgeworth.

Nevertheless, we would like to send any pipe-smoker free samples of Edgeworth, and we are sincere when we say that we would rather send samples to a man who thinks he will *not* like Edgeworth—for he may find he is mistaken and then he will be the best friend for Edgeworth that a smoker could be.

If you will send us your name and address on a postcard, we will forward samples of Edgeworth, Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice, and there is no tag attached, "Send money if you like it." The samples are free and postpaid. Address your card to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 88)

kind of thing. Hundreds of the crooks have been caught and sent to prison. Hundreds of officers and investigators and guardians are in the field. But the crime is most difficult to suppress.

It is not possible to write clearly and justly of this subject without remarking that such crimes are contrary to the practice of Americans and of those elements in our population which made the older United States. When failures occur among peoples of these bloods they are due almost invariably to inexperience or incompetence. Too many young men plunge into business without equipment or knowledge, and they come rapidly to grief.

Recognizing this fact, many organizations have launched business schools. The American Bankers Association has its Commercial Bankers Institute. Along similar lines, the National Association of Credit Men has lately inaugurated the Institute of Credit, in which it hopes to train men to resist the schemes of the trimmer and his related criminals.

Though our own people are convinced of the wrongness and unprofitableness of this offense, there are among us several races with whom the trick is highly popular. These are largely Mediterranean or Levantine peoples. I intend no aspersion upon the quality or moral fiber of these races. The thing is rather a matter of being used to the law, of litigious habitude. These Southern and Eastern peoples have no such system of credits as prevails among us. They come here and see the, to them, loose methods. Naturally they conclude that the American business man is a fool, and the impulse to trim the fool is universal.

Bankruptcy as an Industry

What is moral in one part of the globe is extremely nauseous to the ethical palate of another part. New and strange customs and laws are not readily bowed to. The Kurds and Armenians are neighbors. The Kurds are a simple, hardy, warlike people, seminomadic, close to the soil, engaged in constant small wars and broils. Among them whatever is done by courageous action is honorable. The castles of their chieftains are bandit roosts and their heroes are great banditti. The adjacent Armenians are, on the other hand, the shrewdest traders in the East. Their sharpness in merchandising is historic, legendary, proverbial. They live in cities and subsist by buying and selling. They love peace and commerce and profits. They can no more understand why it is not right to trim the guileless Kurd and charge him a high price for grain in time of famine than the Kurd can grasp any reason for not holding up the Armenian merchant's caravan or committing murderous raids on Armenian towns when he feels he has been wronged.

We have here the explanation of some of the massacres and the continual bleeding of Armenia, which has come to be a byword.

The same contrast in laws and business morals exists between our understanding of these things and that entertained generally in the Near East.

For a number of years many Syrians have been crowding to our textile centers. They are experts in cotton and linen weaving and are more than welcome. But there are among them habitual traders with the Oriental slant. A creditor-trimming conspiracy of a group of these men has lately been investigated, and most of the participants are in jail.

A bright young Syrian arrived in one of our textile cities several years ago and went forthwith to a prominent man of his own country.

"I want to work in a factory," said he.

The leader, called a king in the vernacular, looked the young man up and down, plied him with questions, tested his intelligence.

"Why work in a factory?" he asked finally.

"I came to make money," responded the youth, wondering.

"Can't do that in a factory."

"But they pay well."

"Yes, in our money; not in their own. Listen. If you want to make money put yourself in my hands, let me teach you a little while, and then just do as I say. It will be a hundred times as good as the factory."

So the king and the young immigrant came to terms.

After a preliminary few months of coaching the young man was sent into the South to open a silk-and-white-goods shop in a small city. He had already been instructed in the manner of getting credit, and managed the affair well. Small orders, promptly paid for, were followed by constantly larger ones until the time for the explosion came. Then the young fellow went quietly and soberly into bankruptcy.

It was not a specially glaring case. Nothing was thought of it. But a few weeks later another young Syrian of a similar name came the same sort of cropper in a not distant town. And a few hundred miles away another man apparently of the same race had likewise gone bankrupt a few months before. Credit men began to scratch their heads and wonder. Then there was a fourth debacle. An investigator was sent to the region, and he shortly discovered amazing and diverting things.

Three of these kings had apparently planned and organized the whole affair. Each of them had a large store in a principal city. The fifteen or twenty other shops were all in the hands of their tools and were scattered through five states. The tools opened credits and bought goods, which they immediately transferred to the big shops of the kings, who then sold the stolen stuff at low prices. As soon as one of the pawns got to the bursting point he cleaned out his store absolutely, sent a final shipment to his master, and then either vanished or stood his ground and played bankrupt.

The Technic of Trimming

The final detail of the plot was even more sagacious. When one of the underlings failed and the creditors swooped down to get what might be left the kings showed up and suavely presented a mortgage on the store and entire stock of the defunct tool. But the thing was too good to be true. About thirty men are under arrest and may shortly inhabit the prisons.

The technic of creditor trimming is nowise a recondite matter. In elementals the jobs are always much alike. A man opens a shop and manages in one way or another to run up his credit. Then he conceals his assets, usually by shipping his goods to some distant city or turning them over to some local fence. And thereupon he vanishes into distance and doubt.

But this simple fundamental structure of fraud may be almost infinitely varied. Burglary crews are often employed, and arson experts are still more common.

The credit trimmer uses incendiarism for two purposes. His idea may be to conceal the removals he has been guilty of, but quite as often he is simply aiming at the insurance companies. This kind of criminal overlooks no opportunities.

In many of the great seaside summer resorts the boardwalk merchants do a thriving business for the spring and summer. But when October comes skulking along the sea, with its sharp winds and frigid waters, trade drops to nothing. The gay and purse-free crowds are gone and there is the long, hard winter to face. So it happens that a power of small merchants go to the wall in these places as soon as summer has sung and danced away.

In one resort, not so long ago, a man of alien race, whom I shall call Nichols, set up a fancy goods store and laid in a large stock, which he gradually increased by means of boosted credits. On the first day of the ensuing October he vanished into the fine clear air of the place, and his store was found to contain nothing worth mention. A search was instituted, but this wise Mr. Nichols had most thoroughly obliterated traces. Finally, in going over the meager records he had left, a detective found a bill from a dealer for one dozen animal satchels. The thing caught the investigator's eye. What was a man doing with animal satchels in a fancy goods shop? Why had he ordered them? For whom? The remaining papers in the abandoned shop were gone over thoroughly, and finally a railroad waybill was found, showing that the dozen animal satchels had been shipped to a town in Pennsylvania, and to a man of the storekeeper's own name. The detective hurried out into Pennsylvania.

Hot on the Trail

In an old house in a quiet street of this slumberous Pennsylvania town resided Mr. Simon Nichols, the elder. The detective sensed at once the respectability of the old gentleman and discovered after brief inquiry that it was the son who had been guilty of the vanishment at the seashore. Though a father is by no law answerable for the sins of his son, the investigator thought a little scrutinizing of Mr. Nichols might not be without profit. In what business was Mr. Nichols? The town gossip told him at once that old Simon was an animal trainer.

"Kinda funny, too," said the glib informant, puckering his nose. "The old guy trains cats."

"Cats?" echoed the detective thoughtfully.

"Yep. That's wot I said—cats."

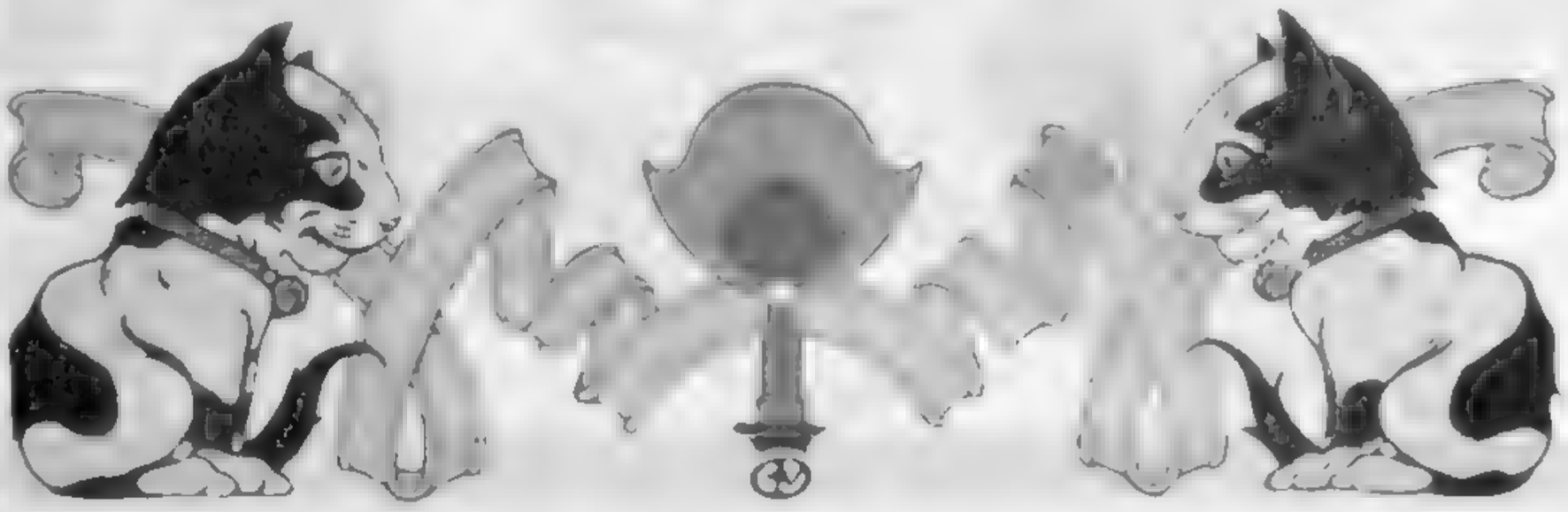
The crime hunter went away very absorbed. The next morning, after an agitated night, he presented himself to Simon Nichols, Sr., in the guise of a circus scout, searching for trained animals. Did Mr. Nichols, by any chance, have a couple of cultivated elephants or a troupe of docile wildcats?

Mr. Nichols was very curt and very suspicious. He would not have the intruder in his house. He did not train animals. He had a couple of cats which he worked with for his own amusement. Where had any circus man got hold of his name anyhow? And, besides that, get out!

The wariness of the old man convinced the investigator that all was not well. He began more careful inquiries into the past of Mr. Simon Nichols, and soon found that the cat man had formerly been a merchant. His reputation had never been spotless, and he had, moreover, suffered a fire which came very near wiping out the business section of a certain city. After the fire he had retired. Had he always trained cats? How many did he keep on hand? Did he ever sell any?

The details of such an investigation are undramatic and tedious. By watching for

(Continued on Page 95)



ANNOUNCING the WINNERS of the Save the Surface $1,000 Prize Contest

First Prize—$250

Memories That Time Will Not Efface
Mrs. Ruby Manard, Kenner, La.

2nd Prize—$100

Life's Priceless Hours
Lucy Irene Farmer, Morgantown, W. Va.

3rd Prize—$50

Everyman's Yesterday
Claude J. Woodard, Long Beach, Calif.

4 Prizes of $25 each

America's Greatest Assets—Youth, Loyalty and Thrift
Wm. Chennells, Wawota, Sask., Canada

The Accumulated Wisdom of Centuries
Ruth Bass, Brooklyn, New York

And a Little Child Shall Teach Them
Mrs. Oscar Lundy, Winfield, Kans.

If It's Good for Dad's House, Why Not Mine?
Mrs. J. M. Dix, Mt. Airy, N. C.

30 Prizes of $10 each

America's Hope
Mrs. H. W. Wagon, St. Louis, Mo.

A Good Example for Daddy
Paul F. Jones, Akron, Ohio

Character Building
Leta A. Martindale, Morrison, Ill.

Grandpa's, Dad's—Now Mine, We Paint It Every Year
Katherine Hargrave, Newburgh, Ind.

Obeying an Instinct
Rev. D. J. Wetzel, Shippensburg, Pa.

Childhood's Joyous Hours
A. R. Foltz, Terre Haute, Ind.

An Object Lesson for Grown Ups
E. J. Wadsworth, Bedford, Pa.

Watch Dogs of the Future
L. E. Groff, Ossining, New York

Young, But Starting Well
Martha Hill, Centertown, Ky.

Boyhood Days
Edith E. Huddle, Kitts Hill, Ohio

The Wise Builder
W. W. Howell, Bexley, Miss.

A Hint to House Owners
Harry Vande Koppel, Muskegon, Mich.

His Boyhood Lesson
Mrs. Harry Hepola, New York Mills, Minn.

A Big Idea in a Small Way
J. F. Cleavelin, Evansville, Ind.

The Gold Bond of Economy
Carl Erickson, Larimore, N. D.

It Pays to Use It, Jack
Anna L. Martinique, Ft. Smith, Ark.

Efficiency in the Making
Nellie Kinnaman, Fortville, Ind.

Obeying the First Law of Nature—Preservation
J. Thonn, Rock Island, Ill.

Every Home is Worth Saving
L. H. C. Hart, St. Louis, Mo.

Be It Ever So Humble, Paint It
Barth Rossfeld, St. Louis, Mo.

A Judicious Landlord
Ralph W. Smith, Denver, Col.

As Ye Create, Also Must Ye Preserve
Alfred Haugner, Devils Lake, N. D.

Preserving His Estate
Birdie Bryan Miller, Oxford, Ga.

A Good Hint for Dad
Mrs. Ada Bean, Spokane, Wash.

Sold on Advertising
Grant W. Ernst, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Effect on Youth of Advertised Truth
Victor K. Crowningshield, Orleans Roads, W. Va.

Roof and Chimney, Door and Wall, the Wise House-Owner Paints 'Em All
W. H. Jones, Charlotte Court House, Va.

Save and Have
Marjorie Crampton Perkins, New Haven, Conn.

Paint's Cheaper 'en Houses
Maman Smishsan, Milford, Utah

Make 'er Last
Quinn Patten, Tiler, Idaho

Winners of 40 Prizes of $5 each

Mrs. Fred Lightfoot, San Antonio, Texas

Mrs. Christina Terry, Houston, Texas

Albert Stewart, Fayetteville, N. C.

Josephine Cunnington, Muncie, Indiana

J. F. Crandall, Everett, Wash.

Mrs. W. I. Howard, St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. V. E. Stevens, Wellsville, N. Y.

Orrin S. Brooks, Morrisville, N. Y.

J. Albert Smith, Lincoln, Kansas

Thomas J. Chapman, Houston, Texas

M. May, Lincoln, Neb.

Mrs. James L. Jones, Fairfield, Ill.

W. A. Ferris, Belleflower, Ill.

Carl W. Koernig, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Chas. H. Cole, Heisson, Wash.

C. J. Hoch, Yuma, Colo.

Frank Hoffmann, Cincinnati, Ohio

Alma Adams, Elizabeth, La.

Wm. S. Higholt, Duluth, Minn.

John Ockerman, Paris, Ky.

J. G. Smith, Polk, Ohio

D. B. Hart, Stratford, Iowa

Arthur Smith, Monett, Mo.

Mrs. W. J. Bowdish, Kalispell, Mont.

William T. Miller, Lakewood, Oregon

M. Bolster, Lansing, Mich.

Mrs. J. B. Patterson, Stanley, N. Y.

Mrs. A. F. Bonham, Chilhowie, Va.

Evalyn Prentice, Waseca, Minn.

Mrs. L. A. Wood, Syracuse, N. Y.

Ruth G. Back, Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. George Lince, Suamico, Wis.

Mrs. J. B. Freeman, Ivanhoe, Texas

Mildred Leigh Gibson, Washington, D. C.

John L. Harvey, Chartley, Mass.

Mrs. Virginia R. Grundy, Meridian, Miss.

Edwin Schotz, Wheaton, Ill.

William King, La Salle, Ill.

Mrs. G. H. Bangs, Underwood, Wash.

Mrs. Joanna Sherburne, N. Topeka, Kans.

$1,000 in prizes was offered for the best titles to the painting by Norman Rockwell reproduced in the Save the Surface Prize Contest advertisement. This advertisement appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of December 31, 1921, in January American Magazine, in January Farm Journal, and elsewhere.

The contest closed on February 1, with 42,000 titles and 25,000 stories received. The judges of the contest were Edward Bok, Norman Rockwell and Ernest T. Trigg.

The titles submitted came from every section of this country and Canada and in fact from all parts of the world. We take this opportunity to congratulate the winners and to express our gratitude to all participants for their keen interest in this contest.

One condition of the contest read: "Your suggestion must be accompanied by a story of some particular surface which you have caused to be saved or know to have been saved with paint or varnish —or know to have been ruined by lack of paint or varnish."

These stories form a remarkable collection of first-hand personal experiences with paint and varnish; many of them will be used to further the great cause of surface protection of property. The personal observations reported, of needless rot, rust and ruin, provide overwhelming evidence that America is a land of waste. But through the great majority of these stories rings the conviction that paint and varnish, applied in time, *is* the answer to this waste.

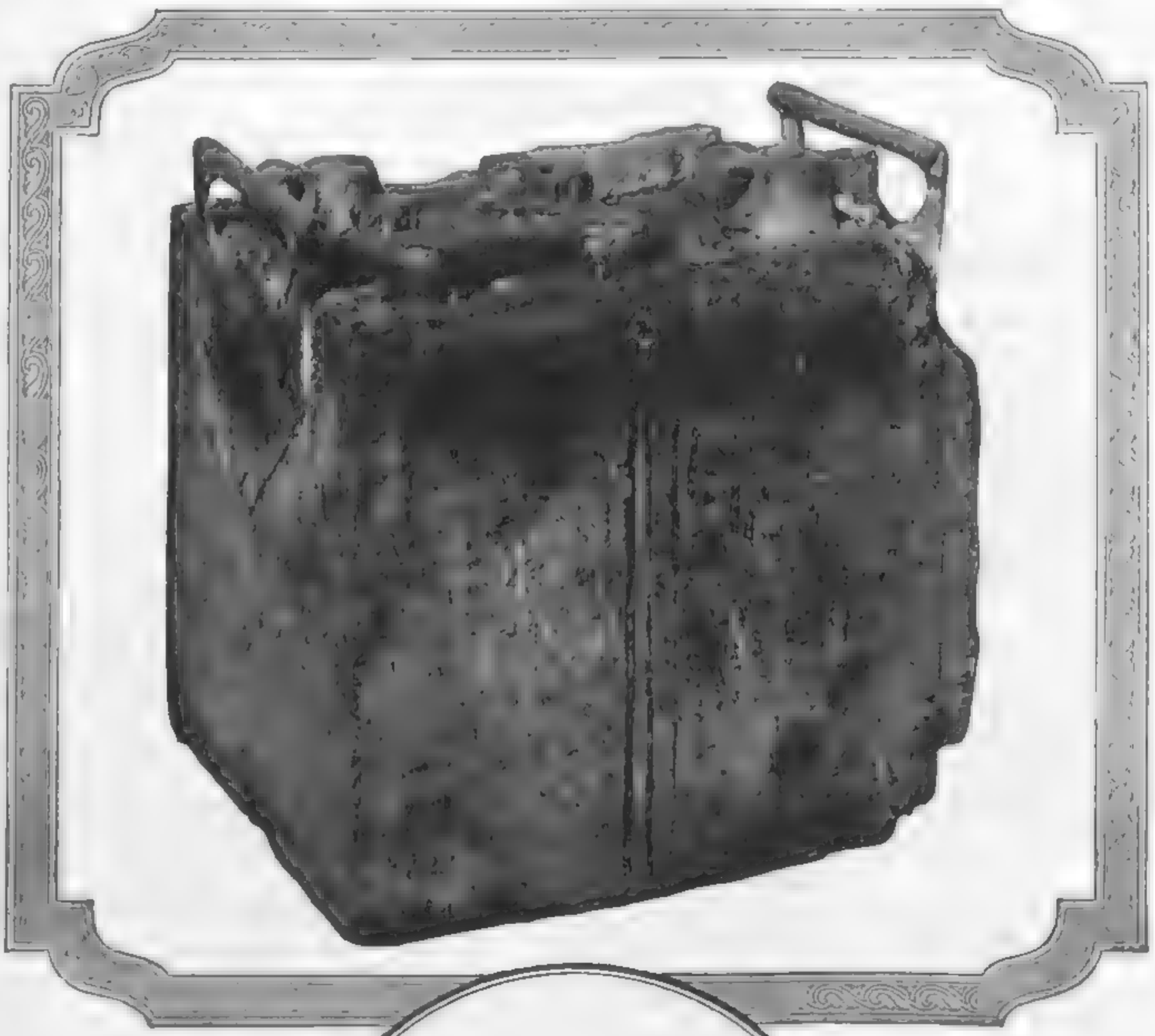
If these Save the Surface stories could be told to every property owner in the United States, millions of dollars' worth of valuable property would be saved to its owners and to the nation. Every day more and more of the property-building, property-owning, property-using American people are grasping and acting on the economically sound idea—"Save the surface and you save all."

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
507 The Bourse Philadelphia, Pa.

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

Husky!—after 5 Canadian Winters

Regarding his Gould Battery shown below, Mr. J. L. Carhart, of Toronto, Ont., states: "A battery that will live this long (March, 1916, to Nov. 18, 1921) in Canada, where the excessive cold drains it at least 25% more, is surely something to brag about." Affidavit and battery in Gould office.



How the Long Life Gould is Built

An outstanding difference between the Gould Starting Battery and others is this: it is built complete in one plant (with the single exception of rubber jars). Read these four fundamentals that make the Gould reliable in performance, long-lived and economical:

1—Dreadnaught Plates

The famous long-life Dreadnaught Plates, made from an exclusive formula, are the foundation of Gould Quality. Their rugged stamina made possible the Gould National Contest Average Record of 4 years, 1 month.

2—Gould-made Oxide

Long-life plates demand good oxide. To insure uniform high quality, all lead oxide used in Dreadnaught Plates is made in the Gould Oxide Plant. No other battery manufacturer makes his own oxide.

3—Armored Separators

Rubberized wood separators—combining the ideal porosity of wood and the acid resistance of rubber—are an exclusive patented Gould feature. *Long-life* separators side-by-side with *Long-life* Dreadnaught Plates.

4—One Quality Standard

Gould Batteries, whether for the Ford or the Rolls-Royce, are made to one standard only—Dreadnaught Quality. Every Gould for every car has the famous Dreadnaught Plates and Armored Separators, and bears the Dreadnaught trademark.

A Famous Battery Family

Gould Storage Batteries are specially designed and built for Farm Lighting Plants, Motor Boats, Electric Trucks and Vehicles, Home Radio Receiving Sets and Emergency Wireless, Railway Signal and Train Light Systems, Submarines, Mine Locomotives and Industrial Trucks.

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY CO.
30 East 42nd Street, New York
Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco *Plants: Depew, N. Y.*

Over 3000 Service Stations in principal cities and towns

Longest Life by Owners' Records

DREADNAUGHT
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Gould Endurance Contest

The slogan "Longest Life by Owners' Records" is based on the average long life record established in the recent nationally advertised Gould Endurance Contest by standard type Gould Batteries on various makes of cars—the average among all Gould owners entering the contest being 4 years and 1 month.

Gould Battery

(Continued from Page 92)

months, by making constant guarded inquiries, and finally by insinuating a child into the house of the cat trainer, the truth was got. Nichols trained his cats to do just one thing.

Over a table in his kitchen was a gas bracket whose jet was fitted with a constantly burning pilot or tip of light. This was turned up into full flame by pulling a short chain. The cats were trained to pull this chain and turn up the light.

Here was a little trick apparently harmless, but the investigation showed that these cats were used for incendiary purposes. Any man who came to old Nichols properly introduced could buy one of these trained cats. The price was three hundred dollars. The cat was thereupon installed in the store of the purchaser, where a gas jet was similarly arranged. The cat turned up the gas every night and lay on the table to sleep. Then came the time for the fire. The bib, or tip, was taken from the gas jet so that the flame must leap up to a great height. Inflammable substances were arranged above it. The cat was taken away and put in charge of a confederate.

Then the arson-plotting merchant went with his family to the mountains or the seashore. When he had been gone several days the confederate took the trained cat to the vicinity of the store at some late hour of night and there released her, a cellar window or some other opening having been left for her entrance.

Puss walked in and turned up the gas as usual. The flame shot up and ignited the inflammables, and the creditors and insurers suffered. No doubt the hapless cat usually perished in the blaze.

This is not a piece of imagination. Father and son both went to prison, and the story of the trained cats was put upon the court records at their trial.

The motives of the trimmer never require elucidation. He wants to get goods without paying for them, to the end that he may undersell the market and flee with the spoils. He wants fast and easy money, to be spent fast and easily. To this end he will fabricate the most intricate designs, the most marvelous textures of chicane.

Fast Friends Hit Hardest

In a recent Eastern case a man of so great talent that there may be real regret at its perversion began as a small jobber in a railroad center of middle size. He ordered small lots and paid cash, often discounting his bills. From this he gradually worked his way to credits and ever-increasing lots of goods. He extended the number of his creditors constantly by referring new men to his old creditors, who cheerfully recommended him.

Here is a point for digression. These men always hit the original creditor hardest, probably because he has benefited them most. He gives them their first goods and their first trust. He writes the first recommending letter for them, and is frequently called upon thereafter to vouch for the responsibility of these sharpers. In the end, as the oldest man on the list, he is given the severest blow. The psychology of the thing is plain. There is not only the confidence which protracted dealing gives but there is the fact that a man who constantly writes commendations of another man soon or late comes under the spell of his own epistles. The flatterer grows to sup on his flatteries.

Just this happened in the case in question. This fraudulent jobber began with small purchases from a New York house and rapidly extended his dealings among New York manufacturers and wholesalers. Then he jumped to other cities for his goods, and when the debacle came it was found that the original befriender had been gouged far worse than any two others.

This schemer had, at first, only his single jobbing place. But as things grew in volume he opened branches in several cities and under assumed names, putting assistants in charge. He then employed a regular corps of buyers, who went from dealer to dealer and sent in goods. When they were not buying for the chief they were acting for his assistants in his branch houses.

This man knew the danger of railroad shipments in the concealing of assets. He provided himself with heavy motor trucks, also partly on credit, and used these to cart his stolen wares from one part of the country to the other. He employed both burglary and arson gangs, and it is of record that one of his branches was first burglarized to get insurance and later fired for the same purpose. This culprit was careful not to dump his stolen stuff on the American market. Instead he exported everything and underbid other American dealers in Mexican and West Indian centers. It has the ring of the incredible to say that when he attempted to flee he owed over a million dollars.

There is another notorious case which shows the manner in which trimming is taught and the field constantly extended. In a small Middle-Western city a few years ago Simon Gold, or one who might have borne that name, operated a small haberdashery. He was a lean little man, past fifty, worn out, not too intelligent. He had been successively an inaccurate clerk, an indifferent salesman, a low-salaried traveling man and finally an unsuccessful merchant. His business was always in trouble. His payments were always made, but they were always slow. Everyone knew him to be thoroughly honest and tolerably incompetent. There was a mortgage on his modest home, and his wife and four children were constantly howling for money he could not supply.

One night Gold came home more depressed than ever. For once his wife went to him anxiously and forbore to lament.

The Magnificent Renner

"We've got to get five hundred dollars somewhere," said Gold woefully in answer to her questions.

"You can't get another cent on the house," said she.

"And I wouldn't if I could."

"Then there's just one thing to do—go to the charity society. Just as good men as you have gone, and Renner has always helped them."

Late the next day Simon Gold arrived in the principal city of his district and sought out an organization, founded about ten years before, which made it a practice to lend sums of money to merchants in difficulties. Loans were made without interest or security. They were payable at a fixed date, but might be renewed under proper conditions. The prime mover in this benevolent organization was one Renner, a rather extraordinary person. When Gold appeared at the office of the charity society and asked to whom he might tell his woes, he was directed to Renner. Gold hesitated a little about going into the presence of this formidable personage, but there was no other way and he set out.

In the heart of the city's business district he found a big modern building with the name of Renner upon it. This housed the magnate's business. Gold stood across the street for some time and gathered courage. He knew a good deal of Renner. The man had come in by way of Castle Garden forty years before, with hardly a cent in his childish pockets. He had worked in the slums of New York, got his start after infinite and desperate labor and then gone West to make a place for himself. He had gradually built up this great wholesalery of his. He seemed to dominate the local field. He made annual trips abroad. He conducted his charity society because of the goodness of his heart and because he had never forgotten his own days of struggle and trouble. He was a millionaire. He was influential in politics. These details of the Renner tradition Simon Gold let trickle through his processes as he stood at the curb. Finally he went resolutely across the street and into the great house of business. A clerk stopped him.

"You wish to see Mr. Renner on business, or about the charity society?" he asked.

"The society," said Gold humbly.

"Have a seat," said the clerk, and went to the rear of the great room.

Gold sat down on the bench and wiped his neck with his handkerchief, for the day was warm and he was suffering from nervous distrust of his adventure. After interminable moments the clerk appeared at the end of an aisle and motioned to Gold, who rose and tottered into a rich private office, where a secretary received him and pushed him through another door into the sanctum of the chief.

A large, genial man, in white flannels and a silk shirt—for those were the days of silk shirts—turned a well-massaged face upon the tremulous merchant and motioned him into a chair.

"Business pretty bad, eh?" asked the big man.

Your Money's Worth—

That's exactly what you have a right to expect when you buy gasoline.

If you ask for five gallons you want just that—full measure.

Makers of gasoline were the first to appreciate this and always aim to give "full measure" service.

The Famous Fry Guarantee Visible Pump is one pump that makes it possible for them to carry out this service.

This well known pump automatically gives full measure at all times under all circumstances.

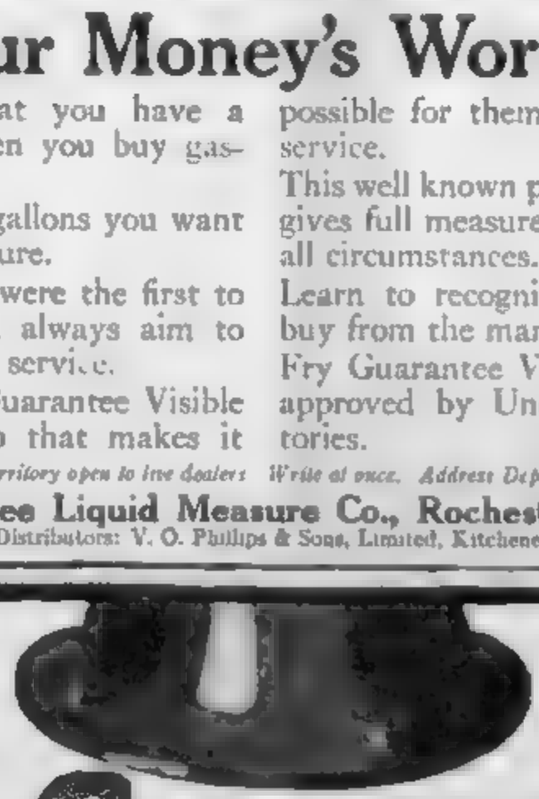
Learn to recognize this pump and buy from the man who owns one.

Fry Guarantee Visible Curb Pumps approved by Underwriters Laboratories.

Some good territory open to live dealers Write at once. Address Dept. S. E. P.

Guarantee Liquid Measure Co., Rochester, Pa.

Canadian Distributors: V. O. Phillips & Sons, Limited, Kitchener, Ontario



Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

Giving People A Show For Their Money

In times of thoughtful spending, you demand your money's worth from motion pictures. In your community your theatre owners realize this.

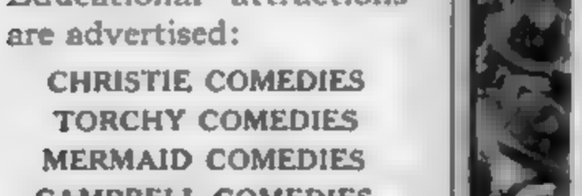
Progressive exhibitors prefer to increase the variety of your entertainment rather than risk disappointing you.

Short Subjects are half of your motion picture enjoyment.

THE best patronized theatres select short subjects as carefully as they do their feature picture.

The most crowded theatre entrances are those in which the following Educational attractions are advertised:

CHRISTIE COMEDIES
TORCHY COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
CAMPBELL COMEDIES
SHORT-REEL FEATURES
By Selig-Rork
WILDERNESS TALES
By Robert C. Bruce
SCENICS BEAUTIFUL
By Robert C. Bruce
SKETCHOGRAFS-CARTOONS
By Julian Ollendorff
KINOGRAMS-NEWS WEEKLY
and specials like
THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND



Theatres which insure you a WHOLE evening's entertainment can be identified by this sign on posters and lobby cards

When you see it—Go in—
It's the sign of a well-balanced program!

Educational Pictures

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President

Simon Gold hardly remembered to shake a confirmatory head. So this was the great Renner. The poor merchant stared at the diamonds in the rich man's rings and tie pin. He gaped at the fine office accouterments. So this was Renner. The thought kept pursuing itself.

"How much will you need, Mr. Gold?" came the suave voice of the other again.

"I don't know, exactly ——" began the merchant.

"But, then, how can I help you?"

"Well, I think five hundred might do it."

"Tell me all about it," commanded Renner briskly.

Simon Gold got out some notes and began to go over the condition of his business. He hesitated often, feeling that his petty affairs must be tedious to so great a man, but Renner gave him unflagging attention and urged him on. Finally he was through.

Renner nodded comprehendingly and made a few brisk calculations on a pad of paper. He swung about in his swivel chair, cocked a mathematical eye at the ceiling and said curtly: "Five hundred won't do it. You need seven hundred. Good. You can have it."

Simon Gold managed to murmur his thanks.

"I'll give you an order on the treasurer of the society," said Renner, and turned back to his desk. He took out a form and began to write. In the midst of his labors he paused and turned back to Gold.

"Let me ask you something, Gold," said he. "Has your business out there in Blankville ever been a success?"

"I can't say it has," admitted the haberdasher, trembling lest he meet refusal after all.

"Don't you think it might be a good thing for you to make a change?"

Gold's Easy Money

Gold began to object. He had his home and family in Blankville. The people there knew and trusted him. He was too old to pull up his deep roots. Renner interrupted him brusquely:

"The thing I mean won't take you away from the town permanently. You can still live there, but you may have to travel and take your family along."

"That costs money," noted the merchant.

"But you'll be making it—twenty times, fifty times what you've been getting."

"Well ——" said Gold, and got no further.

"See here, Gold," said Renner impressively. "You're one of those fellows who stands in his own light. You're not a good merchant. You're not a good boss. You don't know how to manage yourself. But you'd be a fine man to work under me. Now, understand, you can have the seven hundred and God bless you. But you're a fool to take it. Come in with me, learn the business for a few months under my roof at good pay, and then I'll send you out where you can really do something for your family."

The two men went into conference, and Gold went to work for the magnificent Renner.

Seven weeks later Simon Gold, who had been honest for all his fifty-three years, went out on the road to become a credit crook. He had orders to proceed to Noville, Illinois, and there to open a linen-and-white-goods store with capital provided by Renner. He had in his pocket a list of business men whom he might give as credit references. In his wallet he had several thousands in cash to deposit in the best bank of Noville. But most important of all, the wallet contained a list of goods he was to get hold of on credit—linens, silks, hosiery and certain special items.

The shop was opened and orders sent to a list of suckers also provided by Renner. Demands for references came back, and Gold, who was operating under an assumed name, to be sure, sent on the list given him at headquarters. The goods came tumbling in, and Gold paid for them with impressive promptitude. The orders grew in size. Payments continued to be made on time. Credit was now established, and it was time to fire in the agreed order. These goods were brought to Gold's shop, but never unpacked. They were transshipped to another point, where another agent received them and again sent them on their way. They made a devious journey, but in time they reposed safely in Renner's big shop.

Long before these goods had reached their destination Simon Gold had drawn his money from the bank, packed his valise and departed for parts well veiled in mist. Search was instituted, but without quarry. Months elapsed. From the track of the missing man never a sign came back.

Meantime Simon Gold had gone back to Renner with his invoices. Renner took them into white, gleeful hands and patted the corrupted merchant on the back. The invoices called for the payment of something more than seventy thousand dollars, and the check which Renner turned over to his tool was for forty per cent of this amount. Renner kept the goods and paid the freight both ways.

The benefits of this delicate arrangement may be glimpsed at once. Renner had, for about forty thousand dollars, goods invoiced at more than seventy thousand. Gold had, instead of a scanty living and a continual staving off of the bankruptcy wolf, more than thirty thousand dollars made in about seven months. His wife and family naturally ceased to complain.

Gold now rested for several months before embarking on a similar adventure. This time he was sent to a small city in Missouri with instructions to repeat. He had a changed list of suckers to trim; he had also a slightly altered plan of working up the game; but the result was to be the same.

One of those fortuitous trifles, those trivial misadventures which upset the destinies of nations and gods, intervened. A merchant in Gold's new town who was naturally jealous of the newcomer sensed something in the conduct of Gold that gave an excuse for reporting the new storekeeper to the credit men in the nearest metropolis. An investigation was made, and Gold was arrested under circumstances which pointed directly to prison. The man saw escape only in confession, and made it.

One morning a few weeks later three strangers walked into the big building occupied by Renner and his wholesale business. That suave gentleman had not yet arrived, but would be on hand at any moment. The strangers said they had come on business and would wait. Presently Renner came in, jauntily dressed, opulent, blazing with jewels, magnificently self-confident. His visitors followed him into his office. He took his seat and turned a smiling inquiry upon them, rubbing his hands with satisfaction as he spoke.

At that instant one of the three visitors, who had got a little behind the magnate, reached out and snapped a shiny pair of bracelets about the schemer's wrists.

The surprise of the man was unbounded. He knew of Gold's arrest, but reposed implicit trust in his lieutenant, who had been sent word that Renner's fortune would be behind him in his trial. Never before had a support failed this fraudulent colossus. It was something unbelievably atrocious. He nearly fainted.

Lucky Days for Crime

But he was dragged off to jail, and the contents of his safe were loaded into a van and followed into legal custody. Renner spent practically everything he had amassed in his defense, but in the end he went to the Federal prison, saying, "I haven't a cent or a friend left in the world."

Simon Gold, stripped of his briefly held spoils and his life's structure of good reputation, was let go without further punishment.

Out of the sense of evil, of wrong have come a thousand forms of that vast procession of superstitions which still oppresses nearly all mankind. Certain things harmed him, others benefited him; so the savage postulated twin forces of evil and good, each exerting itself through legions of spirits, gnomes, witches, kobolds, haunts, demons and gods. The right and the wrong came to have distinct empires and separate rulers. The right must be propitiated and the wrong appeased. These ideas are by no means foreign, even yet, to the most civilized races, and among the more backward peoples they hold their ancient regnancy.

Among many nations the idea has grown up that there are special beings which protect the evildoer. In pagan times there was the god of thieves, and his festival is still celebrated in parts of Europe. More modernly many superstitious people have believed that the rulers of the ghostland world were benign to the thief and evildoer at certain times.

These strange beliefs furnish the explanation of a peculiar fact connected with credit trimming, arson and pretentious burglary. For many years credit men wondered why there were so many crimes at Christmastime and, again, why Saturday night was so often chosen as the proper hour for an absconding, burglary or fire. It was formerly believed that the unusually heavy stocks laid in at the holiday season wholly explained the great number of creditor trimmings at that time. Undoubtedly this is a factor, but the ancient superstitions of Mediterranean peoples, those fancies out of the fume of the dead past, have much more bearing here.

Were it possible to read completely the minds of the Levantines who close their shops on Christmas Eve and vanish into the waste of winter with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods got on credit, it would no doubt be found that they believe themselves specially protected by heaven at the time of rejoicing. And it would also undoubtedly be discovered that the Sicilian who decamps and leaves behind an empty grocery store does so on Saturday evening for precisely the same reason, plus the fact that he has until Monday to effect his escape.

Here is, then, another interesting facet to be observed in studying our alien credit adventurers. I have already pointed out that it is probably their lack of habitude in our business morality which leads to the great number of credit crimes among these races.

An Ill-Learned Lesson

Some rather diverting incidents have arisen in connection with the misdeeds of Mediterraneans.

In Denver a short time ago an Italian had set up a grocery-and-olive-oil shop and was apparently forwarding goods to mining camps in Utah. The man saw that credit methods were open to attack and decided on a rather original assault. Having first carefully removed and concealed his stock and sold off for cash as much as he could, concealing the money as well, he made off for Utah. It was said he had gone to collect accounts and would not be back until a week following the first of the month. But this guileful information evidently failed to reach one of the creditors, for he sent a man to the merchant's place on the fourth to find out why the bill had not been paid.

"Oh, mister, mister! It is terrible," wailed the trader's daughter when the collector appeared with his demand. "My father has just been held up in the desert and robbed of everything—thirty thousand dollars."

The poor young woman seemed distracted, and the investigator took her at her word; but not so his superiors. They decided to watch. They had not long for waiting.

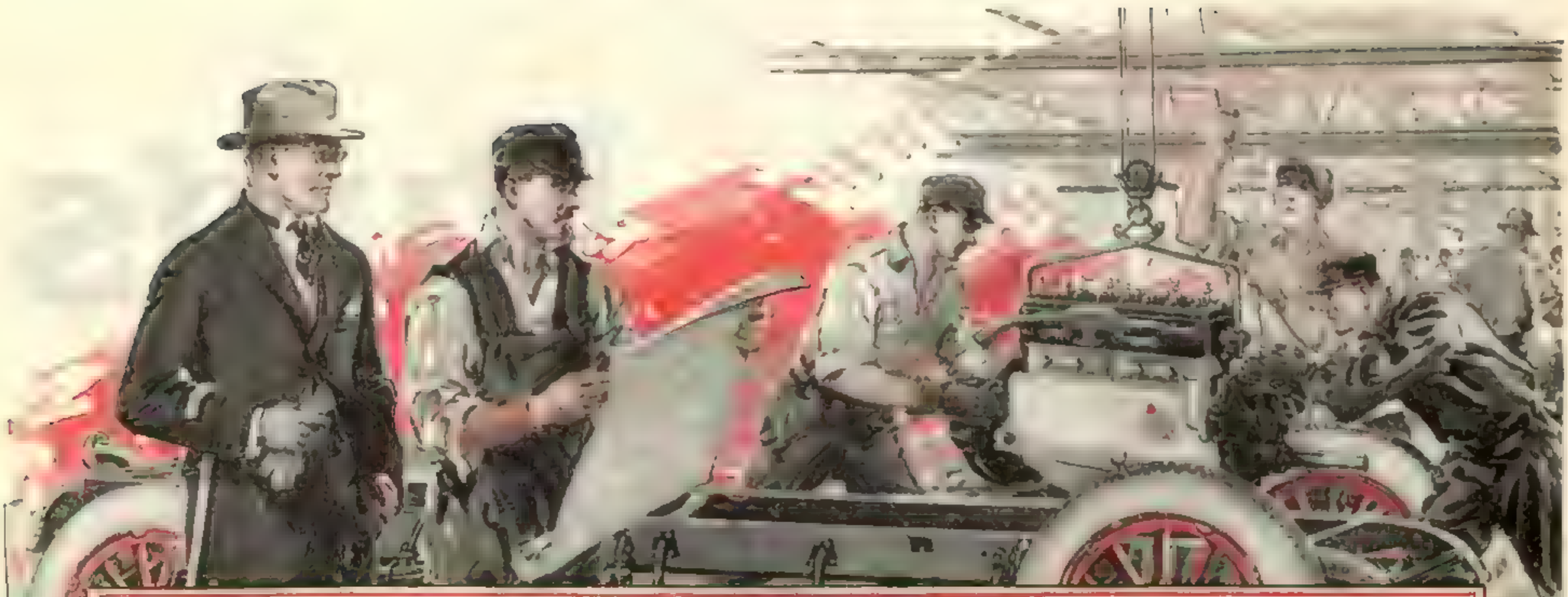
On the morning of the sixth a disheveled, bleeding, terribly frightened Italian appeared at the police station of a small Utah town and reported that he had just been held up and robbed of thirty thousand dollars. He collapsed and had to be revived before he could give descriptions of his assailants, which he did in voluble detail. He kept the police resources of that particular county in violent motion for several days. Then the discrepancy between the fourth and the sixth was discovered by the single exigent creditor, and the dumfounded merchant was made to disgorge. What beauties of patois he must have bestowed on his blundering daughter may be left unsaid.

Surely no one will read of these rascalities without wondering how it is possible to conceal successfully huge stocks of merchandise. How does a man manage to hide two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods? After all, groceries and clothing and furniture and silks and linens are not rubies and pearls, to be hidden in the folds of a turban.

Concealment of goods is a subject to which a volume might be given. It has a history. It possesses a romantic tradition. We can concern ourselves with it only as it applies to the present matters, and then only briefly.

The most successful creditor trimmers, like the topmost criminals in other lines, operate with thorough organization. They ship goods back and forth among themselves, transship and intership. What is stolen here is sent hence and disposed of yonder. Merchandise obtained on brummagem credit is shunted about in every direction and often sent out of the country before it comes at last into the hands of the ultimate disposer. The railroads and

(Continued on Page 99)



What kind of a motor vehicle would *YOU* build?

In visualizing the kind of vehicle that you would choose to build for your own use, instinctively your mind focuses upon absolute essentials. For instance, no matter whether your ideal car is light or heavy, no matter whether your truck needs are for a one-ton or a five-ton capacity, you see at once that your *real* building objective would be consistent daily performance.

How would you achieve it? You would make certain that every major unit in the vehicle was a proven unit, a guaranteed unit, a unit backed by parts-distributing stations that dotted the world.

Such units exist. They are built by great organizations that have SPECIALIZED on the production of individual units such as the motor, the axles, the transmission, the clutch and kindred products. Only through this SPECIALIZATION have masterpiece units for the various classes of motor vehicles been developed.

And these SPECIALIZED units, these units that you recognize as vital to performance, are embodied today in genuine SPECIALIZED vehicles.

Therefore, purchase a high-grade SPECIALIZED vehicle—the very type of vehicle that you, yourself, would build. And in so doing, identify the car or truck you select by the motor of sovereign excellence, the motor that bears on its crankcase that foremost symbol of SPECIALIZATION—the Continental Red Seal.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

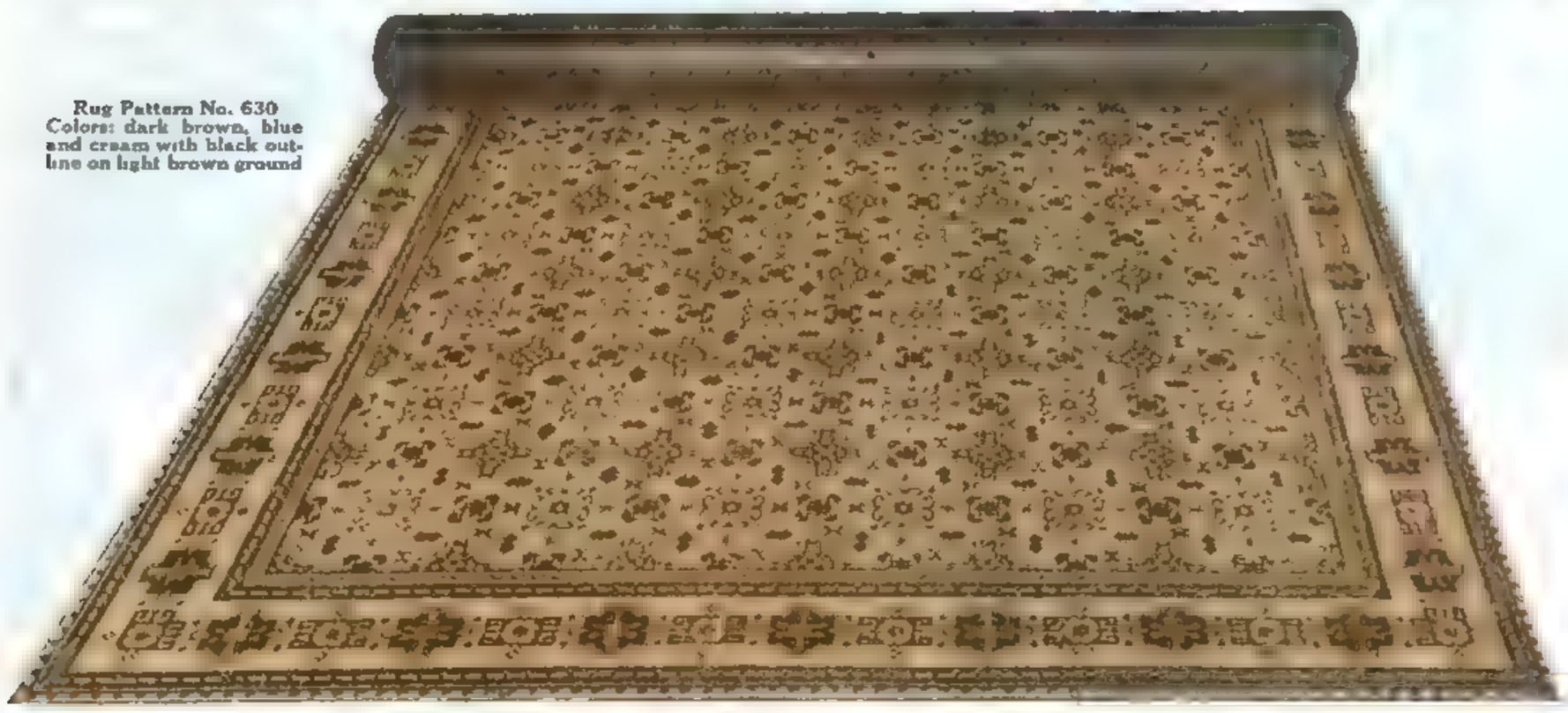
Offices: Detroit, U. S. A.
Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

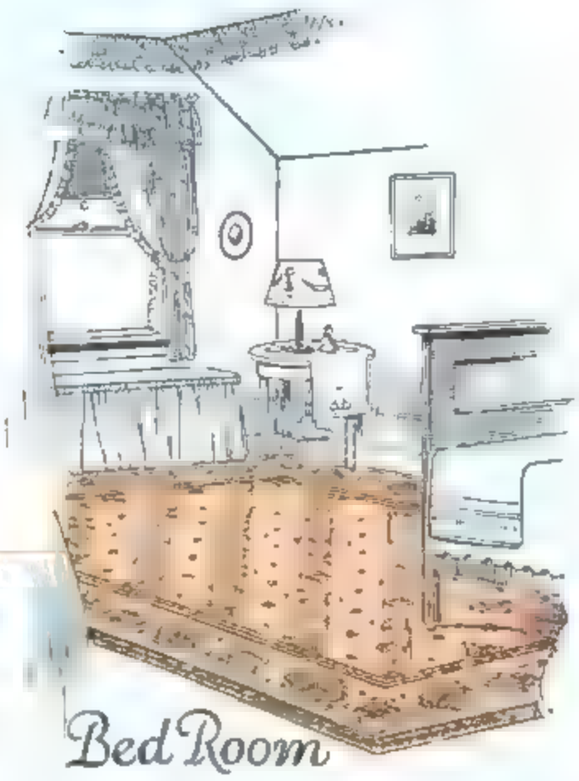
Continental Motors

OVER 126 YEARS — MADE IN NEPONSET — ON THE JOB

Bird's Rugs



Rug Pattern No. 630
Colors: dark brown, blue and cream with black outline on light brown ground



Bed Room

Save You Many a Dollar

NEVER in all your days have you seen such an outstanding combination of the practical and the beautiful in floor coverings, *at such amazingly low prices!*

Yes, and more than that, Bird's Neponset Rugs on the floors — where the most wear comes — save you many a precious hour and most of the back-breaking energy that now goes to keeping your floors clean.

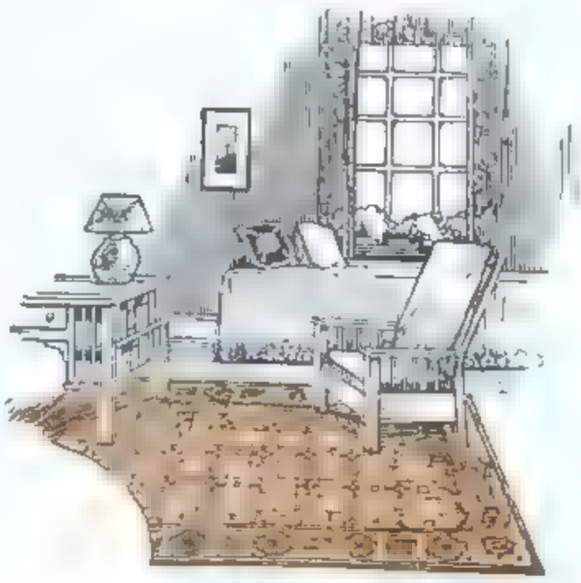
Dining room, bedroom, kitchen, pantry, bathroom — the downright hard work and muscle it takes to keep these rooms presentable is done away with altogether with Bird's Neponset Rugs on the floors. No heavy sweeping, no taking up off the floor for beating and brushing. No down-on-your-knees removing spots. The smooth-printed surface of a Bird's Neponset Rug comes brand-new-clean with a once-lightly-over with a damp mop.

For every room in many homes
For many rooms in every home

They wear, too. They're astonishingly durable, these modern, sanitary rugs. They're waterproofed, both sides and all the way through, which means they do not rot. And they lie smooth and flat all around. You don't have to tack them down. They don't squirm out of shape. They never kick up at the corners.

There's no longer any need to put up with a faded, shabby rug or carpet while you wait for a "bargain sale." The price of a nice, new, first-quality Bird's Neponset Rug is always a "sale price." It's a bargain whenever you buy it.

The makers of these rugs are the originators of felt-base, printed floor coverings. And Bird's Neponset Rugs are made of exactly the same materials and by exactly the same process as the original and time tested Bird's Neponset floor covering. Go see them in all their different patterns and colors, at your department store or house furnishing dealer's.



Living Room

When Alexander Hamilton Was Twenty-Eight

and, even at that early age, engaged in forming the economic structure of our present-day America, the first product bearing the name of Bird was made.

The standard of quality then established by the founder is more than a tradition with Bird & Son. It is the measure of value of Bird's Neponset Products throughout more than twelve decades.

BIRD'S
Neponset Products

Bird's Neponset Paroid Roofing
Bird's Arcraft Roofing
Bird's Asphalt Shingles
Bird's American Ready Roofing
Bird's Granitized Roofing
Bird's Neponset Black
Bird's Coated and American Building Papers
Bird's Neponset and American Wall Board
Bird's Neponset Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
Bird's Neponset Felt-base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings
Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

BIRD & SON, INC.

Established 1795 — East Walpole, Mass.

New York: 200 Fifth Avenue — Chicago: 1429 Lytton Building
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario

BIRD'S NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Look for this mark when buying Floor Coverings, Roofings and other Bird products, which is the Bird & Son quality guarantee.

(Continued from Page 96)

steamship lines have always been used in this great game of shuttlecock. But these transportation systems, moving on their fixed ways, with their fixed systems, present certain difficulties to the criminal. There is always the bill of lading or the waybill. There is always, for the investigator who is persistent and clever enough, a method of tracing the stolen articles, and through them the thief.

Invention, which has raised mankind from the brutes and furnished the skeletal frame for society, has always been commandeered by the antisocial. In this instance the automobile has been taken over by the trimmers. Their trucks are on the highways, and they now move their plundered wares freely in any direction and without track or trace. In some instances professional truckmen who have learned to keep a close tongue are employed. In the greater conspiracies the trimmers own their own lorries and keep their secrets at home. This is, indeed, one of the great problems of the day in combating the specialist in commercial fraud—how to put a check on the trucking of goods; how to thwart the criminal here.

The fraudulent merchant who operates alone has a different kind of problem. If he ships his goods from place to place, he must follow or precede them in person. More frequently than otherwise he resorts to nothing of the sort. He finds among his own countrymen a fellow who has a warehouse, a loft, an old stable or a store. To some such haven he has his goods transported, generally by a truckman also of his own people and one who is used to the intricacies of crooked minds. This method is risky naturally. But the trimmer here relies on the notorious fact that creditors have an easy way of refusing to put up money for investigation and prosecution—sending good money after bad, as they phrase it.

Hiding the stolen stuffs in some warehouse is perhaps the commonest of all practices in this connection. Much more remarkable are the concealments on the premises used in fake bankruptcy cases. In one instance a merchant had deep shelves built. When he was ready to go broke he put the goods into rows of boxes in the back of the shelves and ranged before them a similar structure of strictly empty cartons. Thus, when he went to his creditors and offered a settlement, he was able to show to the examiners that his great show of stock was a display of empty boxes. They did not look beyond or behind, and he was successful in deceiving them.

The Four Clews Found

In another such case there was a broad staircase of some thirty-five steps leading from the showroom into the basement. The crook had the staircase boarded up beneath and hid about forty thousand dollars' worth of fine silks in the triangular spaces thus left under the steps. On another occasion the same man finished off the beams in his cellar, supporting the floor above. By boarding the beams up underneath he again created spaces about ten inches deep between the upper floor and the basement ceiling. Here he concealed what there was to be hid, but this time he tripped himself. The cellar ceiling looked too new.

In the nature of things such methods are of no use to the trimmer, who must always flee. The place will thereafter be notably unhealthy for him, and he must take his goods along or send them into some alien situation. There is one method of accomplishing this aside from those I have already related, and this brings us to the celebrated affair of Gashie and his wife's seven cats.

It was October in Michigan. The distances purpled with haze. Every copse and grove was dripping with the year's red blood. There was that mighty fire of migration in the air that draws the winged flocks across half the world and sends the wild herds restlessly toward the southering sun. Mr. Henry Gerard decided to take a vacation.

Mr. Gerard was the proprietor of two prosperous shops for general assortments of women's wear in a Western town of general celebrity. He put a saleswoman in charge of each of his stores and said he would go to his ranch for a week or two. And he was gone.

The weeks came and went in their ancient procession, but Henry Gerard came no more. The saleswomen wondered and worried and then proceeded to make the most of their employer's recreancy. The cat was away. Only the creditors of Gerard, to whom he owed thirty or forty thousand dollars, could not believe that they had seen the last of him. But finally they, too, were forced to credit the bitter intelligence. They began bankruptcy proceedings, and there entered upon the scene that amiable and persistent person, Mr. C. D. West, of whom something heretofore.

It is perhaps superfluous to say that Mr. Gerard's shops were stripped to the bone. In his evacuation he had included most of his stocks. And lo! where were they?

Mr. West found four clews in the man's room—a railroad guide, two envelopes, a few sheets of hotel paper and a medicine bottle. The paper and envelopes led into culs-de-sac. The railroad book, on the other hand, yielded something tangible. With its back to the table, Mr. West let it fall gently open. The page with the westbound schedules of the Santa Fe Railroad lay before him. He tried it again and again and yet again. Always the book fell open at the same page. So! Mr. Gerard had been thinking of taking the Santa Fe for the Southwest. Well, at least the trail was long enough to be interesting.

Gashie's Seven Cats

The medicine bottle, too, gave a faint glitter of light upon the trail, for it was traced back through the druggist to the prescribing physician, who told what he knew of Mr. Gerard and his wife. The chief fact was that Mrs. Gerard was the owner and abject devotee of seven cats.

"Seven cats!" exclaimed the startled detective.

He took his hat, thanked the physician and went out in a hurry, lest his astonishment should further betray him.

So then it was Gashie. The old scoundrel; his trail again. Witless, after all, this wonder crook. He could do everything but make his wife give up this hobby. She would have her cats—and perhaps the cats would betray them.

West knew Gashie and his record well, and he had reason to be privy to the matter of the cats. On several former occasions when Gashie, always under another alias, had turned up absentee and left his shops stripped the wife's felinomania had obtruded and had once been hard upon leading the astounding owners into jail.

Gashie was no common order of rascal. He had been in prison and out; a straight and honorable merchant for many years and then again a crook. He was known to retailers and credit men from one end of the country to the other under thirty or forty names. He turned up here as Immerling Brothers, there as J. Gordon Fowler, yonder as W. C. Gordon, H. Evans, George Stutz. The most remarkable thing about him, aside from his uncanny gift of getting credit from usually careful men, was his method of concealing and transporting his goods. Some years earlier Gashie had married the lady with the seven cats. This woman was a model wife to him, cleaving to him in woe and weal and aiding him stoutly in his complicated business. She was by his side sometimes, in the months when he built up his credit in a new locality, dividing her affections between him and her pets. Again, she ranged far and operated the other end of his vanishing line of communication.

At such times mysterious telegrams would be exchanged between the lady and her lord. He might wire her from St. Paul, "Where is Margery?"

And she might answer from Louisville, "Margery is in Memphis."

Whereupon he might reply directing that Margery be sent to him in Billings.

There were fifty-one such feminine names upon Mr. Gashie's list, and it was thus inconceivable that they represented members of his family. It was also unlikely that a gentleman so extraordinarily mobile and so obviously faithful to his wife should have this metropolitan chorus of ladies in his entourage. The solution is more telling. These were the names of large Saratoga trunks in which Gashie and his wife hid their bought-and-not-paid-for goods.

The trunks were laden with furs, silks, linens, robes, kimonos, what not. And always in each there were a few articles of personal apparel, in case any question might arise. The trunks were shipped back and forth, up and down. They were stored in the baggage rooms of railroads, in hotels, in warehouses, wherever it was convenient, and the lady of the seven cats went and got them out when the master called for them.

All this was well known to Investigator West, and it had its bearing upon the present strategic problem. The tactics of the moment, however, rested rather upon the railroad guide and the cats. Obviously it is a labor fit for Heracles to trace a man or a couple with no denser clew than the fact that they may have traveled by the Santa Fe Railroad, a long and intricate system. But when there is the sore thumb of the seven cats, sticking up like a spire from a valley village, there is some limitation to the field. So West set out along the Santa Fe. He traveled a short distance at a time and questioned every porter, brakeman, baggageman and conductor he encountered.

Had they seen Gashie and his wife? Nay, but they had seen cats!

So the trail took the dogged investigator westward, through Chicago, out through Illinois, across the corner of Iowa into Missouri and on to Kansas City. Here there was a stop. Gashie and the cats and some of the contents of the trunks must be somewhere in the neighborhood. Mr. West made a tour circling this vicinity. The hunted man was not in St. Joseph, Atchison or Topeka. He must be in Leavenworth. Were there any newly sprung merchants in the town? Mr. West did not go there. He looked up the lists and found that Leavenworth had lately been blessed with The Outlet Merchandising Company, Mr. C. K. Noble, manager. A letter was written this firm, and a typewritten answer came back, signed by Mr. Noble.

Now typewriters have their individualities, like men. And those who use these excellent machines have also their peculiarities. Mr. West had picked up some samples of Gashie's typing in the years the credit man had been on the trail of this marvelous depredator, and he knew both the stigmata of Gashie and his trusty machine. He cheered silently when The Outlet Merchandising Company's letter came to his hand. Outlet indeed—for the contents of those fifty-one great trunks with their soft, woman-sweet names. West caught the first train for Leavenworth, arriving the day before Christmas. He had some arrangements to make, some little investigating to do before he might risk the arrest. Before he was ready the lamps of Christmas Eve were touched to flame, and the celebration had begun.

A Surprise Party

Mr. C. K. Noble was among the Leavenworth people who believed they had reason to be thankful and joyous. He was celebrating the season with a dinner to his employes at the principal hotel. He and his wife occupied the ends of a long table at which sat eight or ten of the salespeople. The coffee had been served, and Mr. Noble was getting up to say a few words to his people on the art of selling. He did not observe the quaint, ministerial little man who came in and shed a good fair look upon him.

"There is a principle in everything," began Mr. Noble.

A bell boy touched him at the elbow and whispered.

"Tell them to wait!" commanded Noble irritably out of the corner of his mouth. "Don't they know better than to interrupt now?"

"They're kinda insisting," said the boy.

Mr. Noble ceased talking to his table and took a look at the door. What he saw did not reassure him. Three men were coming in. One was in possession of his coat and hat. Another bore his wife's furs and wraps. The third looked a bit too triumphant for much good. He motioned to Noble, and the latter thought he had better respond. He excused himself and went toward the advancing leader. The other made no formalities.

"Too bad, Gashie," said the officer, "but the game is up. Come on."

At least the employes had got their Christmas Eve dinner. Gashie and his wife enjoyed, let us say, their next in that great grim house which stands northwest of the little city of Leavenworth and scowls down upon it with bright, menacing night eyes—the Federal prison.

Take the case of a firm of textile jobbers in an Eastern city. Both men were prosperous; to the common eye they shone as millionaires. Their establishment was impressive. They did a rich business. Yet they

Cradle Your Car on Ride Rite Springs

Learn the real joy in driving that thousands of other motorists have found. Get greater tire mileage and more miles per gallon of gas—reduce wear and tear—decrease upkeep costs—and add thousands of miles of comfort and pleasure.

Here's what a Dodge owner says:

"I drive a Dodge car, testing tires, and average about 175 miles a day over the roughest roads in the country and I find Ride Rites can't be beat; they not only make riding a comfort but are a great saver on gas and tires. If some of these other Dodge owners want to ride 100% easier they should use Ride Rite Springs."

And this from a Packard owner:

"I am more than pleased with the (Ride Rite) Springs. Passengers tell me they have never ridden in a car that rode so smoothly. Other Packard owners notice the wide difference between the springs on their cars and mine."

Ride Rite Springs function as springs should function, eliminate vibration and remove unnatural strains from chassis, body and motor. By absorbing jars, jolts and shocks before they are communicated to the car and its occupants they save operating costs, increase car life and add 100% driving pleasure and riding comfort.

There is a set designed for your car. Get ready for summer touring now. Equip your car with Ride Rite Springs.

Six simple tests in the "Joy of Easy Riding," a meaty little book, tell you how to judge riding comfort. Your copy is ready.

Harvey Spring & Forging Co.
Dept. S Racine, Wis.

Designers and manufacturers of automobile springs. Makers of the famous guaranteed Easy Riding Builders replacement springs for all cars.

Harvey Dealers, all over the country offer you complete immediate Harvey service.

Harvey Racine Ride Rite Springs

Make Rough Roads Smooth

went to prison as thieves and trimmers, and eight of their underlings went with them, while fourteen took precipitate advantage of the Canadian border. When the petard went off under them at last it was found that they had been guilty of twenty-seven fraudulent failures and had stolen more than a million and a half from their creditors. It is by no means certain that these figures are complete.

The *modus operandi* was delicacy and simplicity embodied. When the great chiefs at headquarters were ready for a coup, they sent out one of their underlings or agents to open a textile store in a chosen town.

Let us assume that the man's name was Blass and the town Someville.

On some favored morning Mr. Nicholas P. Blass arrived with imposing baggage at the best hotel in Someville and scrawled his name emphatically upon the register, that daybook of the transitory. Having settled himself at the hotel, Mr. Blass went to the First National Bank and there opened an account with five thousand dollars in cash, saying to the cashier that he might and probably would open a jobbing house in the city.

The Operations of Mr. Blass

Mr. Blass now ventured upon the streets of the town and selected a storeroom. For his purposes a big, deep chamber was desirable. As soon as he had found it he set men to painting the windows, in order to screen the operations within. Shelves were then built down both sides and across the rear. Big rough tables ranged down the center of the room and a counter cut across near the front, so that customers could not get back. Then, when a small private office had been built in one front corner, the structural arrangements had been made.

Finally an assortment of goods out of the last failure was scattered about on the tables.

A code telegram now went forward to the principals, and in response came a number of cases of goods, to be followed immediately by a crew of experts. These cases contained only empty boxes and cartons in the flat. The crew immediately went to work, put the boxes together, labeled them and filled the shelves. Shirts, socks, underwear, linens, blouses, all manner of manufactured textile articles appeared on Mr. Blass' shelves by the mere touch of the paste brush. The gang went back at once to headquarters. Mr. Blass summoned some sign painters to do the honors on his windows, and then he opened his doors.

Before ever he had let in the air and the public, his principals had moved on their wing. Being subscribers to the commercial rating houses, they asked for a report on Mr. Nicholas Blass, of Someville, and a reporter was sent to get it. Mr. Blass received his caller in his little private office and seemed to be peevish and morose.

"Wot can I do for you?" he inquired, scowling.

"We want a financial statement," said the reporter.

"W'y?"

"It's customary."

"Wot fer? I don't need none. I pay cash. I got all the credit I want."

There followed ten minutes of delicate and definite persuasion before Mr. Blass consented to give any facts about himself.

"Well," he began, "I got forty thousand dollars in stock."

The reporter looked at the imposing array of empty boxes and noted the amount.

"How about accounts receivable?" he inquired.

"Wot's dat?" asked Mr. Blass, feigning ignorance.

The reporter explained in laborious detail.

"Oh, dat's it," said the merchant. "Well, I got some notes."

He drew forth his portfolio and displayed unquestionable notes in amount of eighteen or twenty thousand dollars.

"Good," said the reporter. "Now how about cash?"

Mr Blass backed away dangerously.

"Lookahere, young man," he growled, "you're going a little too far. Whose business is it how much cash I got?"

"It's ours if you want a rating"

"I ain't gonna tell you dat."

More persuasion followed before the astonishingly stubborn Blass consented to say that he had an account in the First National with about five thousand dollars on hand.

Finally the reporter succeeded even in selling Blass the rating service for seventy-five dollars. He left the new jobber's place and went directly to the bank, where he received verification of the man's statement. Naturally his report was colored a bit in Blass' favor, and so it finally reached his principals through the commercial rating house.

Thereupon they immediately wired the waiting Blass, "Nelly is much better; don't worry."

There are many ways, you may be sure, of interpreting such a telegram, but only one correct one, as usual. Precisely translated, this affectionate little message reads, "We have received the report; go ahead."

And the bold Mr. Blass went. In that night's mail he sent out orders for a selected bill of goods to a prepared list of sucker jobbers and manufacturers. When they wrote back asking who Mr. Blass was and why he ought to be trusted, he referred them lightly to the credit rating house. And so, within measurable time, the bills of goods came tumbling into Blass' storeroom. He put the invoices in his pocket, scratched the addresses off the shipping cases and immediately had the goods sent elsewhere. He paid for this first order and immediately asked for a larger stock. The old, old game was played. Credit was run up to the bursting point, and every case of goods that came to Blass went out again unopened. Finally he evaporated like a puff of ether. By devious ways he got back to headquarters, and here the arch conspirators paid him fifty cents on the dollar, according to his invoices.

One of the humorous details of this case rests on an order of thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of silk hosiery. The firm wanted these goods, of a special manufacture. The plant in which they were made was just a few blocks from that of the rascals. Instead of going and buying it, they bought a few hundred dollars' worth of the same goods from the manufacturers and held the receipted bill and canceled checks. Then they sent Blass out to Someville, in Indiana, with instructions to get the thirty-five-hundred-dollar order of the same goods from the factory a few blocks from home and trim the makers out of their money. And so, in truth, it was done.

I have said these rascals came to grief and to prison. Let us see how.

Slender Claws

There had been a number of unexplained failures in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Virginia and Kentucky. Finally came two synchronous vanishments in St. Louis, Missouri, and East St. Louis, Illinois, both stores belonging to the same firm. An investigator for the National Association of Credit Men was sent to look the matter up, and most unhappy visions smote his eye.

Two partners had operated these shops, and they were gone. They were lost in the fog and river miasma, leaving not hail nor hallo. The investigator, finding nothing better to do, sent to all the creditors for the letters they had received from the two partners. Let us call them Black and White.

In going over the letters from Messrs. Black and White the investigator noted no special peculiarities save that the stenographic initials in the lower left-hand corner displayed great variety. As a speculation he put the letters into various piles, according to the stenographers' initials, and was not greatly surprised to find that each pile represented a week's correspondence, beginning on Monday and ending on Saturday. So, then, Messrs. Black and White had employed a different typist every week. Clever fellows these. No gum-chewing miss was going to get any insight into their operations.

However, the very number of girls gave this sharp detective a clew. He resorted at once to the nearest commercial employment bureau and found that a girl had been sent to Black and White. The address of the girl was got and she was interviewed. What could she remember about the men? Nothing except that Black had one bad eye and that White had a protruding lower lip, which twitched when he talked. Oh, yes! One thing more. On Friday they had sent off a large registered letter to an address in Dover, Delaware. The girl could think of nothing more.

Another of the Black and White stenographers had married and moved down into Arkansas with her husband. The detective went to see her, and she confirmed the first girl's description of the men and the Friday dispatch of the registered letter to Dover.

With so slight information at his command, the officer traced the registered letters to Dover, and the trail led him to the door of a woman, evidently the wife of the wanted man. From her he managed to extract the fact that her husband had a store in Baltimore.

The truckmen of Dover were canvassed, and it was discovered that goods as well as registered letters had come to the town, whence they were transshipped to the jobbing firm. A great light glowed in the brain of the investigator. He jumped to Baltimore at once and went to the suspected shop in the guise of buyer. He talked to the proprietor, who had not a bad eye. The man gave him little enough information. But the lip twitched, the lip twitched!

There was no more for this clever man to do. He summoned the government agents and put the case into their hands. They worked quietly in conjunction with him until they had their case built up. Then they descended upon the house of the chief pirates. The result has already been stated—ten to prison and fourteen in flight out of the country.

A New Method

In creditor trimming as in all things there are the old-established manners, the customary ways of working and succeeding. The crook is almost superstitious about departing from the steps of his fallacious fathers, but now and again some genius crowds up above the others—some man with the courage of the pioneer and the eyes for looking east. He originates something; he steps out of the old trammels and the dead conventions.

Charles W. Eckman is not the name of a distinguished-looking, mellow, soft-mannered man of nearly sixty. He is an American of the first native generation. He has five or six children, grown up and married. He was accounted a rich man, and his family certainly is not without large means, judging from the way in which its members give and spend.

But Eckman had got old. He was retired from his regular business. He had seen his sons and daughters safely launched. It was no longer necessary to strive and struggle. Eckman stood the idleness for a few years. He got more and more nervous. He could not stay in the house. As soon as breakfast was over he burst out into the sunshine and spent hours strolling up and down Riverside Drive, watching the maids with their baby carriages, sitting on the benches with his eyes on the mighty river, gazing abstractedly at the huge, cruel battleships lying sleepily at anchor.

Often he did not return to the house until hunger drove him in. Then he ate hastily, in silence, and went out again. He marched up and down for miles, ogling the girls, talking to the men and women lounging on the seats, seeking some excitement. But he was too old. It would not pass his way.

One afternoon as Eckman sat blinking in the sun an idea for action came to him and he sprang up and went downtown. It was so simple it needed no elaboration. All he wanted was a certain book. Then he would be off—adventure, excitement, money!

Eckman went to the office of his friend, Rose, an attorney.

"Have you got the commercial-rating books?" asked Eckman.

"Sure. There they are," said the lawyer. "Going back in business?"

"Maybe; maybe," answered the retired merchant busily, and fell to studying the books.

At the end of fifteen minutes he got up, with several names and addresses written on a bit of paper, thanked the lawyer and went hurriedly away.

Old Charley Eckman spent three days sauntering up and down lower Broadway looking for a suitable loft. Finally he found it a little farther north than he would have liked, but still quite desirable. He paid a month's rent, signed a lease and moved in. His equipment consisted of one desk and two chairs.

He next went to a printer and had some stationery prepared, for which he paid cash. Eckman's sign and stationery read:

EDWARD BLANK & Co., Wholesalers.

Let us say, for the mere purpose of this relation, though the facts be otherwise, that Eckman's number on Broadway was five-twenty-blank. An investigator would have discovered at once that there was another and older firm of Edward Blank & Co. on Broadway, but at three-fifty-blank. Once your attention is called to it, the disparity between a firm at five-twenty-blank Broadway and another at three-fifty-blank is obvious and painful.

But such discrepancies do not always obtrude, and on this fact Mr. Eckman was counting.

He had been through the rating books carefully in preparing his little scheme, and he had found only one Edward Blank, a firm rated A1. He had accordingly chosen this house to screen his operations.

Eckman immediately sent out to manufacturers in all parts of the country orders for large bills of goods. The credit men of these various organizations looked at the orders, saw that they were from Edward Blank & Co., looked up that firm in the rating books and saw that it was considered most responsible. If they noticed the discrepancy in the street number at all, they probably concluded that the house had moved.

Moreover, the rating books rarely give street numbers.

The thing worked out exactly as Eckman had planned. The goods came rumbling and tumbling in. He turned them over to illicit buyers at low prices, put the money in his pockets and sent further orders to other manufacturers. The thing got so big on him that he immediately went to other large cities and repeated the performance, picking the name of some well-known and responsible house and setting himself up in the same street under the same name. And in each case the factories once more bled precious merchandise.

It was a great and exciting game, full of the thrill and movement he wanted. It kept him skipping from city to city, planning, maneuvering, defrauding. He was alight with the passion of it. He had what he wanted.

Eckman Trapped

One night when he was about to close his office a well-known commercial investigator received a long telegram from a firm in the Middle West, asking about Edward Blank & Co., of five-twenty-blank Broadway, reciting the nature of the transaction and requesting an investigation. The officer took his way to the number indicated and found the loft with Eckman's sign on it. He got no answer. He went away and came again, with the same result. He waited. Still no result.

That night he put an assistant in his place to watch. No one came. Finally he got the janitor of the building, took this individual partly into his confidence and got the door to the loft opened.

On the floor lay a mass of unopened mail, put through the door slot by the postman. The detective copied the names of the addressers from the envelopes, stepped out into the hall, closed the door after him and put the mail back through the slot.

One day, two, three, five passed, and still no stir in the loft of the false Edward Blank concern. It had about been decided that the man had taken alarm and skipped when the distinguished and genial Mr. Eckman appeared, thrust his key into the lock and his head into the trap. He had been taking a swing round his circuit of cities. That explained his long absence.

There are times when the duty of the stern priest of the law is none too pleasurable a thing. The man who caught old Charley Eckman felt a thousand qualms. The man was able to make restitution, and willing, for that matter. His family was widely known and terribly abased at the father's secret crime. His sons and daughters moved heaven and earth in his behalf. Friends from the loftiest legal and business circles came to his rescue. Everywhere there was the feeling that Eckman's crime was the work of a half-demented man or, at best, a neurotic. All these things the officer and his employers considered.

On the other side was the dour fact that Eckman had not only committed a great series of depredations but also that he had evolved an entirely new form of creditor trimming, and one likely to be widely copied unless its originator were severely punished. For this reason the prosecution was forced, and the man was eventually convicted and sent to Atlanta.

Roll Call
of White Truck Fleets
In Active Service

THIS year's Roll Call of White Truck fleets covers twelve years of transportation experience by the foremost truck owners in the country. Nothing like it in *extent and quality* of ownership has ever been published by any other maker.

It shows a steady, yearly growth of individual fleets in every line of trucking service, among a class of owners who *know* motor trucks. The list includes only fleets of ten White Trucks or more, totaling 18,419. There are also 33,392 Whites in fleets of less than ten, and a host of single trucks.

The Roll Call is Industry's endorsement of White Truck performance,—a performance resulting from the maker's "Twenty-one Years of Knowing How."

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc.	0	0	0	1	4	6	7	8	8	14	17	30
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	17	45	45
Acme Cash Stores	0	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	5	10	10	12
J. N. Adam & Co.	0	0	6	8	8	8	8	8	10	17	19	28
City of Akron, Ohio	0	0	0	1	1	1	4	5	8	11	17	15
Akron Pure Milk Co.	0	0	0	2	3	6	6	6	6	13	13	13
Akron Storage & Contracting Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	10	10	10
B. Altman & Co.	0	0	8	8	33	67	92	92	93	93	94	94
American Agricultural Chem. Co.	0	0	1	1	1	1	5	8	9	17	38	38
American Ambulance Field Service	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	22	22	22	22	22
American Bakery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
American Can Co.	0	0	4	7	8	8	33	56	66	70	88	88
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11
American Ice Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	7	8	15
American News Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	6	10	15
American Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	26	26	26	29
American Relief Admin. (Russia)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
American Railway Express	0	0	3	14	22	27	88	98	111	121	128	186
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	86	122	123	123	123
American Steel & Wire Co.	0	0	1	5	5	6	10	16	20	23	29	30
American Stores Co.	0	1	2	9	14	14	15	29	37	81	97	86
American Tobacco Co.	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	9	14	14	17	19
American War Relief Clear. House	0	0	0	0	0	2	18	32	32	32	32	32
Ammen Transportation Co.	0	0	2	7	8	9	11	11	32	32	32	32
Anchor Cartage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	8	12	13	15
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Assoc.	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	19	19	20	20	28
Arctic Ice & Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	10	13
Arlington Mills	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	11	12	13	15	19
Armour & Co.	0	4	30	51	63	84	165	226	259	309	370	395
Associated Bell Telephone Cos.	0	1	6	30	46	84	311	447	477	517	702	806
*Associated Dry Goods Corp.	0	0	8	13	23	29	37	40	88	126	126	126
City of Atlanta	0	3	6	8	10	10	11	11	15	15	21	29
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	15	15
Atlanta Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp.	0	0	0	15	15	15	20	27	34	38	42	52
Atlantic Refining Co.	1	4	9	31	67	86	184	275	324	345	435	440
Atlas Powder Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	16	16
Austin Nichols & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	23
Auto Livery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15	15	15	15
The Bailey Co.	0	1	2	6	6	13	16	17	20	25	35	34
Oliver H. Bair Co.	0	0	0	0	5	6	6	9	9	11	11	11
City of Baltimore	0	3	4	7	14	14	29	30	31	34	36	38
Baltimore Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	20	20	20	20	20
L. Bamberger & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	13
Barker Bros., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	18	18
The Barrett Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	17	19	21	21	22
Bellevue and Allied Hospitals	0	0	0	1	3	9	15	19	19	24	24	24
Bernheimer Brothers	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	3	10	10	10
Best & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	25	24	27
William Bingham Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	17	20	23	22	22
Birmingham Chero-Cola Bottl. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	27	31	32
Bis-Mac Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	12	10
Biwabik Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10	10
Blake Motor Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	16	20	20	19	19
Block & Kuhl Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	9	14	16	16
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	27	27
Bogge & Buhl, Inc.	0	8	10	18	23	24	24	24	23	32	27	29
Bohlen-Huse Coal & Ice Co.	0	0	5	7	7	7	7	7	10	10	10	10

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
Boulevard Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	12
Henry Bosch Co.	2	8	8	9	10	10	11	12	12	13	13	13
City of Boston	0	2	9	12	17	18	18	19	22	22	30	32
Boston Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10
Boston Elevated Railway Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	28	34
Bourne-Fuller Co.	0	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	8	10	10
Bradford Baking Co.	0	0	0	9	20	25	26	26	26	29	31	31
The Brandt Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	25	25	34	41
Brewer & Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	6	7	8	9	10
Brockton Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	16	20	21
Brooklyn Alcatraz Asphalt Co.	0	0	0	2	9	9	11	11	11	11	11	11
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	11	14	14
Bry-Block Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	12
Buckeye Pipe Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12
Budwine Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	9	10	10
Bullock's	0	0	0	4	5	8	8	8	8	9	10	10
M. Burkhardt Brewing Co.	0	0	0	2	2	2	5	5	5	11	11	11
P. H. Butler Co.	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	11	12	12	17	17
Butler Bros., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	23	23
Cable Draper Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Caddo Parish, Louisiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	13	13	13
State of California	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	4	4	7	21
California Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	17	21	21	26
California Central Creameries, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	14	14
California Packing Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	11	11	13
California Truck Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	4	8	13	17
J. Calvert's Sons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	11
The Campbell System	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	17
Canfield Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	15
Canton Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	10	11
Canton Storage & Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	9	11	15	11
Carbon Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	5	11	12
Carolina Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	11	11	11	11
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	3	4	7	12	12
Carstens Packing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Carter Oil Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	15	15
W. A. Chambers Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	10	10
Chandler & Rudd Co.	0	2	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	7	10	10
Chapin-Sacks Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	21	28	58	68
*Chero-Cola Bottling Cos.	0	0	0	0	4	6	30	57	66	74	99	105
The Chero-Cola Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	32	76	76
Cheek-Neal Coffee Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	12
Chicago American & Herald Exam.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	19	24
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	0	5	11	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Cia Abastecedora de Leche	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	8	8	10
Cincinnati Motor Terminals Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	16	16	16
City Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14
City of Chicago	0	0	0	1	4	10	27	38	47	47	52	73
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cincinnati)	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	7	13	13
City Ice & Fuel Co. (Cleveland)	0	1	1	3	3	3	5	8	8	11	14	17
Clearing House Parcel Delivery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	14	15	16	16
City of Cleveland	0	2	7	14	15	19	23	32	36	43	68	77
*Cities Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	10	16	22
Cleveland-Akron Bag Co.	6	7	9	14	15	19	21	39	45	54	53	53
Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	14	15
Cleveland Bldrs. Supp. & Brick Co.	0	1	1	3	4	7	10	14	19	51	57	64
Cleveland Coca-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	22	28

Continued on Following Pages

Continued From Preceding Page

Roll of White Truck Fleets

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	17	23	23	40	48	49
The Cleveland Press	0	0	0	0	0	0	■	0	0	10	10	14
Cleveland Provision Co.	0	1	2	3	7	7	11	13	15	29	34	34
Cleveland Railway Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	4	■	15
Cleveland Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	19	20	25	22
Cleveland Trucking & Carting Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	10
Cleveland & Sandusky Brewing Co.	0	0	1	1	2	3	10	15	17	24	29	30
*Coca Cola Bottling Cos.	0	3	6	11	24	34	67	76	91	103	198	220
The Coca Cola Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	15	23	56
The Coca Cola Co. (Canada)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	13	30	34
J. C. Collins	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	8	8	12	12
Colonial Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	38
R. H. Comey Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	9	12	14	14
Commercial Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	■	2	5	7	10	13	■
Connolly Contracting Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10
Consolidated Cos.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	15
Consolidated Gas, El. Lt. & Pwr. Co.	2	3	6	8	11	11	12	12	12	11	12	12
Consolidated Rendering Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	17	17	30	32
Continental Oil Co.	0	1	2	2	3	■	19	25	34	38	81	82
Cosden Oil & Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	6	10	16
Crescent Forwarding & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	12	12
Crew Levick Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	25	37	40
Cuban Government	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	14	14
Cudahy Packing Co.	0	0	2	6	8	10	21	24	27	42	58	61
John T. Cunningham	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	4	10
Dahl-Campbell Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	11
Dannemiller Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	12	12	12	12
Darling & Co.	0	0	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	6	10	10
Dill & Collins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	9	10	11
Dominion of Canada	0	0	0	0	43	43	43	43	43	43	43	43
Drake Brothers	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	4	4	9	13	15
E. I. DuPont de Nemours Powder Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	8	20	20	21	21
East Ohio Gas Co.	0	0	0	1	3	5	5	10	11	11	13	16
East Side Mill & Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	■
Eastern Torpedo Co.	0	0	0	1	2	7	10	15	20	25	27	28
T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	0	5	13	14	15	15	20	20	20	25	31	31
Electric Bond & Share Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	8	17	26	32
Electric Package Agency	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	9	10	10
Emerick Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	1	5	9	11	14	16	16	16	12
Empire Gas & Fuel Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	33	61	77	108	117
Empire State Dairy Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	12	13
Enumclaw Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	6	11
Erie Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	15	15
A. J. Evans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	21
The Fair	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	12
The Fairbanks Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	13
Fair Haven Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	12
Fairmont Creamery Co.	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	0	1	13	28	43
Fayette Baking Co.	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Fenway Garage Co.	0	0	19	19	29	29	39	39	30	37	30	30
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	6	12	16	18	1'	16
Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	■
The Fleischmann Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	11	19
Florida Motor Transport Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	11	11	16	23	23
Flour State Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	0	0	11
County of Fulton, Ga.	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	3	3	5	11
Fly & Hobson Co.	0	0	0	0	0	■	0	10	10	10	10	10
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	2	4	4	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	18
Frank & Seder	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	19	21	21
Franklin Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	20
Harry V. Franks	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	16	16	16	19	19
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	0	0	3	7	9	10	13	18	21	23	25
Freedom Oil Works Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	17	20	20
General Baking Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	10	25	43	68	81
General Fire Extinguisher Co.	0	0	0	2	2	2	3	4	5	6	10	11
General Motor Truck Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	22	22	22	22	22
General Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	1	0	2	4	8	15	34	39	42
Georgia Railway & Power Co.	0	0	1	3	7	7	18	22	24	24	29	34
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Milwaukee)	0	0	0	2	3	■	6	7	7	13	15	15
Gimbel Brothers (New York)	0	20	26	46	59	59	62	62	71	71	65	83
Gimbel Brothers (Philadelphia)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	13	16	28
Glacier Park Transportation Co.	■	0	0	0	10	20	22	23	23	24	24	30
Stacy G. Glauser & Son	■	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	6	6	8	14
Globe Grain & Milling Co.	0	0	1	2	2	2	3	3	5	16	17	18
Gloucester Auto Bus Co.	■	0	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	0	15	19
City of Gloucester	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	13	13
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	30	35	41	43
J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.	0	0	3	4	8	5	7	12	12	12	13	13
B. F. Goodrich Co.	4	6	9	11	13	17	19	22	25	28	30	28
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	15	22	54	24
Grasselli Chemical Co.	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	4	4	6	12	12
Gray Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	12	12	12	13
Great Northern Paper Co.	0	0	0	1	1	11	13	18	18	19	21	22
Greenfield Electric Lt. & Pr. Co.	■	3	6	9	10	11	13	13	14	14	14	16
Greenville Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	6	10	10	10
Greif Brothers Cooperage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14
Gulf Production Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	8	15	24
Gulf Refining Co.	0	1	9	29	81	172	463	563	663	755	917	1177
Gypsy Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	11	15
Hadley Furniture & Carpet Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	11	21	21
Hale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10
Hale Brothers Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	13	13	15	17	17
A. Hamburger & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	18	20
James A. Hamilton	0	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	8	10	12	12
The Hardware & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	10	10	10
A. D. Hartsell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	8	11
Fred Harvey	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	16	17
Haverty Furniture Co.	0	0	0	0	2	6	7	12	18	18	18	20
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	0	2	9	9	9	10	11	16	17	16	16
The Hecht Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	8	11
H. J. Heinz Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	19	26	35	52	52
Heisler & Junge Co.	0	■	0	0	0	■	4	4	5	9	26	26
Hercules Powder Co.	0	■	■	0	0	■	0	0	6	7	9	10
Hershey Creamery Co.	0	0	■	0	0	■	0	0	0	2	6	11
Hickey & Hawkins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11
The Higbee Co.	2	4	5	6	10	10	10	12	12	16	16	16
Hildebrandt Provision Co.	0	■	■	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10

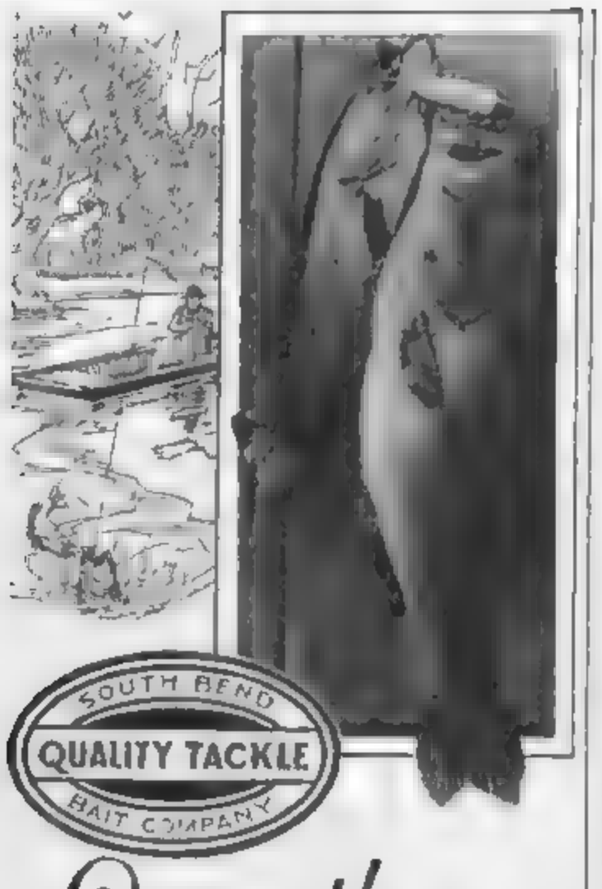
	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
H. G. Hill Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	6	10
Hitchner Biscuit Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	7	9	10
Hochschild, Kohn & Co.	0	1	3	5	6	8	10	9	12	15	15	15
H. B. Hole	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	■
Holland Bread Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	15	26
Joseph Horne Co.	5	12	15	24	33	39	42	42	42	41	41	41
J. L. Hudson Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	17	20	20	31	48	48
Hudson's Bay Co.	0	4	8	9	9	9	9	10	10	17	14	18
E. V. Hull	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11	11	11	15
Humble Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	52	84	86
State of Idaho	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
Imperial Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	17
Imperial Oil Co., Ltd.	0	1	1	1	1	1	12	42	43	58	76	82
Independent Brewing Co. of Pitts.	1	1	2	5	5	11	28	36	42	46	44	44
Independent Torpedo Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	16	24	24
Independent Towel Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Indian Automobile Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	12	12
Indian Terr. Illuminating Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	11	12
City of Indianapolis	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	6	8	10	10
Interstate Wholesale Grocers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	20	23
Iron City Sand Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	20
James S. Ivins	0	0	2	2	3	4	6	6	6	8	8	10
Jackson Brewing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	15	13
Jahncke Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	12	15
Johnson Oil Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	11	18	18
Jones Store Co.	0	2	2	5	6	10	14	17	17	19	16	21
S. Kann Son's Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14	14
Kaufmann Dept. Store, Inc.	0	0	10	16	24	44	80	80	66	59	53	53
Kaufmann & Baer Co.	0	0	0	1	40	45	51	59	60	60	50	50
Chas. T. Kavanaugh, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	10
Kennicott-Patterson Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	10	10
J. Kenny Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	16
C. D. Kenny Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	41	45	56	62	58
Kern County Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13
Kingan & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	6	13	34	31
The Kirk Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	7	10	12	11
B. B. & R. Knight, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	7	8	11	11
Theodor Kundtz Co.	3	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	17	17	20	20
Lansburg & Bro., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	5	5	5	10
LaSalle & Koch Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	4	4	10	10	10
Lawrence Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	8	19
A. Leath & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	13	13	13	13	13
Fred T. Ley & Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	10	13	13	17	17
Leyte Land Transportation Co.	0	0	3	6	10	12	14	14	14	14	30	30
Liberty Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	19	23
Lit Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	26	27	28	36	46
Frederick Loeser & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14	14
Loft, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	9	10
J. P. Loomis Coal & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	15	17
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	21	37	51
Los Angeles Brewing Co.	0	0	2	7	13	14	15	17	17	18	19	19
Los Angeles Creamery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	10	12	19
Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10	11	12	14
Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corp.	0	1	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	10	26
City of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	13	17
County of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	11
Long's Transfer Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	3	3	12
Louisiana Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	10	12
Magnolia Petroleum Co.	0	0	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	8	15	19
May Stern & Co.	0	0	0	1	2	2	5	5	8	9	10	10
McCreery & Co.	6	6	8	8	8	11	15	15	15	19	20	20
Estate of Alexander McCarr	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	14
G. M. McKelvey Co.	0	0	1	1	6	8	18	18	18	17	19	20
McMahon Brothers	0	0	1	1	1	3	6	7	7	9	9	10
R. H. Macy & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15	15	26	26
Mandel Brothers	0	9	10	15	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	17
A. C. Marshall Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	18	14	14
Massachusetts Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	12	41
State of Massachusetts	0	1	4	4	4	5	11	11	11	11	11	14
The May Co.	0	0	0	4	11	15	26	26	27	40	41	41
Mercantile Stores Co.	0	0	2	4	5	5	5	6	8	13	17	21
Merchants Lime-Cola Bottl. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	46	49	54
Merchants' Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	11
Messaba Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	15	18	20	23	22	30
Metropolitan Coal Co.	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	0	0	10	15	16
Michelin Tire Co.	0	1	2	3	3	9	11	11	11	14	16	17
Mid Continent Gasoline Co.	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10
Mid-Kansas Oil & Gas Co.	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	0	4	11	12	12
Midwest Refining Co.	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	2	6	12	23	28
Miller Rubber Co.	0	0	1	2	2	2	5	5	5	11	11	11
Miner-Hillard Milling Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	3	8	9	10
H. W. Mollenauer & Brother	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	10	10	10	10
State of Montana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	16
Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	6	10	11
K. E. & A. K. Morgan	0	0	0	0	1	1	6	7	8	13	25	32
John Morrell & Co.	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	4	9	13
Morris & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	6	14	14
Motor Transit Co.	0	1	3	4	6	6	14	37	43	55	72	81

Call
In Active Service

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	To-day
The Moxie Co.	0	2	4	5	5	5	5	5	7	9	11	11
A. I. Namm & Son	0	0	0	1	1	2	4	6	7	30	32	45
City of Nashville	1	2	3	4	4	4	4	6	8	9	14	16
National Casket Co.	0	0	2	10	14	15	19	21	24	26	26	28
National Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	0	4	5	5	5	5	7	9	9	10	10
National Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	19
National Refining Co.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	25	66	68
City of Newark	1	2	2	3	3	3	3	4	7	11	11	13
City of New Orleans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	28	51
New Orleans Gas Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	13
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20	20	19	20	20
State of New Jersey	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	16	15	15	16
M. A. Newmark Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	10	11	12
City of New York	0	1	7	11	12	13	13	13	13	13	225	282
N. Y. Board of Fire Underwriters	0	0	2	6	8	16	20	20	20	20	21	21
New York State Railways	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	10	10	10	10	11
North Pole Ice Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Northern Ohio Traction & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	5	10	15	18
Northern Texas Traction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	9	10	10	10
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	26	26
Ohio Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	22	23	23
Onondaga County, N. Y.	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	10	16	16	16	14
Oppenheim, Collins & Co.	0	0	0	0	20	21	27	27	30	38	38	40
State of Oregon	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
M. O'Neil Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	3	3	14	14	14
Pacific Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	5	15	15	20
Pacific Mills	0	0	3	4	4	7	12	14	17	19	21	22
Pacific Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	14
Page & Shaw, Inc.	0	0	1	4	8	8	8	10	10	11	10	10
Palais Royal	0	0	0	1	3	3	3	3	3	3	13	13
Pan-American Petr. & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	11
Frank Parmelee Co.	0	0	0	9	9	18	28	28	28	28	18	18
Jim Peeler Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	0	11
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	15	19	28	28	28
Penn Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	10
State of Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	15	15	16	19	19
Perrett & Glenney	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	3	5	9	12	12
Petroleum Heat & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	11
Philadelphia Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	18	20	22	22
City of Philadelphia	0	0	2	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	10
Philippine Government	0	0	7	13	13	23	29	35	35	44	48	53
Piedmont Chero-Cola Bottl. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	13	13
Pierce Oil Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	23	69	155	178
Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	9	10
Piggly Wiggly Stores	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	25	25
Pike's Peak Auto Highway Co.	0	0	0	0	0	12	14	14	14	14	14	14
Pilsener Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	7	7	11	11	13
Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	6	9	12	14	14
H. & S. Pogue Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	12	12	12	13
Portland Sebago Ice Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	5	11	11	11	12
Powers Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	7	8	8	13	11	11
Prairie Oil & Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	2	26	54	57	57
Prairie Pipe Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	44	68
City of Providence	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	6	6	10	10
Public Service Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	8	8	15	19	23
Puget Sound Power & Light Co.	0	1	1	1	2	2	4	5	9	9	13	13
Pure Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	10	21	25
City of Quincy	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	6	11	11
Rainier National Park Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	13
Red Rock Co.	1	2	3	3	3	4	5	5	5	7	11	11
Remar Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	13	13	14
Republic Structural Iron Wks. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	10	13
Wm. Richman	0	1	2	3	3	4	6	7	7	7	15	16
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	16	23	24	36	53
Rochester Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	12
Rochester Railway & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	13	13
Rocky Mountain Parks Trans. Co.	0	0	2	2	3	3	21	23	33	56	63	95
L. W. Rogers Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	14	15
Rome Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	10	15	13
The Rosenbaum Co.	1	1	2	11	12	33	39	43	40	37	42	42
Harry Rosenthal	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	10	10
Romana Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23	37
City of St. Louis	0	0	0	0	4	6	9	10	14	16	16	16
Saks & Co.	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	16	16	16	18
Salt Lake Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	22	23
J. Samuels & Bro., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10
Sandersville Coca Cola Bottl. Co.	0	0	0	1	2	4	5	5	6	10	10	10
Sanger Brothers	0	4	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	13	13	13
City and County of San Francisco	0	0	1	1	3	3	3	4	4	4	24	25
San Francisco Municipal Railway	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10	10
San Joaquin Light & Power Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	14	18	18
San Joaquin Baking Co.	0	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	7	7	11	13
Savage-Schofield Co.	0	0	1	4	5	5	5	6	7	10	10	11
Schulze Baking Co.	1	1	4	15	17	22	23	26	31	35	55	61
City of Seattle	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	10
Seven Baker Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	26
Shaeffer-Black Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	11
Shaffer Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	43	52	56
Shepard's Auto Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	7	10
Shepard Stores	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	4	4	7	7	10
Shell Co. of California	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	10	19	47
The John Shillito Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	9	10
Franklin Simon & Co.	0	0	0	3	6	10	14	14	17	18	19	19
Skelley Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	31	23
John A. Sloan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
W. & J. Sloane	13	14	15	15	15	17	21	23	23	28	31	31
Sonoma County, Cal.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	10
Southeastern Express Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	109
Southern Oil Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	15	16
Southern Pacific Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	10	10
Spear & Co.	0	0	1	9	13	14	15	22	23	27	22	34
J. H. & L. Studler Fertilizer Co.	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	4	4	11	13	13
Otto Stahl, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	16	17
Standard Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	5	5	7	11	13
*Standard Gas & Electric Co.	0	1	2	2	2	3	5	11	17	14	21	30
Standard Oil Co. of California	1	3	4	6	7	26	67	97	111	188	214	243
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	1	4	5	9	59	122	168	201	214	213	181	181
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	0	1	2	4	5	9	38	75	121	349	360	398
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	5	53	91	108	138
Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska	0	0	0	0	5	11	17	17	17	18	22	24
*Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	30	65	65	57	68
Standard Oil Co. of New York	2	6	18	35	68	113	236	363	450	520	622	649
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	0	1	1	1	10	17	28	36	42	78	139	147
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	0	0	2	3	3	4	4	4	10	15	23	29
Stark-Tuscarawas Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	7	12	12	12	13	10
Sterling & Welch Co.	2	4	7	7	8	8	11	14	14	16	18	18
Sterling Products Co.	0	0	0	2	6	8	8	8	9	14	14	13
Stern Brothers	0	0	8	18	18	19	21	32	22	25	39	40
Stewart & Co.	1	1	2	4	6	7	8	8	8	12	12	13
Stewart Taxi Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	29	43	42	50	52
Stoll Oil Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	9	10
*Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	1	1	2	2	8	15	22	31	29	33
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	0	0	2	4	4	9	15	15	15	20	23
Stroehmann's Vienna Bakery	0	0	0	2	2	2	10	10	11	14	27	25
Summerfield Co.	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	5	5	5	5	10
Sun Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	15	29
*Swift & Co.	0	0	0	2	2	10	101	109	127	164	213	242
Swift Canadian Co.	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	7	11	17	17
Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	15	17	17
Taft-Kern Co. Cal. School District	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	6	12
The Taxi Co.	0	0	0	0	2	4	13	13	14	14	14	14
Wm. Taylor Son & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	24	34	35
Terre Haute Brewing Co.	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	6	6	7	9	10
Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	0	3	4	4	9	13	11	13	20	42	61	69
The Texas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	9	11	11	11	64	110	142
Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	25	26	26
Theurer Norton Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	6	8	12	12
Tidal Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	12
Tide Water Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	27	28	35
City of Tokyo, Japan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11
Transcontinental Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	25
Twin City Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	19	21	30
Union Electric Light & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	8	12	16
Union Carbide & Carbon Co. Ints.	1	1	1	2	3	6	16	18	31	20	22	22
Union Oil Co. of California	0	0	0	1	10	22	43	156	216	251	389	534
Union Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	19	21	37
Union Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	12	12	12	12
Union Wholesale Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	12	12
United Drug Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	20	20
*United Gas & Electric Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	10
United Gas Improvement Co. Ints.	0	0	0	2	8	15	41	64	64	65	70	72
United Natural Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11
United Shoe Machinery Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10	10
United States Bakery	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	11	14	20	24	24
United States Rubber Co.	0	0	0	1	2	5	5	9	14	16	19	24
U. S. Post Office Department	0	0	0	21	28	104	132	298	445	463	485	665
U. S. Steel Corp. Interests	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	12	17	17	20	20
U. S. Trucking Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	20	51	46	46
Updike Lumber & Coal Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	12	12	12
Van Dorn Iron Works Co.	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	5	6	7	13	13
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	12	14	14	14	15
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	0	6	27	37	37	63	84	89
Ward Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	12	53	76	76	78	84	86
State of Washington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
Raphael Weill & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	12	12	20	20	20
Western Electric Co.	0	0	2	4	5	5	9	15	19	24	28	32
Western Meat Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	12	27	24	24
Western Motor Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	6	6	8	10	15
West India Oil Co.	0	0	4	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	10
J. G. White & Co. Interests	0	1	1	1	2	4	6	7	7	7	8	10
White Bus Lines	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	8	8	13	15
White Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Whitaker-Glessner Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	9	15	16
R. H. White Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	13	13	13	11	11
White Taxi Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	24	25	43	37	37
White Transit Co., Inc.	0	1	1	2	6	9	19	29	31	36	44	49
E. H. Wiener & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	11
Willard's Chocolates, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	14
Wilson & Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	22	32	31
Winchester Laundry	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	12
Wm. Winkler (Steele-Wedeles)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	12	13
State of Wisconsin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	14	14
Wise Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10
Wofford Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	4	13	11
Woodward & Lothrop	0	1	1	3	3	4	7	13	14	13	15	17
Woolner Brewing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Geo. Worthington Co.	0	0	1	2	2	2	4	8	10	15	15	16
Yellowstone Park Transp. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	106	112	112	135	158	161
Yosemite National Park Co.	0	0	0	1	7	7	25	27	24	25	27	32
Zettelmeyer Coal Co.	0	0	1	2	2	3	4	5	10	10	19	19
Zumstein Taxicab Co.	0	0	0	2	2	6	18	20	25	25	25	18
	60	208	526	1033	1734	2626	5074	7322	9097	12107	15767	18419

*Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*



Lures they fight for!

ABOVE is pictured a tandem catch—the result of an eight and one-half and a three pound Bass frantically fighting over a *Bass-Oreno* bait.

With a three-pounder on, imagine the thrill of having a second furious, animated mass of bronze rush—yes, *smash*—three times at your bait. Three times he misses in an attempt to dispute the three-pounder's right to the *Bass-Oreno*. Then, with a fourth fighting grab, he tries again and is hooked. A few moments of lively play and you slip your net under two bronze beauties—eleven and a half pounds of obstinate bass.

That's the thrill of bait-casting for game-fish. Thousands and thousands of red-blooded men and women are experiencing like thrills, through the use of the *Bass-Oreno* and other famous *South Bend Oreno Baits*—all tried and proven fish-getters. Over 100,000 anglers are using *South Bend Reels* for perfect casting. Ask for them at any sporting goods dealer's.

Send for *"Fishing—What Baits and When"*—our new book.

Send for this Booklet

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO. *2512 High Street South Bend, Ind*

SLOW—SOUND HORN

(Continued from Page 19)

Yet it all is easily avoided—second nature, in fact, to mountaineers. The man who drives mountain roads merely turns off the ignition, and allows his car to stop in gear, at the extreme edge of the road if he is alone, or at any place he cares to if he is accompanied. Then the first action upon leaving the car is to place a good-sized chuck rock under a hind wheel. After which he can even release the brakes if he cares to—the rock does the braking for him. When he starts, if alone, he has come from a far side of the road, where the chuck rock will not bother the next motorist, because it is out of the line of travel. If he is accompanied his companion stands at the rear of the car and throws the chuck from the highway, and then catches up with the slow-moving machine and hops in. Very simple to the mountain driver. A bit inconvenient, perhaps, to the man accustomed to the cities or to the smooth white roads of the East—but there's exactly the point: Mountain roads are neither boulevards nor pretty gleaming turnpikes. They're something to travel on to get somewhere, and the sooner the prospective driver realizes it, the better.

In fact, there's very little tourist propaganda in this article—none of the glint of dancing lights atop the pine trees, the sparkle of the brooks where lurk the aristocratic trout, or the log fire at evening. It's just a plain out-and-out collection of hard-headed facts, built to appeal to the common sense of persons who like to get to the place for which they start—and to come back. You can get all the scenery you want, all the descriptions possible, out of the railroad and tourist folders. But what is the use of it all if you are not going to be able to enjoy it simply because you haven't the necessary education which can take you there? Mountain driving is as different from city or turnpike driving as automobile driving is different from the progress of Old Dobbin and the one-hoss shay.

There are certain things to know—which must be known—just as you must know how to throw in the clutch and put your foot on the gas before you can expect a machine to move. Yet the strange part of it all is—once the few necessary things are learned about mountain driving—it's the easiest driving of all!

Keep Your Eyes on the Road

In the city you look for the signal of the traffic patrolman, watch the man ahead of you, and keep an eye open for what may come upon you from the intersecting streets. That makes three things for the eye to watch. In the mountains there is only one—and that's the road. But, it must be stated, that road is a jealous thing, and one which requires constant attention. You don't just give it a glance now and then; you watch it! It is a proposition where you are using both eyes all the time, and with both those eyes fastened upon the brown twisting ribbon before you. For a time it seems difficult. Also, for a time, it appears that you are doomed to miss the very scenery you have come to see. But as the miles go on, you find that in some instinctive way your vision has broadened; it becomes second nature to watch every foot of that road, yet see everything about you at the same time. In fact, the usual procedure of country driving is merely reversed. You see the scenery in swifter glances, and the road in longer stretches of watching. And, you know, there is no law against your stopping every now and then, getting out of the car, and really seeing what you've come to look at, instead of watching it as through a railroad-car window.

But to the rest of the directions.

In the city one travels at a certain rate of speed because of the laws which govern that speed, and because of the motorcycle cop who is ever ready to signal you down and give you a red or blue admission ticket to the speeder's court. In the mountains is a speed cop who travels unseen, but who is at your elbow, nevertheless, whenever the desire seizes you to forget caution or to step on 'er. He's very influential. His name is Death.

Again let it be explained that mountain roads are not boulevards. Of course it is perfectly true that there are certain stretches of road that deserve this name, such as that masterpiece of mountain-highway engineering which runs from Golden, Colorado, up the six-mile stretch of Lookout Mountain to Buffalo Bill's grave, thence on to Bergen Park, to Morrison and back to Denver, a park road under the management of the city of Denver, perfectly aligned, with every curve marked, every grade broadened, every drain in place, and every possible thing done to make it a highway fully deserving of the name. Likewise is the Big Thompson Cañon road leading into Estes Park, the road connecting Trinidad, Colorado, and Raton, New Mexico, the high-line drive to Cañon City, the new government project to Mount Evans, and several others. But after all, though these roads run through mountains, they are not, in the strict acceptance of the term, mountain roads.

The real mountain highway is a graduation from the wagon and stage road of a day that is gone into the automobile road of to-day. The big stones have been removed, that crank cases may not be broken by contact with them; the roadbed made a bit smoother, and the turns widened slightly. That is about all. In some places the grades have been lessened slightly—but it is not unusual to strike one 10 or 12 per cent hill after another. The curves, in spite of their widening, are sharp and frequent—often as many as a hundred to the mile. The man who attempts speed on this sort of road deserves to have Death at his elbow.

To Go Downhill Safely

So, the first two things to remember in the mountains are caution and slowness. Caution for the turns of the road, and a good push on the horn to warn the other fellow coming down or up hill; for the stops; and for a constant certainty that if your machine is to run off the road at all it is to scrape a fender on the rock side of the mountain, and not go careening over the other side, where the drop is sometimes two or three hundred feet. The man who drives the inside track, with his wheels well in close to the wall of the mountain, may scrape a fender slightly now and then, but he won't be picked up from somewhere down in the cañon.

As to the slowness of progress, a person rarely drives the mountains in a wild desire to get somewhere at a certain moment—except, of course, the case-hardened natives who really live in the hills and who know each crook and turn backwards. Therefore, a speed of fifteen miles an hour on the actual mountain roads is all you'll need. More, once you're traveling at that speed on the down grade of, say, an 18 per cent declivity, something will begin to tingle up and down your spine, the pine trees will seem to whiz by, and you'll find yourself wondering if the speedometer isn't a bit off.

For, as has been mentioned before, the majority of mountain accidents come with the machine traveling downhill—due entirely to the fact that the driver hasn't the slightest knowledge of how to descend a grade. For which I shall be censured, and to which I repeat that not one out of ten drivers whose habitat is the flat country or the city knows how to go down a grade! Yet it is the simplest rule in the world:

Go down the same way you came up!

In other words, in the hills if it is necessary to make a grade on low gear, that grade should be descended in the same manner and at the same speed, with the engine running. It isn't wise to save gas in the mountains by turning off the ignition. The constant revolutions of the engine cause unexploded gas to back up, with backfiring and a spurt which may come at the wrong time. So the wise mountaineer keeps his engine running—and takes his time.

It may consume three times as many minutes to go down a hill in low gear as it might to attempt it on high and trust to the brakes. But one's sure—and the other isn't. The pressure of brake bands sufficient to hold a car to a safe pace on mountain grades is so intense that the friction often causes the brake bands to start burning within the first half mile—and remember, you're dealing with professional hills, not the kind where a quarter of a mile raise is a long jog. Between Empire, Colorado, and the top of the Berthoud Pass road, the crossover to Salt Lake and San Francisco, is a distance of nine miles. The Government now is building a road to this Continental Divide Pass which will not have more than a 6 per cent grade, but until that road is finished the 10 and 12 and 18 per cent grades still stand. In those nine miles, the altitude changes from approximately eight thousand feet to one of eleven thousand three hundred feet, with the main climb in the last six miles. In other words, in six miles your car must climb a half mile, straight up. More, when it reaches the summit it must drop down a half mile on the other side! Brake bands, not reënforced by the compression of an engine, cannot stand the strain. The result is that they catch fire, become glazed, and then—all in an instant—give way! Once that break comes, it is too late to shift gears. The machine shoots forward with suddenly doubled speed. A push at the gear lever only brings a horrible burring and a snapping of teeth, nothing more. So you do one of two things—go into the bank and smash the front end of your machine, or waltz gayly over the edge of the road to another Great Divide, from which no one ever has been able to send back a report on the scenery. Therefore the wise driver doesn't shift when he reaches the top—he merely goes on over the hump in low, and keeps in low until he is sure he has reached grades that permit him to shift to a higher gear.

As for going up the hill—even here are certain little rules that are necessary. In the first place, the man who goes into the mountains must either know his car or have someone along who does. And the sensible person will stop at the beginning of a stiff climb, down his pride and open up his hood. He will test the oil system, to be sure first of all that the crank case is full of the fluid, and secondly that the oil system is working and distributing properly. He will stand a moment and watch the fan belt, to be sure that it is not slipping. He will test his spark plugs for sure ignition, and then, as a last precaution, stop his engine, let out part of the radiator contents and refill with cool water. Then, his tests made, he will begin to ease his machine up the grade.

"Ease" is the exact word. The man accustomed to driving the mountain road will tell you some paradoxical things—among which is the fact that it is far easier on a machine, and especially on the cooling system, to send the old bus along easily and without a strain on second than it is to force that engine up a hill on high. Second gear is supposed to heat an engine. So it does under certain circumstances. But it also keeps an engine cooler under other circumstances than forced work in high! The same also pertains to low. When that engine must cough out each explosion the heat is lingering—no longer is it a quick, snappy combustion which departs almost the moment it occurs. It stays—and it heats. That's why the mountaineer grins and shifts into second, while the plainsman swears and tries to force his machine onward in high. The machine that is traveling at the lower speed stands the chance of not boiling until far after the other one.

For Mountain Work

Again, when you meet the man who tells you that the cheap small car is the one for the mountains on account of its lightness, listen to him if you want to, agree with him if you care to preserve his friendship—but take it all with a grain of salt. Small, light, dinky-engined cars were made for light work, not for the sort of thing that one encounters in the Rockies. Why, I don't know, but there seems to be some sort of God-given faith in one or two makes of small car which gives their owners the belief that they can go up a brick wall. Of course, if you want to walk from five to ten miles, straight up, carrying half the luggage and provisions of a camping trip on one shoulder, and helping to drag a machine uphill with your free arm—go ahead. There's no one to stop you. But that isn't my idea of a vacation.

However, it appears to be popular. I haveseen theseemall machinesby the dozen, stuck on any one of the half dozen passes in Colorado, so loaded down with camping paraphernalia, bedding, food, wood, mementos of the trip and what not, that the springs were nearly flat. In addition to

(Continued on Page 106)

How can one small dealer sell a carload of Sunbeams?

WHEN you see some hamlet of a few homes and you hear that the Sunbeam dealer there sells a complete carload every season, you wonder how he can do it.

Yet there are hundreds of such instances, for the Sunbeam is made by one of the largest furnace manufacturers in the United States and, therefore, *can be sold at a quantity-production price.* Thousands of home-owners have learned that a Sunbeam Pipeless Furnace will heat a given number of rooms more evenly, more healthfully and with one-third less fuel than stoves or fireplaces. Other thousands are learning every year.

During a bitter, cold winter the Sunbeam will maintain an even, comfortable temperature throughout the whole house, or in mild weather it will give just enough heat to remove the chill without waste of fuel.

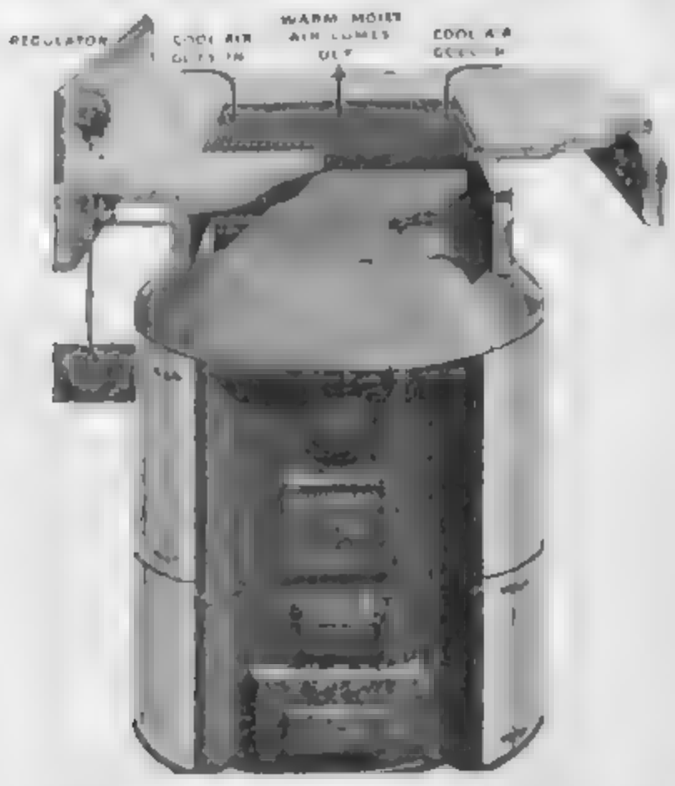
With a Sunbeam in your home you will not have to carry fuel for several stoves. Just fill it morning and evening—the rest of the day control it from upstairs.

There is no dust from a Sunbeam, no ashes in the house, no smoke. It is just the kind of heater for a home where there are children.

Sunbeam Pipeless Furnaces last a lifetime. All parts are over-size and are so accurately fitted that leakage is impossible. All that we have learned in thirty years of manufacturing has been put into the Sunbeam to make it a QUALITY furnace.

Don't wait until fall to get your Sunbeam. There are lots of dismal, wet days when you need a small fire, long before cold weather comes. It takes only one day to install a Sunbeam, so why not start saving one-third of your fuel right away?

SUNBEAM
PIPE *and* PIPELESS
FURNACES



Why the SUNBEAM Costs so Little and "Warms like the Sun"

AS everyone knows, warm air rises and cold air falls; that is the simple principle upon which Sunbeam Pipeless Furnaces work. Heated air, mixed with vapor, rises through the central compartment of the large register placed in your hall or living room. A constant, gentle circulation of warm, moist air at an even temperature is maintained in every room, the cool air of the house being drawn down through the outer compartment of your register into the furnace, where it is heated and sent upward again.

The Sunbeam gives healthful heat; it requires little attention, as the draft is regulated from upstairs; owners all over the country tell us that their Sunbeams have paid for themselves the first year by saving one-third on the cost of fuel.

See your local Sunbeam dealer.

Just send for the "Sunbeam Book"

Fill out the coupon and mail it to us. There's not the slightest obligation involved. It may be the means of saving you a great deal of money.

P 4

THE FOX FURNACE CO., Elyria, Ohio

Gentlemen:

Without obligating me in any way, I would like to learn more about heating my home, and the Sunbeam Furnace. Also, please mail me a copy of your "SUNBEAM BOOK."

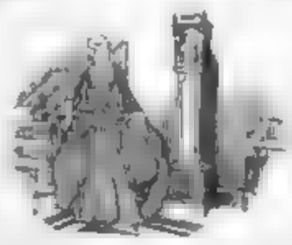
Name__

Street Address

City and State__

Dealers can profitably write for details concerning these lowest priced furnaces

The FOX FURNACE CO.
Elyria, Ohio



Murphy Varnish—for over fifty years an invisible preserver of beautiful surfaces

Magic Newness for Home and Car

On your car or in your home—wherever the sheen of newness has faded and left a surface dull and drab from wear—Murphy Da-cote or Murphy Univernish will work a miracle in rejuvenation!

These popular products are the embodiment of the same high standards which have made three generations of master painters prefer Murphy Varnishes for their finest surfaces. They are Murphy professional quality in small cans for home use.

Da-cote is the Motor Car Enamel with a Pedigree—Murphy Varnish ground with finest pigments. Two million motorists say anyone can use it and do a good job at home. Da-cote flows on like cream and brush marks quickly disappear. It dries overnight and leaves a surface hard and brilliant as glass. Costs about two dollars. Also fine for baby carriages, porch furniture and wherever an opaque and lustrous enamel is required. It comes in black and white and ten popular colors.

Murphy Univernish

Clear and in Six wood Colors

Around the house, use Murphy Univernish. One coat brightens up floors and trim, snaps out color in linoleum and makes old furniture live again. Of course it won't turn white. Not affected by soap, boiling water, alkali or even ammonia. Wonderfully durable! Ask your dealer.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 104

this were from three to six persons who also had to be taken over the road. I also have seen the engines of these cars white-hot from the heat inflicted upon them by drivers who did not know enough to allow an engine to cool; and then every cylinder cracked wide open by those same drivers, who, realizing that the machine was about to catch fire, suddenly made a run for the nearest stream and literally soused the engine with ice-cold snow water! After having helped to tow, push, pull, crowbar and almost carry some hundred or so of these machines over the Continental Divide, owing to the fact that the road was either too narrow or too dangerous to effect a passage or because night was coming, and the poor, bewildered occupants were virtually lost in a strange land, I've come pretty well to the conclusion that I'll stay by the big or at least the middle-priced car.

Of course there is this advantage in the small car—the comparative ease with which parts can be obtained at the small-town garages and blacksmith shops. Parts for big cars in the mountains are few and far between. A breakage invariably means a wait of two to three days until a replacement can be received over uncertain railroads from the cities. Once upon a time, when I was new to the hills and didn't know enough to test my oil pressure and system before trying foolish things, I attempted a mountain pass. Halfway up I burned out a bearing. But there was nothing to do but to keep on going. I burned out another—and then a third. Finally I reached the top and clanked down the other side. There I met a man with a truck.

"Can you tow me to a garage, old man?" I asked.

"Sure. Regular price, though. Dollar a mile."

I agreed. Late that afternoon I paid my savior a bill of eighty-three dollars! It was that distance to the nearest garage!

Which brings another thing to mind—don't put your faith in garages. Put it in yourself. The closest garages in the mountains are ten to fifteen miles apart. The farthest distance I know is something like one hundred and twenty-eight miles! Which is a long distance to walk if you're out of gasoline, low on oil, your fan belt isn't working or there's a knock in the engine! However, if the proper conditions are observed the danger of parts' breaking on a large car as against that of a small car, where the strain is many times greater, is less than a ratio of one to a hundred. The efficacy of a small car in the mountains, especially if it is overloaded, as it must be to carry the equipment of a touring party, is largely a fable.

Mountain Peculiarities

For that matter, several things are fables when the mountains are concerned. One of them includes the supposition that all mountain roads are dry, sandy, gravelly affairs, that can stand any sort of deluge and five minutes later be their old, cheery, smiling selves again. It isn't true. Of course there are sections of the mountains where there is that sand and gravel and permanency to the roads. Then again there are sections where it is necessary to wallow through the blackest gumbo that ever stuck to an automobile wheel, while in still others there are grease clays and 'dobe muds which, once they become properly slicked up, can defy the efforts of almost any car that does not possess in its outfit a set of mud hooks. More, these sections are situated in cloudburst areas, where it seems a part of the climate for clouds to gather suddenly and to turn loose everything they have been picking up for the last six months. It happened that one day last summer I was driving in a section of mountain country where the roads for fifty miles were 'dobe. The weather was fine, the road as hard as flint and as smooth as polished steel. Then something began coming up out of the west. A half hour later my companions and I stood beside the machine and watched a wall of water, a hundred feet wide and fully four feet deep, rush down an arroyo and take the road with it. After the cloudburst was gone and the torrent had departed, we managed to cross; then, with chains attached to every tire, we managed to finish the rest of that fifty miles in an additional eight hours, an average of six miles an hour! Which should sew up the shroud of another fable.

Then, too, there is still something more to remember—winter doesn't finish its work in the mountains until months after it has removed itself from the lower countries. There is ice on nearly every high lake in early June, and snowdrifts that range from ten to fifty feet in depth.

Last summer, coming over a mountain pass, I saw a wabbling machine in front of me, which veered dangerously toward the edge of a cliff, shied off, spurted forward, slowed just in time to miss another machine moving upgrade around a curve, and finally came to a stop in a clearing on the mountain side where a sawmill had established a small sawdust pile. Into this sawdust the machine ran its nose, plowed there a moment and came to a coughing stop. I halted my car behind it.

"Better let one of us fellows take that machine down this hill for you," I urged. The man, his eyes staring, his lips moving nervously, attempted a laugh.

"I guess I can make it all right."

"Maybe you can—don't doubt it at all. But—how're your brakes working?"

"Fine."

"Been using compression any?"

"Huh?"

Whereupon I explained thoroughly the use of compression and felt the brake drums. They were almost red-hot. Again I explained the use of his gears, and he nodded in vague fashion. At last: "Are you absolutely sure you understand?"

"Oh, yes—I understand."

Mountain Fever

But there was something in the man's eyes that didn't look natural or sane. I begged him to let me take his family of a wife and several children in my car. No, he guessed he could get down all right. I offered to drive his car down for him, and let one of the other occupants of my machine handle the extra automobile. He didn't seem to understand me. At last I was forced to go on. Ten minutes later we heard a crash. The man's car had gone over the edge, somersaulted four times and crushed the whole family!

Perhaps in ordinary circumstances he was a sane, level-headed man. When I saw him he was suffering from mountain fever and as mentally irresponsible as it was possible for a man to be! The mountains, with their sheer ascents, their lowering cliffs, their steep grades and constant turns, had got him. He was a living exemplification of a combination of fear and desperation—so frightened that he hardly knew what to do, so desperate in his nonunderstanding condition that he would accept no aid! It is a condition that is rare, of course, but one that is plausible. The driver is in a strange country where nothing seems to go right. The slightest appearance of a hill causes his machine to cough and miss and heat. The grades are deceptive—10 per cent looks almost like a level stretch. On one side is the constant danger of a sheer drop of hundreds of feet and the mind is naturally attracted to it. There are curves, curves, curves, and constant meetings with machines that slink around them as though they had been lying in wait to force a victim off the road. There are meetings in which cars are forced to back, sometimes as much as a hundred feet or so, to a turnout, and backing on a grade is not an easy task. So withal it begins to eat in, deeper, deeper—until at last the driver loses his control and becomes panicky. The machine is constantly all but getting away from him, even if he runs on compression; in his nervousness he forgets that he is putting his foot on the gas lever and shoving up the speed. In a case like this there is only one remedy, but a sure one—stop the machine, get out, find the sturdiest of one of the innumerable dead trees that are always a part of the surroundings of a mountain pass. Drag it to the road and tie it on behind your machine. The extra weight of that drag will slow up the machine to such an extent that you move with snail-like progress and, during that lull, regain your composure.

But suppose you haven't a stout rope? Well—if you haven't, or if you don't know how to examine your engine, your brakes, your oil and cooling system; if you don't carry a container of oil and gas, a collapsible bucket for obtaining water from near-by brooks, a good set of tools, a few parts that may be substituted for those in most danger of breaking, a spade, a good extra tire, and a head that can assimilate simple rules and follow them ——

Don't drive in the mountains!

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 34)

Myer called back, "Look out for your hat! Can't go down there for a hat!"

I said, "I wouldn't go down there for a suit of clothes!"

If I had to write of a man under sentence of death I believe I could do it with something resembling insight. Dickens had Fagin, the night before his execution, counting the nail heads on his cell door. As our horses gingerly crept over that trail I dramatized the roll or two down the sidehill before a fellow's breath would be out of him, and found myself computing the protective value of a ten-thousand-dollar insurance policy in a Massachusetts company and another accident policy somewhere else, and just what provision a widow could make of that money and of a fairly new house after the mortgage was deducted.

There were long stretches through the little brooks between these mountains where the chaparral dragged at your bootlegs and the higher switches slapped you on the head so that you kept it tucked into the shoulders, with the campaign hat pulled down to fend them from drawing blood. From the perspiration gathered in one of these levels we went again to other heights so cold that last week in March that we turned up the collars of our leather jackets lined with sheepskin; yet we rode through bright air so clear that the sun burned our cheeks more swiftly than August in the Mississippi Valley.

At noon we stopped a half hour for dinner and to rest the horses. It was astonishing to see an Indian put a coffeepot on two or three little stones the size of a hen's egg, slip under it a bunch of burning grass not larger than a shaving brush, feed it with a few splinters and boil two quarts of coffee quicker than I have ever seen it heated upon a stove.

The Gila River is filled with quicksand. Here and there is a ford. As we approached the river a trooper rode from the fort a mile away, took his station on the opposite bank to guide our string, which made the ford in Indian fashion.

Captain Myer called back, "Lift your feet out of the water! Hold up your horse's head or he'll lie down and roll! Follow your leader closely!"

At that hour of sundown, after a day in the saddle, I could do everything commanded except hold up my feet; they dragged inertly alongside the stallion and the river flowed into them over the boottops. When we pulled up at the little bungalows which were our destination two troopers helped me get my right leg over the back of the saddle and kept me from falling when it reached the ground.

A kindly fat old doctor who was there looked me over and without the formality of an introduction said, "Put this man in a hot bath." As he did so I put him into my play.

While in the tub a striker brought me a telegram from Colonel Sumner:

"How's the patient?"

I dictated the answer, "Not so beautiful as he was, but knows more."

Couldn't Fool the Yankee

When I came down the four steps of the little shack to go to the mess room the next morning I took each degree slowly and hung onto the banisters like a man half paralyzed. There is nothing like a good case of horse rheumatism to put a tenderfoot out of commission.

A week at San Carlos was interesting. One had the Apache at first hand; but as all that color was revised from the play before production, space for it here would only emphasize the fact that there are a good many chips and much rejected material in every workshop. But such discarded stuff is still valuable to have in the lumber room. I shan't talk of deceptive distances or tell any stories of men starting to walk a seeming three miles and learning that their visible objective is fifteen miles away.

Besides, one isn't always credited. On the trip home, an hour or two out of El Paso, is the station Alamogordo.

A shrewd New Englander asked, "What are those mount'ins to the northeast there?"

"Those are the Sierra Blanca—White Mountains."

A real Pinkerton, penetrating, unwavering look; a self-possessed stroke of the chin whiskers and then cold rebuke:

"Young man, the White Mount'ins air in New Hampshire."

In the territories on the way back and at home I was busy on the play, with an Indian uprising as my principal machinery. And in its first draft the play was so finished.

Early in the morning of February 16, 1898, James Waterbury, the agent of the Western Union Company at New Rochelle, telephoned me that the Maine had been blown up and sunk in the harbor of Havana. Knowing the interest the report would have for my neighbor, Frederic Remington, I immediately called him on the telephone and repeated the information. His only thanks or comment was to shout "Ring off!" In the process of doing so I could hear him calling the private telephone number of his publishers in New York. In his mind, his own campaign was already actively under way.

Authors and Artists First

One incident of that campaign illustrates the primitive man in Remington. He and Richard Harding Davis were engaged to go into Cuba by the back way and send material to an evening newspaper. The two men were to cross in the night from Key West to Cuba on a mackerel-shaped speed boat of sheet iron and shallow draft. Three times the boat put out from Key West and three times turned back, unable to stand the weather. The last time even the crew lost hope of regaining port. Davis and Remington were lying in the scuppers and clinging to the shallow rail to keep from being washed overboard. The Chinaman cook, between lurches, was lashing together a door and some boxes to serve as a raft. Davis suggested to Remington the advisability of trying something of the kind for themselves.

"Lie still!" Remington commanded. "You and I don't know how to do that. Let him make his raft. If we capsize I'll throttle him and take it from him."

Some months later, on learning of the incident, I tried to discuss the moral phase of it with him.

But he brushed my hypocrisy aside with the remark, "Why, Davis alone was worth a dozen sea cooks! I don't have to talk of myself."

It wasn't a difficult task to take out all the Indian stuff in my manuscript and to make the motive the getting together of a troop of cowboys. My impulse was prophetic of the Rough Riders. I wrote Denton's cowboy troop and the khaki jacket into the play at once, and changed such few speeches of the script as this introduction made necessary. On July eighth President McKinley nominated Col. Leonard Wood to be brigadier general, and Lieutenant Col. Theodore Roosevelt to be colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry.

A few years ago I wrote some prefaces to precede certain printed plays of mine. If it wasn't for fear that watchful editors would strike out the statement I would quote the Boston Transcript to the effect that when Thomas is dead these prefaces will be put together in limp leather and printed as little classics. Perhaps if I don't tell the names of the plays or their publisher this statement will get by. In one of them I said:

"This play was salvage; that is to say, it was a marketing of odds and ends and remnants utterly useless for any other purpose." And elsewhere in these remembrances I've said that all is fish that comes to a playwright's pond.

Late in the winter of 1896, when the other guests had gone home after dinner, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, was at the piano in our living room at New Rochelle; listening to him were Mr. Will Gillette, my wife and I. Redding was running over the keys and talking through the music in that entertaining way which as musician and talker he has in such eminent degree.

Over one haunting melody he said, "Here's something I heard a little girl singing alone, hidden from the rain in a adoby doorway in Santa Barbara."

(Continued on Page 110)

Why Jack Conover stopped paying high prices for custom-made shirts

"I get shirts that look as well, fit as well and wear as well, for less money, when I buy Emery," he says

JACK Conover lives at the most exclusive club in Cleveland.

A club where good dressing is an inborn trait of its members.

Like many members of his club, he bought nothing but custom-made shirts.

One day the club valet told him that he needed more shirts before packing for a trip.

"I didn't have time to have my shirts made," says Conover, "so I dropped in to one of the leading haberdasher's and they recommended Emery.

"I told them that they did not have my sleeve length in a ready made shirt and asked if they could have them lengthened for me.

"One of the firm measured my arm and said, 'We can fit you, Mr. Conover, —in Emery Shirts.'

"And then I had a wide variety of patterns to choose from and I picked a half dozen Emery Shirts that were equal—yes, better than custom shirts I had paid double the money for."

Emery Shirt patterns are always smart and correct. Emery fit is roomy, easy, comfortable—no skimpiness across chest or shoulders, under arms—anywhere. Emery fabrics wear well. Emery tailoring refinements are found only under the Emery label.

Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made in every way. Yet, they cost no more than ordinary shirts —$2, $2.50, $3 and up.

If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served, on receipt of money-order and name of your dealer. Mention neck-band size, sleeve-length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes match in cuffs, front, etc.

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve placquets (buttoning above cuff) to prevent gaping sleeves and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neckbands. Neck-size tab for inserting collar button in back.

Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And so on!

Emery Shirts

There is

It's Rubber, Made Porous by 196,000 Threads

There is no other insulation in any way similar to Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation. It preserves and protects the plates through their chemical and electrical changes—***until they are fully and naturally exhausted.***

"Something Different" Inside

You may or may not be engineer enough to understand how Threaded Rubber Insulation works. But you don't have to be an engineer to appreciate its almost universal acceptance by those in the industry whose business it is to know.

For years a majority of car and truck manufacturers have used only Willard Batteries. Today the builders of 195 makes of cars and trucks pay an additional price for Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries.

You will surely be well advised to follow the experienced judgment of these manufacturers and to decide once and for all that your next battery will be a Willard—*with Threaded Rubber Insulation between the plates.*

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

These 195 car builders use Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries

Abbott-Downing
Acason
Acme
Advance-Rumely
Ahrens Fox
All-American
Allis-Chalmers
American
American Beauty
American LaFrance
American LaFrance *of Canada*
Anderson
Apex
Armleder
Atco
Atterbury
Austin
Avery
Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Biddle-Crane
Bollstrom
Buffalo
Canadian Briscoe
Cannon Ball
Capitol
Carroll
Case
Chevrolet
Citroen
Clydesdale
Cole
Collier
Comet
Commerce
Commodore
Consolidated
Corliss
Crawford
Cunningham
Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Dearborn
Defiance
Denby
Dependable
Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Dodge
Dorris
Dragon
Drake
Elcar
Elgin
F W D
Fargo
Fergus
Ferris
Franklin
Fulton
G. & J.
G M C
Gardner
Garford
Gary
Giant
Glide
Goodman
Great Western
H C S
Hahn
Halladay
Hatfield
Hawkeye
Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Huffman
Hupmobile
Hurlburt
Huron
Independent
Indiana
Jewett
Jordan
Kissel
Koehler
Lancia
Landa
Lease
Lewis-Hall
Lexington
M H C
Maibohm
Marmon
Master
McFarlan
Menges
Menominee
Mercedes
Merit
Meteor (Piqua)
Metz
Miller
Mitchell
Mor Powr
Mueller
Mulford
Napoleon
Nash
Nash Six
Nelson
Nelson & Le Moon
Noma
Norwalk
Ogren
Old Hickory
Oldsmobile
Oneida
Oshkosh
Paige
Panhard
Parker
Parrett
Paterson
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Piedmont
Pierce Arrow
Prado
Premier
R & V Knight
Rainier
Raleigh
Renault
Reo
Re Vere
Richelieu
Riddle
Robinson
Rock Falls
Romer
Rowe
St. Cloud
Sandow
Sayers
Schorr
Seagrave
Selby
Shaw
Shelby
Signal
Southern
Standard
Standard 8
Stanley
Stanwood
Stewart
Y F Stewart
Stoughton
Studebaker
Stutz
Tarkington
Thomart
Tiffin
Titan
Towmotor
Traffic
Transport
Traylor
Twin City
Ultimate
United Motors
Ursus
Velie
Vim
Vulcan
Waltham
Ward LaFrance
Ware
Werner
Westcott
White
Wills Sainte Claire
Wilson
Winther
Winton
Wolverine

Willard THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

"It Clamps Everywhere"

$5

The LAMP with the CLAMP

READ-

Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.

WRITE-

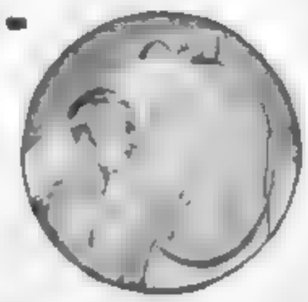
Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.

SEW-

Clamp it on sewing machine or table.

SHAVE-

Clamp it on the mirror or any handy place.



Adjusto-Lite

A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE lamp of a thousand practical uses. More uses daily. The longer you have it the handier you find it. Clamps—stands—hangs—anywhere and everywhere—and stays where you put it. A necessity in home, office, store. All the light you need, where and when you need it. Hundreds of thousands are finding Adjusto-Lite indispensable. Prevents eye-strain—reduces light bills. No other lighting device like it.

Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. Guaranteed five years. Complete with 8-ft. cord and plug. $5

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER

141–151 So. Fifth St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 6 foot cord, plug and socket: Brush Brass finished $6.00; Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish $6.50. West of Mississippi, prices 25c per lamp higher.

TRADE FARBERWARE QUALITY MARK

(Continued from Page 107)

There was a moment's silence when he finished the melody, and my wife said, "A little girl that could sing like that wouldn't be alone."

Gillette in his metallic tenor added, "Besides, it never rains in Santa Barbara."

Each of these lines was worth a smile to our firelight party; and just as I am telling the story to you I told it at a banquet table at the Santa Barbara Club in 1901. I hoped only for good-natured reception and was at utter loss to understand why men slapped each other on the back and roared with glee and rocked on their unsteady chairs. The toastmaster felt I was entitled to an explanation. A real-estate man present explained the laugh by telling that Gillette some years before had bought a considerable country estate at Montecito, a suburb of Santa Barbara. He had bought it on blue prints and photographs shown by the agent. One of these photographs showed a bounding, purling brook, snapped immediately after one of the infrequent rainstorms of that section. On the other three hundred and sixty-four days in the year this water course was dry.

That kind of thing amuses real-estate men.

On that winter evening, however, Gillette told us nothing of this dusty brook, but asked Redding to repeat his rainy music.

Those were the firelight times before the introduction of auction bridge and when people of sensibility sometimes sat about and played or listened to little interpretations of that Redding kind. I have more than once solved some knotty problem in play building by a mood invited by such musical half hours. That night as Redding repeated his melody I slowly hammered out these verses:

Her smile is of pearl and of coral,
Her eyes hold the dusk and the dew,
Her sigh has the breath of the laurel,
Her heart but the poisonous rue.

The heavenly star far above her,
The breeze of the infinite sea,
Who know all her perfidy, love her,
Then why call it madness in me?

And so on.

As much as the character of the music, the fact that Redding's romantic waif was or was not standing in an adobe doorway made the subject doby to me. So that when Colonel Sumner's daughter, Nan, told me that Tony, the *vaquero*, who brought the letters from her friends and who had such white teeth, played the mandolin and sang, and I saw him, I began weaving him into my story, and I gave him that song of Redding's. Later Vincent Serrano's mother put the words into Spanish. I never thought of Tony without humming its melody, and when the play was done, it being a melodrama and having the powerful old-fashioned advantage of the right to use identifying musical themes, Adios Amor, as the song was called when published, accompanied Tony through the play. By having it accompany also Lena, the unhappy German girl with whom he was in love, it knitted these two together more firmly in the minds of the audience than any dialogue could do. Nan Sumner called my attention also to Tony's naïve indifference to English profanity. He had learned good-bad all together, and was unable to make and untroubled by any distinction, so that when I got him into the play I was able to have him finish his lover's declaration after the song with "and damn to hell my soul, I love you!"

The Lambs' First Gambol

In its revised shape I submitted my completed manuscript to Charles Frohman. Although his influence had procured the railroad transportation that I had used in getting to Arizona, and he had been looking forward to the completion of the play, something in the script or in my reading of it, because he listened to the four acts as I read them, decided him against this production. With the war on, managers were timid and my melodrama seemed unlikely of early production. I amused myself with the conduct of The Lambs' first all-star gambol.

There are few social clubs to whose functions one can with propriety ask attention. But The Lambs, because of its theatrical membership and prominence, is among that few. For many years an occasional night had been taken in the club when members free from professional calls got together in an entertainment the backbone of which was some burlesque by some skilled man upon some current success. Programs from several of these intimate performances had occasionally been given to the public of New York. In 1898 it was decided to make a much more pretentious appeal by players, all of whom should be stars. Contracts for the exclusive services at one dollar per week for the last week in May were drawn between the club on one side, and on the other Nat Goodwin, Will Hopper, Stuart Robson, William Crane, Willie Collier, Jefferson D'Angelis, Chauncey Olcott, Digby Bell, Francis Carlyle, Wilton Lackaye, Harry Woodruff, Charles Klein, Eugene Coles, Joseph Holland, Harry Connors, Fritz Williams, Burr McIntosh, Joseph Grismer, Jesse Williams, Victor Herbert, Ignatio Martinetti, Victor Harris and some forty other men of almost equal prominence; a half dozen playwrights and as many musicians; also Victor Herbert's band and orchestra of fifty pieces.

Playing on Shipboard

The company, all told, included over one hundred men. It was computed that their joint salaries, according to what they were then getting upon the road, would for that week have amounted to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Theaters were leased for one night only in New York, Brooklyn, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Springfield, Pittsburgh and Chicago. Advance work for publicity was done in all these cities. Contracts existed for a special train of four sleepers, three dining cars and two baggage cars. Rehearsals were well under way when war was declared. Matters of equal importance from the amusement point of view were crowded from the papers by the war news. It would have been possible to cancel the tour and contracts and pay all claims incurred for some fifteen thousand dollars, and such a course was advised by Joseph Brooks, the manager at the head of the business group. As general amusement director of this gambol, which was to lift the debt from a new clubhouse recently built, the necessity of additional indebtedness if we gave up the trip decided me to go on with it. When Brooks quit I put the business management up to Kirke La Shelle, then handling the Bostonians. The club gave the week of gambols in the cities named and took in sixty-two thousand dollars.

This businesslike résumé of that venture is impressive, but the sentimental side of it will appeal to those acquainted with the players. I shall tell only of the first feature of the program: an old-style-minstrel first part, pyramided on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and in which, with Herbert's band, there were one hundred men. The interlocutor, end men and vocalists, all in the regulation evening dress, at the end of the opening chorus were on their feet. The great auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House was crowded from parquet to dome with one of the most select audiences ever assembled within its walls. When we remember that we were only in the first month of our war with Spain we can form some conception of the enthusiasm as this audience rose when the medley finished with the Star-Spangled Banner, and then the burst as every nigger singer at cue drew from the inside of his white vest, instead of a pocket handkerchief, an American flag of silk.

We had been under pressure to start promptly in order to make train connections for the next town, and I am not sure that anybody has ever explained just why the curtain was held. The facts are, however, that it was difficult for my wife to get to the Metropolitan at 8:15 owing to certain attention that our baby had to have at that time before it got to bed. She had promised to make haste, and I had promised to stand in the prompt entrance and if possible to hold the curtain until I saw her take her seat in the front row of the dress circle. Men on the stage were fretting, and the audience—there was twenty-seven thousand dollars in the house—was getting impatient, but the baby delayed them only four minutes.

In June of that year, 1898, I made my first crossing of the Atlantic Ocean. With us on that boat were seven members of The Lambs Club—Chauncey Olcott, Walter Hale, Vincent Serrano, Rowland Buckstone, Joe Wheelock, Jr., Ruckstull and one other. First-class fare was fifty dollars; the lowest quotation now is two hundred and fifty. The old Victoria was a cattle boat with bilge keels—that is, an additional keel on each side, somewhat below the water line, to prevent her rolling. The cattle were where the steerage ordinarily is, and we never knew of them. The usual organizing person was among the passengers, bent upon getting up a concert for the benefit of disabled seamen. And the captain thought it would take the passengers' minds from the constant fear of Spanish gunboats—submarines were not yet in use. Our American actors couldn't recite, but they could play if they had a manuscript; so with their urging and advice and occasional assistance I wrote a comedy about twenty-five minutes long dealing entirely with the ship's company, which we called Three Days Out. In it Chauncey Olcott played an old Irish woman, Hale a romantic tenor, Buckstone an English financier, and young Wheelock, who looked like the bathroom steward, impersonated that official, borrowing and wearing his clothes for the performance; Serrano played a Spanish cattle raiser, Ruckstull was a walking gentleman, I was an American business man. We went aft near the steering gear to rehearse it in the open sunshine. Three days before we got into port we gave a performance which netted a handsome purse for the beneficiaries.

Charles Frohman was in London at that time laying his first plans for his extensive theatrical control that developed later. We had our card filled with all kinds of agreeable appointments, and I met then for the first time J. M. Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Alfred Sutro, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Arthur Bourchier and Max Beerbohm.

Our first night in Paris was the evening of July fourteenth, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. Instead of the firecrackers and pin wheels of America, Paris expressed itself in street festivals and dances. In every *arrondissement*, or ward, there was a central gathering where music was furnished by a municipal band and where the neighborhood people danced on the clean asphalt of the street. It was into one of these circles only a few years before that Willie Collier and Bill (Old Hoss) Hoey walked, and catching the time of the music began an impromptu dance of the American model. To visualize this fully one must remember Hoey, with his full black beard and eccentric manner; and remember the natty, smooth-shaven Willie Collier of those days in his flat-brimmed straw hat; and then the pair of them surrounded by the gradually widening circle of astonished Paris tradesmen as those two American boys competed with each other in remembered and invented steps of vaudeville assortment. That would be a rare treat to-day for an American audience familiar with that character of dancing and gathered at Longacre Square. But at that time, for those simple pirouetting *bourgeoisie*, it was electrically eccentric.

Jean Jaurès' Theory

I shall offer no tourist's impression of Paris, but there is a notable remembrance of Jean Jaurès, the great socialist, pleading for evolution, not revolution. He was assassinated a few years later, but Ruck and I went to hear him then. He talked upon the theme I have furtively referred to in earlier chapters, and which in the past hard winter of unemployment more than one publicist advanced. Jaurès was sure that the trouble with capital and labor was not one of class warfare, but that both classes in some fashion were troubled by the machine in industry; by competition between owners of competing machinery, but principally by competition of the human creature against the insensate Frankenstein creation. His remedy was an ownership by the state of all the mechanical facilities of production.

Some day we shall discriminately tax them according to wise conferences between all nations.

When we came to recross the Atlantic, in August, there was still some fear of the Spanish gunboats.

As our trouble with Spain subsided I carried the play, Arizona, to Kirke La Shelle. There was no theater available in New York; he arranged for the production of the play at Hamlin's Grand Opera House in Chicago the following summer, 1899. I have said earlier that Kirke La Shelle had the quality of the captain, and I am sure that had he lived he would have been one of

(Continued on Page 113)

The Well-Groomed Man

It takes more than good clothes to earn that reputation. You want the glowing, healthy color of the outdoor man. Pompeian Massage Cream gives your face the regular exercise it needs to keep the attractive complexion of perfect cleanliness and youth.

Clears the Skin: Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses all dust and dirt from the pores. It helps clear up blackheads and pimples in the natural, sensible way—by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

Easy to Use: After shaving or washing, apply the Massage Cream to your face. Rub it in gently. Continue rubbing and immediately it rolls out, bringing with it all the dirt and skin impurities. Result—a clean, healthy skin and clear, glowing color. For a smooth finishing touch, use Pompeian Fragrance—a delightful new talc.

Pompeian Massage Cream . .	60c
Pompeian Fragrance, a talc . .	30c

At all druggists'

Special Trial Jar of Massage Cream

Also Sample of Pompeian Fragrance, a talc

For 10c we will send you the 1922 Pompeian Art Panel—a beautiful picture for office and home. Also FREE TRIAL JAR of Pompeian Massage Cream, and a sample of Pompeian Fragrance, a delightful new talc. Send for your sample now. Please use coupon.

Make this Test:

Wash your hands thoroughly. Apply Pompeian Massage Cream on the back of the hand as in the above illustration. Rub gently, but firmly. The darkened, dirt-laden cream that comes from the pores will astonish you.

Pompeian Massage Cream

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, 2049 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

© 1922, The Pompeian Co. Also Made in Canada

TEAR OFF NOW

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2049 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose dime (10c) for the New 1922 Pompeian Art Panel. Also send Trial Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and the sample of Pompeian Fragrance, a talc.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

P-A-X

THE PRIVATE AUTOMATIC EXCHANGE

for AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC SERVICES

When concerns such as these find P-A-X Services indispensable -(as they do)- there must be potential benefits in P-A-X Equipment for you!

OVER 1,000 successful organizations throughout the United States, of which the following list is typical, find P-A-X equipment essential to their needs for intercommunication, code call, emergency alarm, watchman's checking and other associated services:

FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS SUCH AS:

Guaranty Trust Co., New York, N. Y.
Federal Reserve Banks, Kansas City, Chicago, New York City, others
Continental & Com. Nat'l Bank, Chicago
Corn Exchange Nat'l Bank, Philadelphia
First National Bank, Detroit, Mich.
Garfield National Bank, New York City
Mellon National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Central Union Trust Co., New York City
Maryland Casualty Co., Baltimore, Md.

MANUFACTURING AND INDUSTRIAL CONCERNS SUCH AS:

Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Beloit, Wisc.
Singer Sewing Machine Co., Elizabeth, N. J.
General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., Canton, O.
Long Bell Lumber Co., Quitman, Miss.
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Blue Island, Ill.
Lehigh Portland Cement Co., Oglesby, Ill.
H. K. Mulford Co., Philadelphia, Penn.
Packard Motor Co., Boston & Chicago, Ill.
Lufkin Rule Co., Saginaw, Michigan

OIL AND CHEMICAL REFINERIES SUCH AS:

American Zinc Co., East St. Louis, Ill.
Calumet & Arizona Mining Co., Bisbee, Ariz.
U. S. Helium Production Plant, Ft. Worth
Vacuum Oil Company—Various plants
Standard Oil Company—Various plants
Sinclair Refining Co.—Various plants
Atmospheric Nitrate Corp., Solvay, N. Y.
Cosden & Company, Tulsa, Okla.
Grasselli Chemical Co., Cleveland, O.
New Jersey Zinc Co., Palmerton, Pa.

RAILROAD AND STEAMSHIP LINES SUCH AS:

Illinois Central R. R.—Various cities
The Texas Steamship Co., Bath, Me.
Chicago & Northwestern Railroad
New York Central R. R.—Various cities
Pennsylvania R. R.—Various cities
Grand Trunk Ry., Port Huron, Michigan
Terminal R. R. Assn., St. Louis, Mo.
Oriental Navigation Co., New York, N. Y.
Louisville & Nashville R. R.—Various cities
Missouri Pacific R. R., Dupo, Illinois
Michigan Central R. R., Detroit, Michigan
Kansas City Union Station, Kansas City, Mo.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AND HOSPITALS SUCH AS:

Bellevue Hospital, New York City
Long Island Infirmary, Boston, Mass.
St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn.
University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.
State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa
Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio
Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hamot Hospital, Erie, Pennsylvania
Cass Technical High School, Detroit, Mich.
St. Mary's Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio
U. S. Marine Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.
U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Penn.
Joyce School, Detroit, Michigan
West Intermediate School, Jackson, Mich.
Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, Michigan
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York

MERCANTILE ESTABLISHMENTS SUCH AS:

John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.
Wm. Filene Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
A. De Pinna Co., New York City
Larkin Company, Buffalo, N. Y.
Lit Bros., Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
S. H. Kress & Co., New York, N. Y.
The Hub, Chicago, Ill.
Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Philadelphia
National Cloak & Suit Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Buhl Sons Co., Detroit, Michigan

Our field engineer will survey your needs and make recommendation. Write, telephone or wire our nearest office.

Automatic Electric Company

ENGINEERS, DESIGNERS & MANUFACTURERS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE IN USE THE WORLD OVER

HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY: CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Branch Offices:

NEW YORK, 21 E. 40th Street
PHILADELPHIA, The Bourse Building
BOSTON, 445 Tremont Building
WASHINGTON, 905 Munsey Building
ROCHESTER, 612 Mercantile Building
PITTSBURGH, 608 Fulton Building
CLEVELAND, 415 Cuyahoga Building

In Canada—Address

Northern Electric Co., Ltd., 121 Shearer St., Montreal, P. Q.

The Automatic Electric Services of the P-A-X combine intercommunication, code call system, conference wire, emergency alarms, watchman's calls and other related services.

The P-A-X augments and completes but does not supplant nor connect with local and long distance telephone service.

Branch Offices:

CINCINNATI, Union Central Building
COLUMBUS, OHIO, 518 Ferris Building
DETROIT, 525 Ford Building
KANSAS CITY, 1001 New York Life Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO, 320 Market Street
LOS ANGELES, 238 San Fernando Bldg.

Abroad—Address

International Automatic Telephone Co., Ltd., 60 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W. C. 2, England.

(Continued from Page 110)

the most dominant influences in the American theater. Only to the theatrical reader will the following be significant, but the original cast of Arizona included Theodore Roberts, Edwin Holt, Mattie Earle, Mabel Burt, Robert Edeson, Olive May, Sam Edwards, Arthur Byron, Vincent Serrano, Franklin Garland, Walter Hale, Lionel Barrymore and Menifee Johnstone, and the four or five other characters were by people of less repute but of equal earnestness and ability. Few authors doing a melodrama have had better cooperation than that.

There was an incident of the first night that seems to me worth telling. I had rehearsed the piece myself, and in that work been busy. Having need for a squad of soldiers to bring on two men under arrest, a few days before our opening, I spoke to a group of supers that had been called.

"Any of you had military experience?"

Two or three replied affirmatively. To the most likely of these I said, "Where?"

"In Cuba."

"Can you train four men in the manual and the drill?"

He said, "Yes, sir."

"Pick your four and report when you have done it."

In a little while he was ready. At our dress rehearsal La Shelle and I sat apart in the parquet. Things had gone well. We were on the last act. Two sympathetic characters were to come on in the custody of the noncom and the squad. They did so, the seven of them marching to their proper places on the stage, with a smart "halt" and "carry arms."

I stopped the rehearsal and said to the young man, "Go back and make that entrance again."

While they were going out to do this La Shelle came across the parquet in the greatest earnestness.

"I thought that was splendidly done."

"So did I."

"Why did you send them back?"

"I want to see them do it again."

In a curtain speech the next night I told this incident, then reverted to a rehearsal of In Mizzoura some five or six years before in Chicago, when from a similar group of supers I had asked for a man who could heat and weld and put a tire on a wheel, and found exactly the proper helper for Burr McIntosh, the blacksmith. I ventured the belief that if I were to write a play about the stars and called upon a bunch of Chicago supers I could find among them a volunteer astronomer. I told the audience that this young man who had responded so promptly as a soldier and had drilled his squad so effectively would be on in the next act; he didn't know I was speaking of him, but if the audience thought as much of his performance as La Shelle and I had thought they would understand why I emphasized it. When the two prisoners and the squad came on a few minutes later they got the biggest round of the play. That young super was a lad named Sydney Ainsworth, who the following year was playing a responsible part in the play, and the next year with one of the road companies was playing the hero. He became a favorite leading man.

Getting Odds on a Sure Thing

On August eighteenth in that summer of 1899 Kid McCoy was to meet Jack McCormack. McCoy had many admirers in our company, and, as I remember, the general odds were some four to one on him. The dressing rooms, which were under the stage of the Grand Opera House at that time, were buzzing with interest in the approaching battle as our men were making up for the night. Harry Hamlin and I had tickets for the fight, but declined to take any of the attractive odds that were offered at the theater.

The meeting was only three or four blocks away. As the two men faced each other in the first round Hamlin was searching his pockets for some matches. A sound from the ring and a startled response from the audience reclaimed his attention. While McCoy had been gayly guying with some of the press men at the ringside, McCormack had knocked him out with the first punch. Hamlin and I were soon back in the theater. We seemed to have been only wandering from one dressing room to another. Lionel Barrymore, Arthur Byron, Robert Edeson and Walter Hale had not yet gone on. Theodore Roberts, Edwin Holt and Vincent Serrano came off in a minute or two from the first act, and we were able quickly to take all the bets offered on McCoy at the excessive odds. We disappeared. Later news came duly to the theater and found a sad family. At Rector's, after the performance, Hamlin and I confessed to having seen the fight before the betting and disgorged our ill-gotten gains.

One notable engagement made that summer takes my mind back a few years further to a set of incidents that seem amusing. In writing these reminiscences I have hit only the high spots. To give even a paragraph to each of some sixty-four plays produced would be an itemized bill of grief, unpardonable in any recollections. A couple of years before my trip to Arizona I had done a play for Mr. Daniel Frohman which I read to his scenic artist and stage manager and him, and which at that time was acceptable. Something prevented the production and I revamped it from a serious four-act play to a three-act comedy called Don't Tell Her Husband. T. D. Frawley had a stock company at the Columbia Theater, San Francisco, under the management of Gottlob and Friedlander. They wanted to produce the play under my direction and sent me in advance money for railroad fares, sleeper and expenses across the continent.

At the railroad office I met Crane's manager, Joseph Brooks, who, learning my destination, linked his arm with mine and said, "Just starting for California with the Crane company. There's an empty section in our car and glad to have you." He declined to take my money, saying it would vitiate his railroad contract if he made any subsales, but he added, "The boys play poker and they will be glad to win that from you."

Eleanor Robson's Early Career

We were four days crossing the continent. The poker players in Mr. Crane's company were himself, Brooks and my good friends Walter Hale and Vincent Serrano. Under a moral obligation to lose those one hundred and twenty-five dollars to them, I came in on every little pair only to call up that protecting fate that is said to hover over the weak-minded and the infantile. I landed at the old Baldwin Hotel with the hundred and twenty-five intact and some more contributed by the four gentlemen named. In the delightful grill of that old hotel, long since destroyed by fire, I saw Gottlob and Friedlander having dinner. Gottlob came over to my table. I told him the arrangement under which I had traveled and that had I lost the money I should have considered it a legitimate although circuitous application of the expense fund. Not having lost it, I returned it to him. It was worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars to see that new sensation in his business experience. He carried the money back to Friedlander. They held an excited consultation, regarded me curiously; later both joined me, and after many tentatives as to the kind of entertainment I would find most agreeable carried me off to a private box at a prize fight that was occurring that evening.

In Mr. Frawley's company, which contained such excellent players as Frank Worthing, Frank Carlyle, Frawley himself and Maxine Elliott, there was also the more experienced actress, Madge Carr Cook. Her little daughter was just beginning her stage experience, and as I remember took the part of a maid to carry on a card in our play. The girl's stage name was Eleanor Robson. She did so well with Frawley that a short time thereafter she was playing leads in Denver, and when Olive May had to leave the Arizona company during our summer in Chicago Eleanor Robson came to take her place. Not since the early days with Marlowe had I seen a young woman who had come on the stage with so many fine natural qualities, and before she opened in the part of Bonita I told La Shelle that she would be a star in a short while, and it would be wise to make an immediate arrangement with her. He agreed with me; but, deferring his negotiations until after the New York opening of the company, found that Eleanor Robson was then under a starring contract with Mr. George Tyler. New York will remember its artistic disappointment when after a few brilliant characterizations Eleanor Robson became Mrs. August Belmont and society and charitable enterprises gained what the stage lost.

My little play, Don't Tell Her Husband, was taken by Stuart Robson, who changed

Reflects a Good Shine!

HERE, men, is a regular shine, and a shine that lasts a long time.

No need to use Dyanshine each time you want a bright polish. Just apply it occasionally.

If the luster dulls, a few strokes with a soft cloth will quickly bring it back.

Barton's Dyanshine Shoe Polish gives back smooth color to scuffed or worn places. And it makes old shoes look like new.

It is easy to use. And you get fifty shines for fifty cents. You will find it unequalled for children's shoes.

Be sure you get Barton's Dyanshine. It is the original combination color restorer and shoe polish.

Available in Black, Cordovan Brown, Nut Brown, Light Tan, White Canvas, White Kid, Cordovan Suède, Walnut Suède, Black Suède and Cocoanut Suède.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
BARTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
WACO, TEXAS, U. S. A.

Wipe— shoes clean

Shake— bottle well

Press out— dauber almost dry

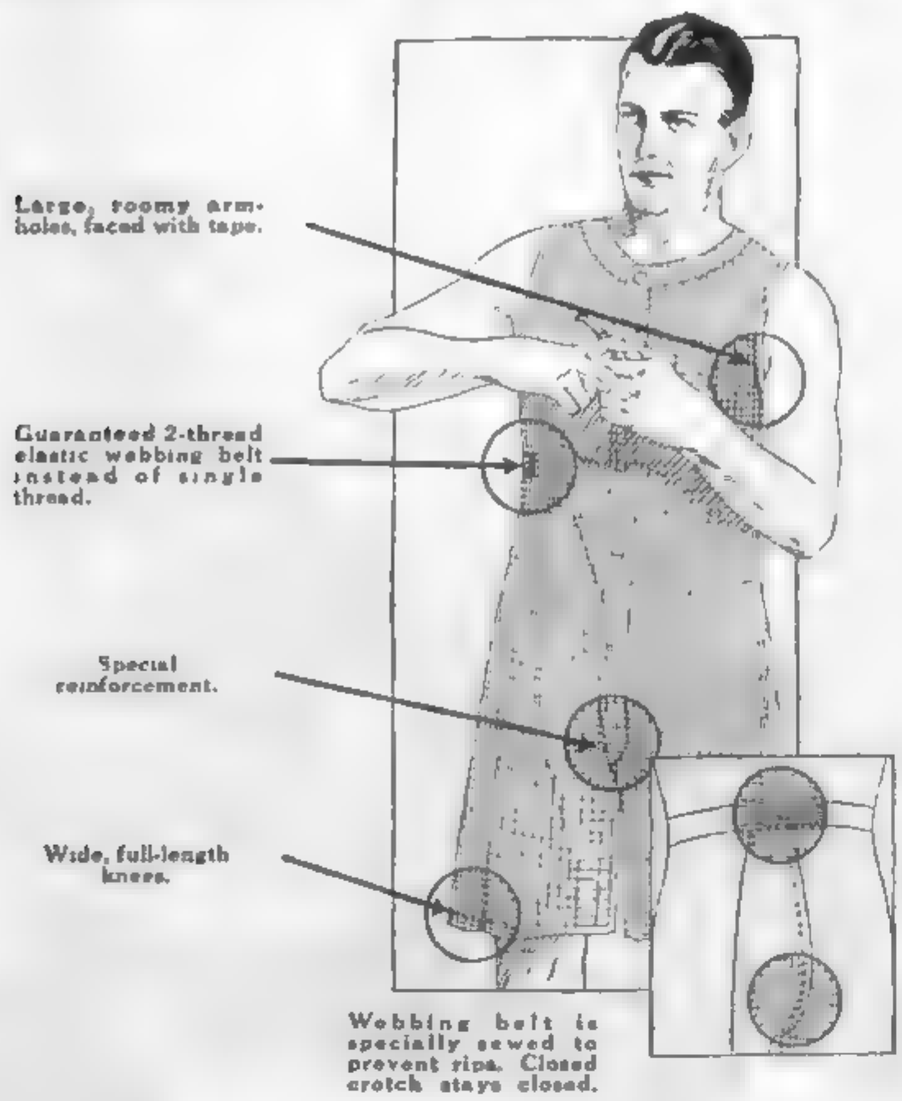
Apply— without wetting dauber again

Rub— with soft cloth

Copyright 1922, Barton Mfg. Co.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Here's Real Summer Comfort for You


Large, roomy armholes, faced with tape.
Guaranteed 2-thread elastic webbing belt instead of single thread.
Special reinforcement.
Wide, full-length knees.
Webbing belt is specially sewed to prevent rips. Closed crotch stays closed.

YOU never stepped into any summer underwear quite so comfortable—quite so roomy and cool as Hanes Athletic Union Suits. They're just exactly what a fellow wants—light and loose, yet durable beyond words—*and they are only $1.00*. SO WHY PAY MORE!

Read these important Hanes advantages and then think what each one means in extra comfort and extra wear.

FULL CUT on generous pattern. No skimping. Full standard sizes give perfect freedom to every move of arms, legs and body.

ARMHOLES taped instead of turned under. This adds strength, durability and comfort and prevents armhole from curling or ripping.

NECK either "V" or circular style, strongly reinforced with nainsook.

CLOSED CROTCH stays closed. Crotch lap button sewed on the seam—four thicknesses of material instead of two. No patch used.

WEBBING BELT guaranteed two-thread elastic webbing instead of single thread, gives more elasticity and greater strength. Specially sewed to prevent tearing or ripping.

PEARL BUTTONS fine quality throughout and sewed on to stay.

REINFORCEMENTS at every strain point, eliminate seam rips.

Get set *now* for your full share of summer comfort, in these *guaranteed* nainsook union suits. Tell your dealer you want Hanes.

The youngsters can also have Hanes comfort and wear. Hanes Athletic Union Suits for Boys—sizes 20 to 34; ages 2 to 16

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

$1.00 A SUIT

$1.15 west of the Rockies

Hanes Guarantee

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

TRADE MARK

HANES

Full Cut
ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

the title to The Meddler, and played it for two years. The increased friendship between Hale, Serrano and myself at the poker table in the Crane car, together with our transatlantic trip, deepened my wish to have them in the Arizona company, where their grip upon the public was the result of their own merits.

There is a series of happenings in the relationship of those two friends that carries an interesting psychological study. After a time in the original company Hale quit the German-character part and played the heavy man opposite Serrano, now advanced to hero. Near the end of the third act it was Serrano's business to walk over to Hale, who stood well down left, and after looking him in the eye a minute slap him over the side of the face with a sombrero; a trick slap with the force of the blow falling more on Hale's shoulder than upon his face. In one of the early performances, however, a leather band around the sombrero had struck Hale's face and hurt him slightly, but enough to make him apprehensive thereafter. This fear wore on his health and one day on the street he fell unconscious. The doctor traced his difficulty to this fear of the blow. Hale left the engagement and returned to his earlier work as etcher and illustrator. He traveled with his talented wife, Louise Closser, for some time in Europe, came back to the theater and played several parts with distinction. After a total interval of some ten years he was playing in my piece, As a Man Thinks, in which John Mason was the star and Vincent Serrano was the hero.

On our opening night in Hartford, near the end of the third act, Hale forgot his lines and couldn't take them from the prompter. He was all right at the next day's rehearsal. But again at night the same lapse occurred. He was a conscientious artist, and in great depression came to me and wanted to surrender his part. I asked him to try another performance and let me look at it from the front. For the third time his lines escaped him. When the play was over Hale was positive in his decision to quit. I said:

"Walter, I think the trouble is that it is Serrano who comes down left and confronts you. Your position on the stage and your personal relations in the story are just what they were in that old cowboy play: but if you will remember that Serrano doesn't wear a sombrero and is not going to strike you with one, and that you are playing Mr. De Lota in a parlor story of New York, the difficulty will disappear."

He played perfectly that night and was never troubled in that manner again.

Since these papers have been running in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST many men have written me and more have spoken to me concerning the wonderful memory that I must have—"Or have you kept records of all that?"

I have not kept records and I have not more than the ordinary memory. But here are two sides of that interesting subject: Earlier in this chapter I have written of Mr. Robert Bruce bringing me some information that I needed about Henry C. Hooker, the Arizona ranchman. Until Mr. Bruce came in at that opportune moment I had never seen him.

Tracing a Cornetist

Now on the other side: I wished to write about a cornet player and his performance on a memorable night in 1901. It would be all right to refer to him impersonally, but my effort to get his name is a fair example of much of the work that has been incident to all that I have written. This cornetist was in a company supporting Mr. Peter Dailey in a musical play called Champagne Charlie, which I wrote for him and which was produced late in August in that year. Last October, 1921, I tried to get Dailey's manager, Mr. Frank McKee. He was out of the city, address unknown. After two later attempts to locate him, the question of the cornetist came up again just now as I reached the end of this chapter.

I stopped dictation and for thirty minutes my secretary and I pursued the following process: Walter Jordan, a play agent and sometime friend of McKee, is called; he gives McKee's residence; Information gives his telephone; we talk to McKee; he remembers the cornetist very well, but the enterprise was twenty years ago and he forgets his name. Peter Dailey is dead. The next important member of the company is that excellent comedian Eddie Garvey; Garvey would probably remember the musician. We try to locate Garvey. Miss Humbert, of the Packard Theatrical Agency, thinks Garvey is with Charlotte Greenwood's company on the road under the management of Oliver Morosco. Morosco's office is called in order to locate the company. They tell us that Garvey left the company two or three weeks ago; they haven't his address, but the engagement was made through an agent named Leslie Morosco.

Leslie Morosco, when called, knows Mr. Garvey's address and his telephone number, but is reluctant to give them to persons inquiring over the phone. Our identity is established, the nature of the business explained and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST referred to; then Garvey's number is given; fortunately Garvey is at home; he remembers the name of the cornetist and the man himself very well. He says that the cornetist was William Disston, of Philadelphia, where his father was a skilled maker of cornets. William Disston and Garvey were together in many of the Charles Hoyt productions, notably The Milk White Flag, and Disston's singular skill as a cornetist, almost equaling that of the famous Jules Levy, got him his engagement along with Garvey in the Peter Dailey company referred to in which he was featured on the program and gave a cornet solo. Garvey remembers the night in question, although he doesn't remember the exact date. He and Disston left the theater together. Disston was a convivial person, and the company being that week in Providence, Rhode Island, Disston and Garvey went to the rooms of the Musicians' Union, where there were some beer and songs and music until a late hour. They then started to their home, but in order to do so were obliged to pass the office of the Providence Journal. In front of this building about a thousand men were gathered, watching the bulletins in the windows. As the last one appeared Disston took his cornet from its case.

McKinley's Death

My own relation to that occasion was this: I was in bed in the stately old Narragansett Hotel. The night was warm. Two windows of the room were open. At about three o'clock in the morning I was wakened by the sound of the cornet. It came over the night air, carrying the strains of that impressive old hymn, Nearer, My God, to Thee. It took a moment to recognize this, and then the expertness of the playing convinced me that the player was Disston. I got out of bed and leaned on the window sill. As the cornet began a repetition of the hymn it was joined by a male chorus of some thousand voices, and there plainly came the words: "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." I knew then that President William McKinley, who had lain wounded for a week in Buffalo, was dead. I was surprised as I listened to the finish of the hymn to find that my cheeks were wet with tears. Nearer, My God, to Thee had been a favorite hymn with my grandmother. My mind went back to her and the death of President Lincoln—to the tears, the solemnity of that tragic time—and, in the middle distance, Garfield.

Walter Wellman, famous journalist, wrote of that night in Buffalo, where in the Milburn residence President McKinley died: "In his last period of consciousness . . . the surgeons bent down to hear his words. He chanted the first lines of his favorite hymn, Nearer, My God, to Thee. A little later he spoke again; Doctor Mann wrote the words down at the bedside, and the last conscious utterance of William McKinley was:

"'Good-by, all; good-by. It is God's way. His will be done.'

"The President soon afterward lapsed into unconsciousness, and did not rally again. The end came at 2:15 A.M., Saturday, September 14th."

Three Presidents of the United States had been killed by madmen. All three shots I heard.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of twelve articles by Mr. Thomas. The next will appear in an early issue.

BEING INCONSPICUOUSLY OUT OF STEP

To be with the crowd, yet not of it—is the unique faculty of a gentleman. Though he attire himself as becomes a gentleman, his garb is not a uniform that parades gentility. Nor is it raiment of a common mold. His selections elevate him above the populace, without isolating him from the public. His sense of refinement rebels at flamboyance while his inherent democracy shies at aloofness. So he affects in his habit, quiet dignity and sleek restraint.

To dress in tune with one's fellow men, yet to not play the same note, is the measure of finesse in matters of appearance.

Upon Hirsh, Wickwire, men have looked for years as the arbiter in clothes for gentlemen. Keen appreciation of good clothes enables Hirsh, Wickwire to display in the smartest men's shops a full array of ready-for-you clothes. The moderate prices are surprising in view of their excellence. Your request will bring a prompt reply telling where you may buy them.

HIRSH, WICKWIRE CLOTHES

Tailored by Hirsh, Wickwire Company

CHICAGO NEW YORK

© H.W. Co., 1923

How was she to know?

FINALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

* * * *

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

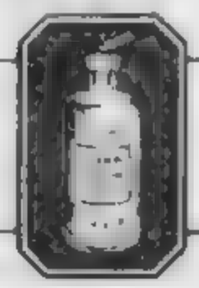
Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

Fastidious people prefer to be on the safe and polite side. They make Listerine a systematic part of their daily toilet routine—as a gargle and mouth wash.

It is so much easier to be comfortably assured your breath is sweet, fresh and clean; to know you are not offending your friends or those about you.

Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE



THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 15)

"Up to this time," writes General Pershing in his Final Report, "our units had been put in here and there at critical points as emergency troops to stop the terrific German advance. In every trial, whether on the defensive or offensive, they had proved themselves equal to any troops in Europe."

A final great German offensive was expected, and the outlook appeared desperate for the Allies. The enemy soldiers had been assured by their leaders that this attack would conclude the war with a triumphant German peace, and they were proportionately eager. The German plans leaked out, however. Indeed, they were known to the French in such detail that they were able to check the advance after comparatively insignificant gains.

Among these gains was some ground east of Château-Thierry, where the French on the right of the American Third Division failed to hold and the Germans penetrated eight kilometers. But the commanding general of the Third reported: "Although the rush of the German troops overwhelmed some of the front-line positions, causing the infantry and machine-gun companies to suffer in some cases a 50 per cent loss, no German soldier crossed the road from Fossoy to Crezancy except as a prisoner of war, and by noon of the following day—July sixteenth—there were no Germans in the foreground of the Third Division sector except the dead."

General Pershing speaks highly of this exploit in his report: "On this occasion a single regiment of the Third Division wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank the Germans who had gained a footing pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter-attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion."

The Allies now determined to take the offensive. There were more than 1,200,000 American troops in France from which they could draw for reserves, and every American division with any sort of training at all was made ready for the battle.

The First Division had been in the Montdidier sector for a couple of months, enduring exceptionally heavy sustained artillery fire all the while. Their losses had been large; they had captured Cantigny; they had gone through several punishing gas attacks; they had had no rest. Yet, on the division being assembled near Beauvais after its relief, it was ordered toward the Soissons front and had to do the distance by forced marches.

On the Soissons Front

They marched day and night. Along forest roads choked with trucks and artillery and wagon trains and moving troops they toiled forward. Through the mud and the blackness of night—with bleeding feet, hungry, aching, so utterly exhausted that death would have been a joy, as bringing relief—they tramped toward the battle. Men groaned and whimpered with pain, but they kept on. When the column halted soldiers went to sleep standing up. Every now and then came the clash and clatter of a rifle on the ground—another doughboy had passed out. The column kept on. And when at long last they reached their destination those battered, wearied troops jumped off without a rest.

The Second Division went through similar experiences. They had been badly mauled in their memorable victory of Bois de Belleau; they had repelled a long series of German counter-attacks; they had just been relieved by the Twenty-sixth; but now they headed across many miles of country for more fighting. However, the Second would always go a long way to get a good fight.

To the Tenth French Army were allotted these critical operations. It had five corps in line, and General Mangin's attack orders made the Eighteenth Corps a pivot of maneuver on the Aisne west of Soissons. To the south was the First Corps, which was designated to seize and hold the plateau south of the Aisne commanding the approaches to Soissons. The Thirtieth Corps was to cross the Savières and attack in the direction of Fère-en-Tardenois. Next came the Eleventh Corps, to conform to the movements of the Thirtieth and connect with the Sixth French Army.

The Twentieth Corps drew the toughest job, and on its success hinged the whole attack. It was to drive a wedge in the German front, clearing the plateau northeast of Hartennes and holding the southern outlet of the Crise River valley. The Twentieth Corps was made up of three divisions—the crack First Moroccan, the First and Second American divisions. Owing to the greater size of our divisions, American troops thus made up four-fifths of the Twentieth Corps, which was the spearhead of the attack.

The troops were assembled under cover of the Foret de Retz. The country over which they had to fight their way was exceptionally difficult and hazardous—a bare, high plateau, sloping gradually up from the Foret de Retz and then abruptly dropping off into the Crise Valley; a country cut up by numerous deep ravines, each one protected by villages or farm buildings. On its eastern edge, where it fell off into the valley, were strong points like Villementaire, the final defenses to the valley, and the Soissons-Château-Thierry road. As the houses of the villages and farms were mostly of stone, they afforded excellent cover to the enemy, and there were numerous quarries. All the open spaces were covered with standing grain.

The Turning of the Tide

Crowded into the salient to the south of the Twentieth Corps were more than twenty German divisions of the army of the Crown Prince—the German High Command had anticipated a deeper penetration than they achieved in their attack of July 15–16, and this congestion of divisions was to provide for a wide expansion of front, which never came.

Without the usual artillery preparation, but preceded by a barrage, the troops jumped off at 4:35 o'clock on the morning of July eighteenth. Tanks accompanied them and their onrush rapidly overcame the enemy's first resistance. His line soon stiffened, however, and although all objectives for the initial day were attained, the fighting became very severe.

The First American Division had barely got into position for the attack when it was time to go. They went at it hard—with such vigor that the One Hundred Fifty-third French Division, on their left, failed to keep abreast. The Moroccans, on their right, kept in close touch—there are no finer assault troops anywhere—but the absence of support on their left exposed the First American to a heavy flank fire. Nevertheless they captured their objectives.

The Second Division had a harassing experience—their last unit did not arrive until five minutes before the zero hour. Yet, utterly weary as they were, the Second attacked with such speed and power that they gained Vierzy before nightfall.

This deep penetration at their most sensitive point precipitated a general withdrawal of the Crown Prince's army from the salient.

On July nineteenth the German resistance proved much stronger as a result of their reserves coming into line, but by evening the line ran from just north of Ploisy, south through Chasalle and Tigny. In this day's fighting the First American Division repeated its experience of the previous morning, and the Second Division progressed beyond the troops both to left and right, including the Moroccan division. Consequently they went through a hell of fire to hold their advanced positions, and the Second's casualties totaled more than 4000 men; but they had captured 3000 prisoners and sixty-six pieces of artillery. This division was relieved after the second day.

A wedge was directed against Berzy-le-Sec on July twentieth, and the First American Division formed the apex of it. Berzy-le-Sec was a strong position dominating the surrounding country and had originally lain in the territory assigned to the One Hundred Fifty-third French Division, but that division couldn't make the grade, and its failure to advance resulted in this objective being allotted to the First.

Once again the First and the Moroccans went forward together to substantial gains, but the troops on the left of the First were repulsed, leaving that flank entirely open. In this situation the One Hundred Fifty-third French Division was relieved the night of the twentieth and a new attack was launched at 4:45 on the morning of July twenty-first, and by 9:15 the final positions were carried, the most advanced being the Château of Buzancy, captured by a regiment of the First. Heavy fighting took place the next day, but there was no advance, and that night a crack Scottish division relieved the First.

The First Division emerged from the Battle of Soissons torn and bleeding, but covered with glory. It had suffered 8000 casualties, including 60 per cent of its infantry officers; but it had advanced eleven kilometers, captured 3500 prisoners and sixty-eight pieces of artillery. Among the prisoners were representatives from seven German divisions.

Other American units also participated in this general action—the infantry of the Fourth Division, which entered the fighting on the left wing of the Sixth French Army, and the Twenty-sixth Division, which attacked in the Bois de Belleau sector. Aside from the Twentieth Corps, the Tenth French Army made practically no advance. The only real penetration was achieved by the Twentieth Corps, composed of the Moroccans, the First and Second Americans.

Seldom in history has one day's fighting had the effect which the offensive of July eighteenth produced. The minds of the French had been filled with fears for Paris; now the Germans were withdrawing; the threat to the capital was removed; instantly their thought leaped to pushing the advantage. The change in morale simply cannot be measured in words. In a few hours the Allies passed from dark forebodings to confident exultation. The finest shock troops of the German armies had been overrun and captured in thousands; the same enemy divisions which had been battering their way toward Paris with minds aflame with victory were now doggedly fighting rearguard actions as they withdrew across the Marne; and the tremendous reserves the Crown Prince had gathered in the salient to exploit a decisive success were being hurried toward Soissons to stave off a general collapse, a catastrophe which would have made the French disaster at Sedan half a century earlier a mere trifle by comparison. It was the story of the First Battle of the Marne over again, but this time American troops had participated.

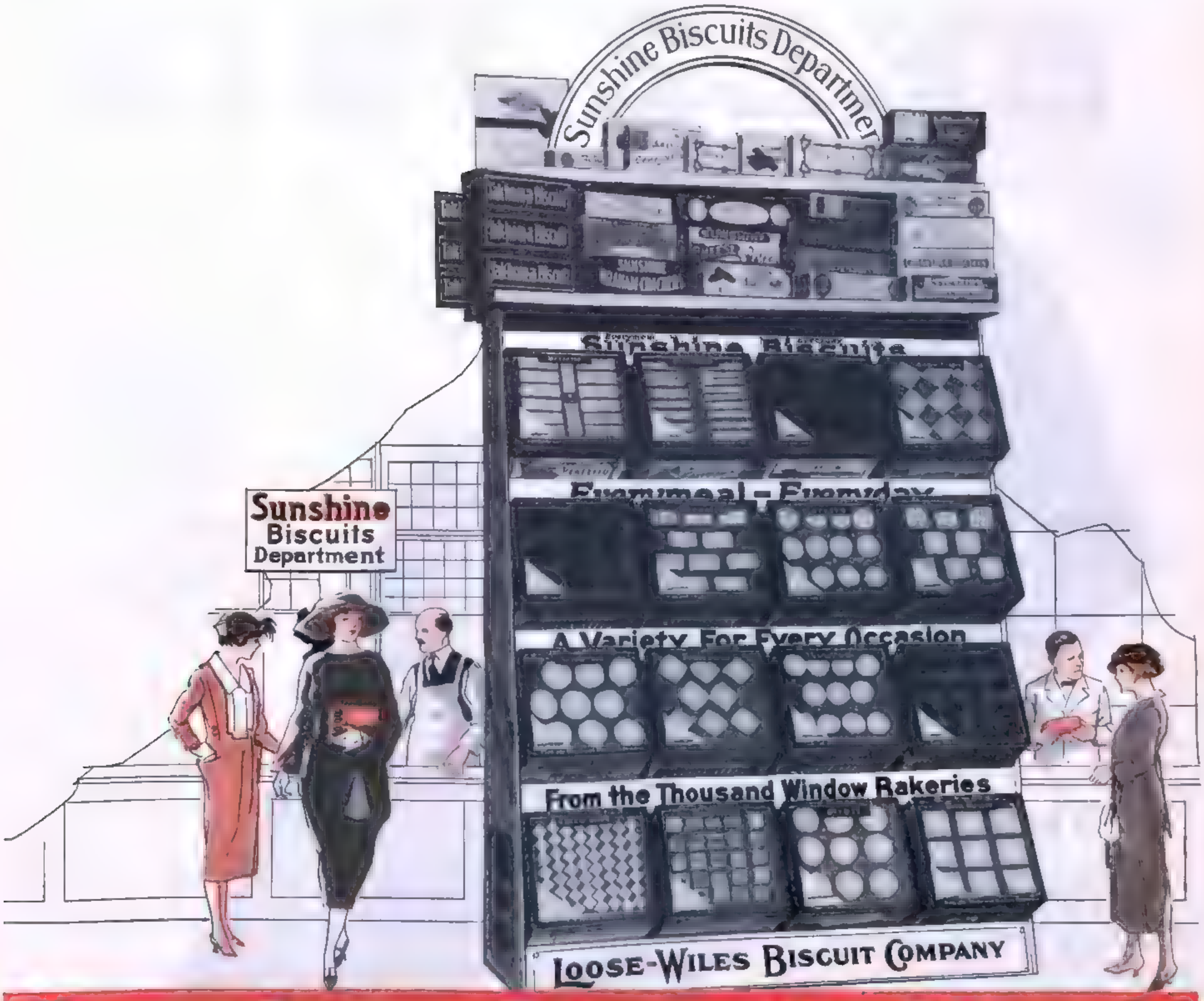
On top of this victory: "I have the honor to confirm to you my entire adhesion to the project of uniting in an army under American command those of your divisions whose state of instruction permits them to engage in the battle," wrote Foch on July twenty-second. "As we have agreed, this First Army will be formed in the region north of the Marne, around the nucleus already in this locality. . . . The sector extending from Nomeny to north of St.-Mihiel will be placed progressively under American command in the measure in which the units which can be sent there are available."

A Brightening Outlook

That these units would be available within a reasonable period looked very doubtful, however, for Foch went on to say that previous to this agreement General Petain had directed the Thirty-second American Division to the Tenth French Army, and he asked Pershing to accept this arrangement. When the American commander in chief grew urgent for more specific steps toward the formation of an army Foch replied: "I cannot fix a date on which the First American Army can be constituted."

The tide had turned at last. The Allies had seen defeat staring them in the face, with all that defeat would entail from an implacable foe; and suddenly victory flashed into view as a reasonable certainty. From the depths of despair their morale soared to fine fighting pitch. On July twenty-fourth a memorandum was adopted at a meeting of the commanders in chief of the Allied Armies at Bombon: "We have reached an equality at least in the number of battalions, and in a more general way in the number of combatants. For the first time we have a superiority in

(Continued on Page 119)



Sunshine Biscuits Week

May 15th to 20th

Would you like a week of food happiness and sunshine in your household? Would you like to surprise the folks with new and novel changes in your menu Everymeal, Everyday?

From the Thousand Window Bakeries there come many varieties of crackers, cookies, cakes and wafers that will help you plan tempting menus.

Particularly during the week of May 15, dealers will display and demonstrate the various Sunshine Biscuits. Many merchants have Sunshine display racks, as illustrated above, which make it easy to select the ones you want.

If your grocer is without such a department, please suggest to him that he install one for the convenience of yourself and your neighbors as well as for his own benefit.

Keep Sunshine Biscuits on your pantry shelf, for they are a staple food, suitable for all family meals, and always ready for unexpected guests.

In Individual Packages and in Bulk—at your grocer's.

Sunshine Biscuits

This seal placed on the ends of every package of Sunshine Biscuits is your guarantee of Biscuit Goodness.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

SELZ $SIX

All leather, made of genuine full grain Cordo Calf

Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

Goodyear Welt

Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

The Same Fine Calfskin

used in shoes costing much more

Look anywhere. Read any offer. You will find the Selz $Six a most attractive shoe for $6. If you want to combine high quality with economy, the Selz $Six is the shoe you will choose.

Its low price is only possible because maker and dealer co-operate by accepting a minimum profit. But both profit by increased sales. The demand for this shoe is large because it is recognized from coast to coast as an unusual value. Ask your dealer for the Selz $Six.

1871 SELZ 1922

MAKERS OF GOOD SHOES RETAILING AT $5 TO $10, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS "ROYAL BLUE"

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

Six different high shoe models—three oxfords

(Continued from Page 116)

reserves. Behind the Allied Armies the powerful reserve strength of America is pouring 250,000 men each month onto the soil of France.

"The Allied Armies are now arriving at the turn of the road; they have just taken the initiative in full combat; their strength permits them to keep it. The moment has come to abandon the general defensive attitude imposed up to this moment by numerical inferiority and to pass to the offensive."

"They have just taken the initiative in full combat." From this date until the end of the war no offensive where German resistance proved strong was undertaken by the French except when American troops were the head of the spear. Being incorporated in French armies, these divisions merged their identity in the Allied communiqués, but they were exceedingly prominent during the fight.

Telegram from Mr. Lloyd George to M. Clemenceau, dated August second: "I did not ask for the transfer of American divisions to the British front. The brilliant part taken by them in the second great Marne victory has more than justified the use General Foch made of them. What I asked was that a few American divisions at most, from among those recently arrived in France and who could not be put into the line without some training, should be sent to complete their training behind the British lines.

"My purpose was to form a reserve capable of being used in the critical situation of a break through in our front by the enemy. . . . I did not consider my demand excessive, for it must not be forgotten that the greater part of the American troops were brought to France by British shipping, and that because of the sacrifices made to furnish this shipping, our people has the right to expect that more than five divisions of the 28 American divisions now in France shall be put in training behind our lines.

"We are informed that a serious attack on the British front is still probable now. I do not wish to hamper you by asking for detailed explanations, but in the interests of that unity of command for which I made so great an effort, I urgently ask you to approve the very modest demand made by me from our commander-in-chief."

The First American Army

As Foch now had the means to undertake the offensive warfare he had always championed, a program of early operations was shaped: 1. Release of the Paris-Avricourt railroad in the Marne region. 2. Release of the Paris-Amiens road by a combined action of the British and French. 3. Release of the Paris-Avricourt railroad in the Commercy region by reducing the St.-Mihiel salient. This would bring the Allies within reach of the Briey region, enabling them to act on a large scale between the Meuse and Moselle. 4. Release of the mining regions to the north and to drive the enemy from the Dunkirk and Calais region.

"It was apparent that the emergency which justified the dispersion of our divisions had passed," General Pershing states in his Final Report. "The moment was propitious for assembling our divisions. Scattered as they were along the Allied front, their supply had become very difficult. From every point of view the immediate organization of an independent American force was indicated. The formation of the Army in the Château-Thierry region and its early transfer to the sector of the Woevre, which was to extend from Nomeny, east of the Moselle, to north of St.-Mihiel, was therefore decided upon by Marshal Foch and myself on August 9."

The First and Third Corps of the A. E. F. now held a continuous front of eleven kilometers along the Vesle, the first continuous front under American control—and this was in August of 1918! Until then all efforts by the American commander in chief to concentrate his forces had been frustrated. Even in July, when the Allied command sanctioned the formation of the First Corps in the Château-Thierry region, little was achieved in the way of practical results, because only one American division was operating under control of this corps, whereas eight American divisions were serving in the front line in French corps at the same time—about 240,000 men.

However, Pershing's persistence finally won, and the organization of the First American Army under his command was announced, with La Ferté-sous-Jouarre as headquarters. Though nominally assuming control of a portion of the Vesle front preparations were made for its secret concentration in the St.-Mihiel sector and plans were worked out for the reduction of this formidable German salient, a nut so tough that the French had abandoned all attempts to crack it.

At one stage of the preparations the St.-Mihiel operation had almost to be abandoned owing to Foch's request for American divisions destined for this attack for service with the French and British armies. The Allied commander in chief asked on August twenty-third for the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions to participate in an operation with the British, and for the Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second and Seventy-seventh divisions for the French armies.

Although this seemed to threaten the break-up of his newly formed Army, Pershing sanctioned the demand in part; but he suggested a substitution in the case of two of the divisions, and stipulated a fortnight's training for the Twenty-seventh and the Thirtieth.

Foch's disposition of American divisions led to another conference between him and Pershing at Ligny-en-Barrois on August thirtieth. General Weygand also was present.

Marshal Foch opened with the statement that the German Army was in complete disorder and no opportunity should be accorded them to reorganize. He announced the British proposed to attack in the direction of Cambrai and St. Quentin, while the French would continue their push in the vicinity of Mesnil.

As for the employment of the American forces he had plans which would have split them indefinitely. He proposed to fix American operations on the right of the Meuse to obtaining the line Vigneulles-Thiaucourt-Regnieville, which would disengage the Paris-Avricourt railroad; then he wanted four or six American divisions—180,000 men—to reënforce the Second French Army for an attack between the Meuse and the Argonne, and from eight to ten American divisions—300,000 men—for a French-American offensive from the Argonne to the Souain Road.

General Pershing remarked that this arrangement would cause a separation of the American forces. Some would be left in the Woevre; then there would be the Second French Army with some Americans on its left; then some more French; then some Americans on the Aisne, and once more the French. This dispersion, said Pershing emphatically, would destroy the project for which they had been working so long a time—an American Army.

Trying to Get a Sector

In reply, Marshal Foch said he had tried to see a way for bringing the American Army together, and he requested General Pershing to think the matter over; as for himself he had studied it very carefully and had sincerely sought for a means to avoid dividing the American Army, but he did not believe it could be found.

Pershing directed attention to the fact that Americans going to the Aisne would replace certain French divisions; why should not those French divisions take the place of the Americans who would be fighting in the French Second Army? Why should the Americans not take all the sector from the Meuse to the Argonne, thereby leaving troops of the French Second Army, which could then go to the aid of the French Fourth Army on the Aisne? The American commander in chief remarked that he did not want to appear difficult, but the American people and the American Government expected the American Army should act as such, and should not be dispersed here and there along the Western Front. Each time the Americans seemed on the point of accomplishing their organization some proposition was presented to break it up.

Marshal Foch asked: "Do you wish to go to the battle?"

Pershing replied, "Most assuredly! But as an American Army."

The Allied commander in chief said this arrangement would take a month, and they must act at once.

General Pershing replied that if Marshal Foch would give him a sector he would take it at once. Foch inquired where this sector would be.

"Wherever you designate," said Pershing.

The marshal observed that there were numberless details to be considered in this connection, and it was his opinion that the American Army would be in a bad plight if put all together without any assistance from the French.

Pershing answered that the French had always insisted the Americans should bring to France only infantry and machine-gun units, and that the French would equip them. This program had been followed at the repeated and most urgent insistence of the marshal himself, and the marshal had also promised to furnish these troops with what was necessary for their organization into American divisions. Now, said General Pershing, he demanded that the marshal fulfill his promise.

Foch declared the Allies must start the battle on September fifteenth; it was then August thirtieth; he was at General Pershing's disposition for consideration of any proposal—but they must act on September fifteenth.

Seizing this opportunity, Pershing stated he was ready to take all the divisions not needed in the Woevre and send them to the west of the Argonne as an American Army. He wanted all extra divisions put there. He did not approve of putting American divisions in the Second French Army.

"In that event," said Foch, "the French have not enough divisions to attack."

Pershing Stands Pat

Pershing said it was not difficult to send divisions from one army to another; this was what the marshal proposed for the American Army, and it would be just as simple to send part of the French Fourth Army to the aid of the French Second Army.

Foch objected. The Fourth Army could not furnish them.

General Pershing then proposed that the American Army be organized between the Meuse and the Argonne. Foch reminded him this was his first idea, but added that study of the project had convinced him it would be very difficult.

After some further discussion Pershing reiterated that the American people, the American Government, the Secretary of War and the President insisted the American Army should fight as such; that the Government, from the President down—and General Pershing himself—had been severely criticized for parceling out American troops among the Allies, and the President had sent a message to the embassies stating that the American forces must fight as an American Army.

General Pershing put these views into writing next day in a communication to the allied commander in chief in which he remarked that the American successes already obtained had far exceeded expectations when they made their arrangements in July; consequently—"There are a number of points which especially affect the American Army and which, I think, must be given the consideration which the American effort in this war warrants. The first of these relates to the method of employing the American forces.

"I can no longer agree to any plan which involves a dispersion of our units. . . . Briefly, American officers and soldiers alike are, after one experience, no longer willing to be incorporated in other armies even though such incorporation be by larger units. The older American divisions have encountered so much difficulty in their service with the French and British that it is inadvisable to consider the return of such divisions to French or British control. . . .

"It has been said that the American Army is a fiction and that it can not now be actually formed because it lacks artillery and services. Unfortunately this lack is evident. But our shortages in this respect are due to the fact that America brought over infantry and machine-gunners to the virtual exclusion of the services and auxiliaries. Permit me also to recall that when this decision was made, there was coupled with it a promise that the Allies would undertake to provide the necessary services and auxiliaries, and that you yourself have repeatedly guaranteed the formation of a real American Army.

"It seems to me that it is far more appropriate at the present moment for the Allies temporarily to furnish the American Army

(Continued on Page 122)

Are You

World-Great Artists now on Double-Faced Records!

OF supreme importance to every family with a phonograph, is the recent decision of Brunswick to offer Standard Artists' numbers on double-faced records.

It marks the first step of Brunswick's nation-wide movement to place greatest artists and greatest music within the reach of every American home

Brunswick Gold Label Records!

JUST twice as much music as before! Two selections in place of one! An inexpensive way to quickly acquire a distinguished musical library. Start by obtaining three or four of these records from the new release each month.

Leopold Godowsky, Richard Strauss, Elly Ney, Giuseppe Danise, Mario Chamlee, Max Rosen, Bronislaw Huberman, Florence Easton, Tino Pattiera, Claire Dux, and other internationally acclaimed artists of the New Hall of Fame will contribute, continuously and exclusively, to the new Brunswick Gold Label Records. *Play on any phonograph*

BRUN

PHONOGRAPHS

Guiding them, Mother,

to an intimacy with the great artists of Today?

—with Godowsky, Strauss, Chamlee, Easton, Danise, Huberman and the others upon whom the eyes of the musical world now are turned?

"IN selecting phonographic music for the home," recently said a world-noted educator, "parents should remember there is a *new* Hall of Fame of concert and operatic stars—great artists of today, succeeding those of yesterday.

"Chamlee, Danise, Easton, Dux, Pattiera, Huberman, Ney, Rosen, Godowsky, Richard Strauss—those are names coming most frequently from the pens of world's critics, both in Europe and America.

"To know them is to live in a world of musical art as it is today—to be familiar with current musical topics. Hence, one must view their recordings as indisputably essential to the modern musical education."

Play On Any Phonograph

YOU can now hear them in your own home, regardless of which make of phonograph you have. For all have chosen Brunswick as the most fitting means to perpetuate their art. And Brunswick Records can be played on *any* phonograph.

Thus the world's *de luxe* recordings, including those of the great Richard Strauss himself, are available to *every* home.

Note, too, that they come on *double-faced* records—a radical Brunswick departure, explained elsewhere on these pages.

Why Brunswick Was Chosen

BY means of exclusive methods of Recording and of Reproduction, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult tones," reproducing even Soprano High C without "metallic" suggestion, discord or vibration!

For that reason, foremost living artists are now recording exclusively for Brunswick.

And for the same reason, you will find Brunswick in the homes of greatest musicians, both in this country and abroad.

Where To Hear Them

For a demonstration, at which you will not be urged to buy, call at your nearest Brunswick dealer's. The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare—then judge for yourself.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Manufacturers—Established 1845

CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI

THE NEW HALL OF FAME
OF CONCERT AND OPERATIC STARS

RICHARD STRAUSS

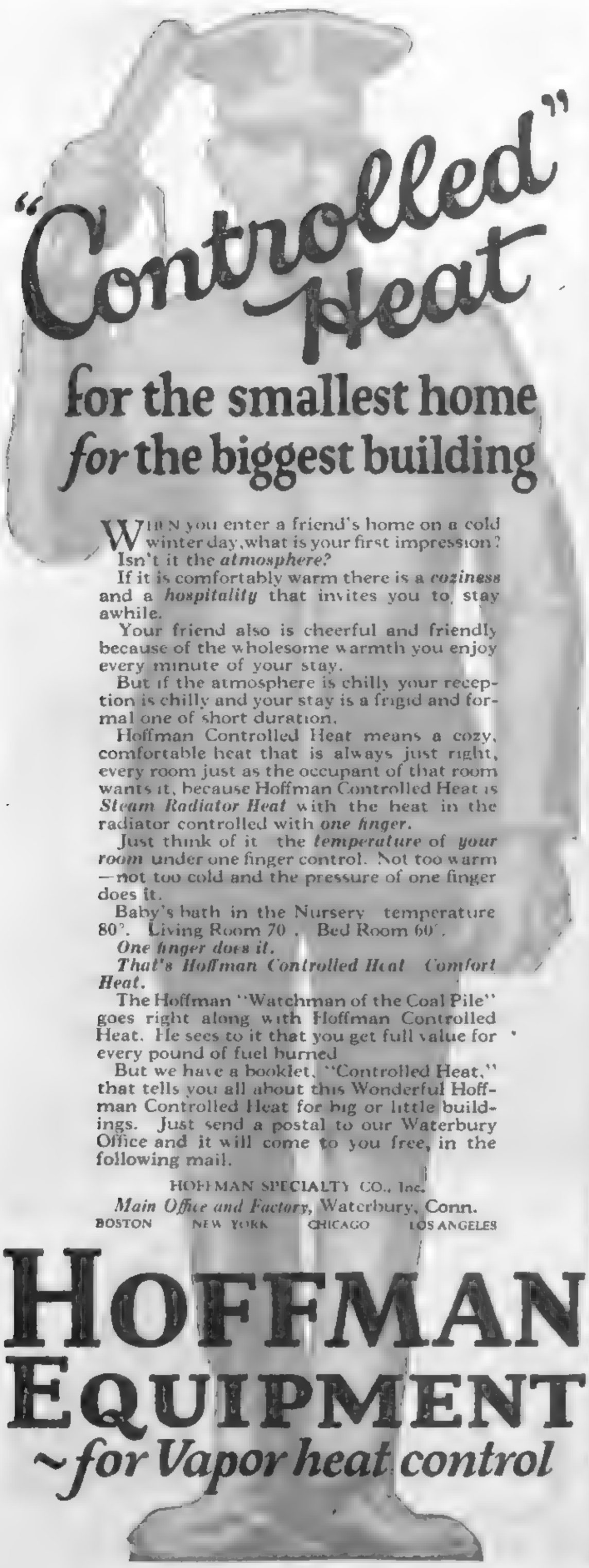
Composer-Conductor

One of the triumvirate of greatest living composers, and the best known music writer in the world today. It remained for him to place the crowning emphasis of world's musical acceptance upon Brunswick, by choosing it as the most fitting means to perpetuate his own art. His recent re-[illegible] tones and [illegible] he has won him by the music loving [illegible] the world.

© B. B. C. Co., 1922

BRUNSWICK

AND RECORDS



"Controlled" Heat

for the smallest home
for the biggest building

WHEN you enter a friend's home on a cold winter day, what is your first impression? Isn't it the *atmosphere?*

If it is comfortably warm there is a *coziness* and a *hospitality* that invites you to stay awhile.

Your friend also is cheerful and friendly because of the wholesome warmth you enjoy every minute of your stay.

But if the atmosphere is chilly your reception is chilly and your stay is a frigid and formal one of short duration.

Hoffman Controlled Heat means a cozy, comfortable heat that is always just right, every room just as the occupant of that room wants it, because Hoffman Controlled Heat is *Steam Radiator Heat* with the heat in the radiator controlled with *one finger.*

Just think of it the *temperature* of *your room* under one finger control. Not too warm —not too cold and the pressure of one finger does it.

Baby's bath in the Nursery temperature 80°. Living Room 70°. Bed Room 60°.

One finger does it.

That's Hoffman Controlled Heat Comfort Heat.

The Hoffman "Watchman of the Coal Pile" goes right along with Hoffman Controlled Heat. He sees to it that you get full value for every pound of fuel burned

But we have a booklet, "Controlled Heat," that tells you all about this Wonderful Hoffman Controlled Heat for big or little buildings. Just send a postal to our Waterbury Office and it will come to you free, in the following mail.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

HOFFMAN
EQUIPMENT
~for Vapor heat control

(Continued from Page 119)

with the services and auxiliaries it needs than for the Allies to expect further delay in the formation of an American Army. I am writing faithfully my own ideas, which are those not only of every American officer and soldier, but also of my Government. . . . Since our arrival in France our plans, not only with the consent but at the initiative of the French authorities, have been based on the organization of the American Army on the front St.-Mihiel-Belfort.

"All our depots, hospitals, training areas and other installations are located with reference to this front, and a change of these plans cannot be easily made."

The American commander in chief then requested the return of the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions from the British front, and the Twenty-eighth, Seventy-seventh and Thirty-second divisions from the French; also the Sixth, Twenty-ninth, Ninety-second and Thirty-seventh from the French line for an operation toward Mezières suggested by Foch—a total of more than 270,000 men our Allies had borrowed—and suggested immediate concentration of all the American forces, with a sector from St.-Mihiel to the frontier of Switzerland.

"However, in your capacity as Allied commander in chief, it is your province to decide as to the strategy of operations, and I abide by your decisions."

The Belfort Ruse

"Finally, however, there is one thing that must not be done, and that is to disperse the American forces among the Allied armies; the danger of destroying by such dispersion the fine morale of the American soldier is too great, to say nothing of the results to be obtained by using the American Army as a whole. If you decide to utilize American forces in attacking in the direction of Mezières, I accept that decision, even though it complicates my supply system and the care of my sick and wounded; but I do insist that the American Army must be employed as a whole, either east of the Argonne or west of the Argonne, and not four or five divisions here and six or seven there."

This business was threshed out again at Bombon on September second, during a conference in which Foch, Pershing, Petain, Weygand, McAndrew and Connor participated, and it was then practically decided what disposition should be made for the St.-Mihiel operation and later for the one to the west of the Meuse. Foch wanted the St.-Mihiel attack carried out with reduced forces—it was to be an all-American attack—so that divisions would be available in requisite strength for the French-American offensive west of the Meuse. General Pershing opposed the proposal to undertake the reduction of the strong St.-Mihiel salient with an inadequate force, and this led to some warm discussion of what American forces were available in France. The marshal said there were twenty-two trained American divisions, out of a total of thirty American divisions already in France, and he suggested the use of eight or ten for St.-Mihiel about September tenth, leaving twelve or fourteen divisions for the Meuse operation. His expectation was, however, that fully twenty United States divisions would be available for the latter offensive.

Observing the French and English striving to gain the use of American troops, the Italians decided to try their luck too. Representations were made to Washington and all the political pressure they could bring to bear was exercised.

General Diaz supplemented this by a personal request to the American commander in chief.

General Pershing was in Paris, where he had had an interview with Lord Reading on September third, during which he explained to the British Ambassador to Washington his policy in regard to an American Army.

Then came General Diaz, who asked for twenty American divisions for employment with the Italian armies—about 800,000 men. A few minutes later General Diaz raised his figures—he asked for twenty-five divisions, or about 1,000,000 men. The American commander in chief evaded all discussion and remained strictly noncommittal.

All these matters were finally composed and preparations for the St.-Mihiel offensive went actively forward. Among these preparations was the famous Belfort ruse, whose utility has been so often a subject of debate.

General Petain wrote to the American commander in chief under date of August nineteenth: "I hear from everywhere, and especially from the armies and civil authorities of the east, that in their generous enthusiasm on account of the prospect of a great success over the enemy, numerous American officers and soldiers have talked in a public way of the projects of the High Command in the Woevre. . . . Under these conditions it is impossible that the enemy should not be forewarned, but we can attempt to deceive him. To this end, if you are in accord with me on this point, you could send American officers to make reconnaissances in the different sectors of Lorraine, of the Vosges, and of Upper Alsace, which are occupied by French troops. I would give to the Seventh and Eighth French Armies instructions which would lead them to believe that an offensive action by American forces is under consideration in these sectors. Thus the enemy's attention would be to a certain extent taken away from the Woevre."

Everybody had been talking, for that matter—the French engineers and trainmen who hauled American troops to the St.-Mihiel sector, the civil population of the towns this concentration embraced. Troops cannot be moved by the hundreds of thousands without exciting a lot of comment.

Thoroughly aware of this situation, General Pershing had already planned a subterfuge to be carried out in the vicinity of Belfort to neutralize the effect of these innocent indiscretions.

The American commander in chief replied to Petain: "The importance of the considerations which you have set forth relative to the necessity for secrecy in all operations had not escaped me. I keenly regret that indiscretions may have been committed, and I consider, with you, that we must attempt to deceive the enemy from the actual directions of the attack. I have given instructions with this in view to my General Staff."

Followed an elaborate preparation for operations in Upper Alsace. The commanding general of the American Sixth Corps received orders to proceed with as many members of his staff as he considered necessary to Belfort to prepare detailed plans for an offensive in that region. Mulhouse was named as the objective of the attack, and the front was to extend from Altkirch to Thann. "It is intended by the occupation of this line to insure the destruction of the Rhine bridges," said the orders, "and eventually to establish our line along the river itself."

The Indiscreet Officer

Seven divisions were designated for the first line, and three officers from each of these divisions were ordered to Belfort for the reconnaissance. "The work must be expedited, as it is desired that the attack be launched not later than September eighth." The last sentence of this order read: "You will, of course, appreciate the necessity for secrecy."

The officer courier to whom it was intrusted for transmission to its destination was told on leaving General Headquarters: "If you lose this, don't bother to return to these headquarters. Just keep on going." Yet an American officer did lose a copy of these instructions, and committed the indiscretion of talking about the projected attack. Court-martial proceedings were instituted against him, but he was never tried. Every attempt to convene a court was mysteriously frustrated and after the armistice the charge was dropped. It then became evident that his indiscretion formed part of the fake, but the others on the ground did not know it at the time, and would certainly have given him a court had not General Headquarters thrown obstacles in the way.

The reconnaissance party went at their job conscientiously and made exhaustive reports of the enemy's positions, strength, and so forth, and the probable requirements for a successful attack. Their orders were to examine all problems appertaining to exploitation of a successful attack, and they did it—did it thoroughly.

On the very day the St.-Mihiel attack was launched a report was submitted on the Belfort operation that went into details to the extent of submitting a bill of

materials needed for the repair of a viaduct which could not be used by the American forces until the Germans were pushed back. The bill of material specified not only the lumber and iron needed, but also the number and size of bolts, nuts, and so forth, and called for "a liberal amount of track and trestle material to repair tracks behind the enemy's lines" after the Germans should have been forced to retreat. That reconnaissance party never contemplated failure, and planned their operations for a breakthrough to the last wheel and shovel. In view of their instructions, it was a highly creditable performance.

As to the results of this reconnaissance on the enemy, a staff officer reported on September first: "I believe, from all sources, that he is now fully acquainted with all that has been done here. The enemy's sources and channels of information from here via Switzerland are very numerous and take about two days for transmission. Various indiscretions have been committed, as was to be expected, which have made this information easy for him to secure. I do not believe, however, that the enemy takes this reconnaissance very seriously; he has too good a check on every carload and truckload of ammunition and supplies brought into Belfort to be deceived by any mere 'paper-work' demonstration or reconnaissances of officers, unaccompanied by actual preparations of guns, munitions, material and subsistence. I might add that our own officers, both corps and division, have taken the work very seriously and have worked hard and in dead earnest. The French staffs have been very polite and helpful, but have given me the impression by their attitude of feeling: 'You Americans are very simple-minded indeed if you think you can fool either us or the Germans by any such game as this.'"

Howsoever this may have been, it seems reasonable to assume that the ruse gained some practical result, because on August twenty-eighth General von Gundell's German Army detachment numbered only eight divisions, on September eighth it had been increased to ten divisions, and a little later he had eleven divisions in this sector. So even though the Germans saw through the ruse they must have entertained sufficient doubts to prompt them to divert three divisions in order to play safe.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Pattullo. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Price of Coal

NATIONAL COAL ASSOCIATION
Commercial Bank Building
Washington, D. C.

J. D. A. Morrow
Vice-President

APRIL 3, 1922.

Editor, SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR: In your issue of April 1, 1922, appears an article by Mr. Ellis Searles, editor of the United Mine Workers' Journal, entitled, The Coal Miners' Case. The third column of page 36 of that article contains the following statement:

The fact is the miner is the least to blame of all the factors of price. J. D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, of which organization two-thirds of the bituminous operators of the country are members, testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission a few weeks ago that the average retail selling price of bituminous coal throughout the United States in October, 1921, was $10.41 a ton. He testified, further, that the labor cost in the production of coal was $1.972 a ton. The total production cost, he said, including the labor cost, was $2.91. In other words, the mine workers received $1.972 as their pay for producing a ton of coal that sold at retail for $10.41.

I wish to engage in no controversy, but the foregoing is so grossly misleading and so unfair to the producers and distributors of bituminous coal that I feel constrained to ask you to publish this letter as a correction.

On March eleventh in a letter to John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, I called his attention to this misstatement of Mr. Searles, which had already been made public. My letter to Mr. Lewis read as follows:

I know you wish to quote sworn testimony accurately, and therefore wish to advise you that I made no statement that the average selling price of bituminous coal in the United States in October, 1921, was $10.41 per ton. The exhibit filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission, which represents the only information on this subject in our possession or given to the commission or anyone else, showed that the average price of bituminous coal f.o.b. the mines, run of mine basis, for the seven months April to October, 1921, was $2.89, and that the miners received 67.8 per cent or $1.97 per ton out of the total cost of $2.91 for producing that coal. For the month of October, 1921, the average amount received per ton was $2.73 and the average cost per ton was $2.59. The same exhibit shows that in the month of November the average amount received was $2.67 and the average cost of producing that coal was $2.72. Similar figures for December were: Average price at which the coal was shipped $2.56. The average cost of producing it was $2.91.

In view of the misleading and erroneous impression created by the statement of your organization, if the figures used therein are as I understand them to be, will you kindly see that a correction is published, which will accurately quote the testimony submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission?

Mr. Lewis, under date of March sixteenth, replied as follows:

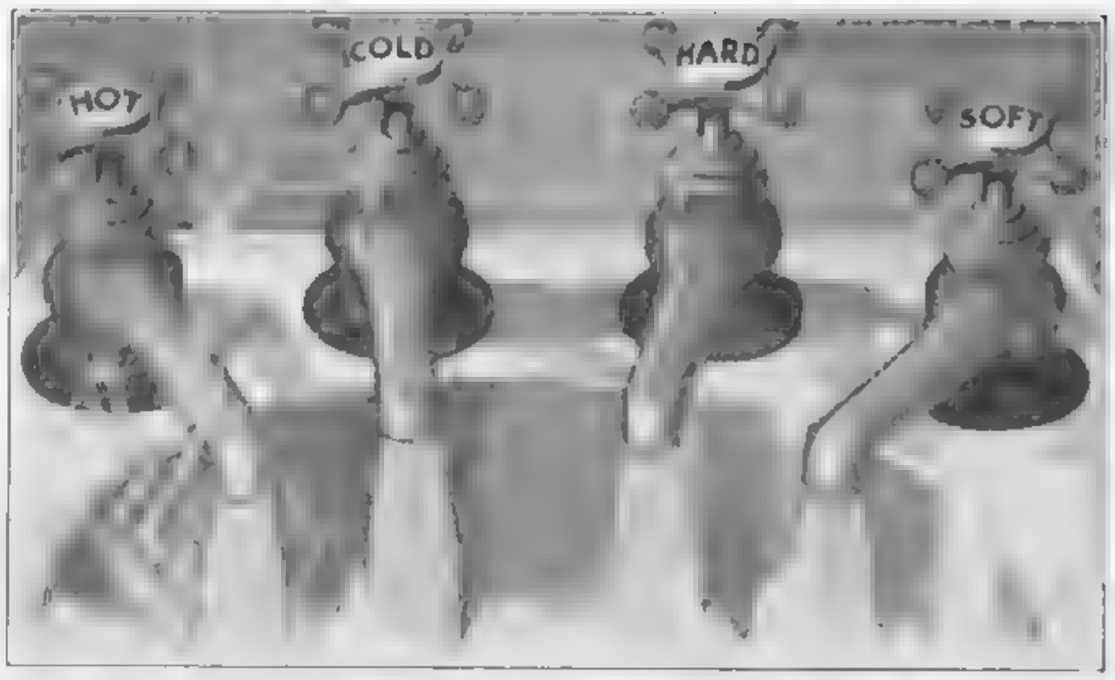
This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of March eleventh, requesting the correction of an alleged error appearing in a statement issued by the United Mine Workers of America quoting you as authority for certain figures.

I am requesting Mr. Ellis Searles, editor of the United Mine Workers' Journal, now in Washington, to give consideration to your request.

The National Coal Association, with which I am officially connected, is composed exclusively of coal mine operators. It has nothing to do with the retailing of coal and has no information about the retail prices of bituminous coal. It should be understood, however, that about 88 per cent of the total production of bituminous coal is bought in carload lots by the user and never passes through the hands of retail dealers. The cost to the consumer of nearly 90 per cent of the bituminous coal output therefore is simply the mine price plus the freight rate, which is paid by the consumer. While freight rates on bituminous coal range from a minimum of about 90 cents per ton to more than $7.00 per ton, George M. Shriver, vice president of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co., testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the average freight charge from the mines to the point of consumption is $2.27 per ton. The average f.o.b. mine spot price for the last week of March was reported to be $2.05 per net ton. Thus, the total delivered cost to the consumer would average $4.32 per ton. The 12 per cent of the output which is used for domestic purposes necessarily is distributed at a higher cost to consumers because of the expense of retail handling.

Mr. Searles states in his article that the miner is the least to blame of all the factors of price, yet the present wage scale is the highest known to the history of coal mining in the United States. As a whole the bituminous coal industry to-day has no margin of profit which can be reduced to lower coal prices at the mines. The cost of supplies is decreasing. The Interstate Commerce Commission is now considering reductions in the freight rates on coal. The labor cost in the union fields is the single remaining item in the mine cost of bituminous coal which has not been deflated.

Yours very truly,
J. D. A. MORROW.



Use any kind of water with Williams' Shaving Stick

Some men have to use cold water for shaving, especially in Summer. Others prefer it. In some sections the water is hard. These conditions and many others were allowed for in determining the Williams' formula.

Use any kind of water with Williams' Stick. Use it your own way. Rub it in or not—just as you like. You are rule-free if the stick is Williams'.

See how quickly the Williams' lather forms and how it piles up on the face—how immediately it begins the work of softening the beard—how it softens the skin and prepares it for the razor. See how supple, smooth and refreshed the skin feels afterward. See how glove-like it remains all day.

A perfect soap in a perfect holder. Williams' Holder Top is the holder that *holds*—metal to metal. It cannot wobble loose. It cannot fall out.

When you're ready for a Re-Load, a push of the finger releases the wafer of soap from the patented ring. No jambing—no mushing of soap in the Williams' Holder Top. Williams' Re-Loads are instantly ready to insert and always cost you less than the complete package.

Send 10 Cents
for a trial length stick in a large, re-loadable box. For convenience use coupon below.

Williams'

PATENTED
Holder Top
Shaving Stick

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 65, Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me a trial length Holder Top Stick in a large re-loadable box. 10 cents enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

SETH THOMAS

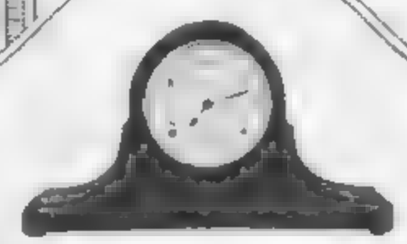
Does your home run like clockwork?

OR is your schedule constantly spoiled by clocks that lose and must be set forward, or gain and must be set back?

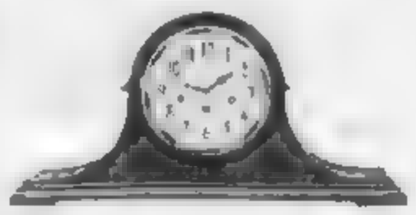
Life is too short for such a needless annoyance. For a very little investment you can have your home run like clockwork—like Seth Thomas clockwork, which has meant accuracy for more than a century.

Ask your jeweler to-day to show you Seth Thomas Clocks. Their beauty speaks for itself; for their accuracy *he* can speak. He can direct you to friends in your neighborhood who have depended upon them a lifetime and find them still dependable after many years.

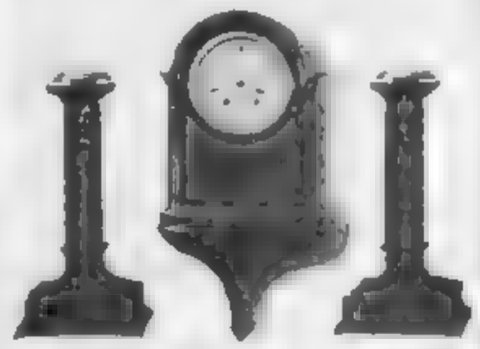
The perfect gift for Graduation, Wedding or Anniversary



One of many inexpensive, reliable Seth Thomas Tambour models, in cases that are an ornament to any room. 8-day movement; hour and half-hour strike; prices $20 to $30.



Above is one of fifteen Seth Thomas chime clocks, unexcelled anywhere. They chime quarter-hours and strike hour. $60 to $110.



An accurate, handsome clock on a mahogany bracket for any wall, $28 to $43. The candlesticks solid mahogany, colonial design, $11 to $13.

SETH THOMAS

BUSINESS AS THE FARMER SEES IT

(Continued from Page 29)

Wherefore we arrive at the general principle that when wages are raised, then production must in some way or other be made to keep even pace with wage increases, else the additional earnings will be at once swallowed up by increased prices, and our scale of living may even be actually reduced under an era of advancing wages.

Russia played this game to the finish. As wages were forced up hours of labor were reduced, production declined and was gradually overtaken by increased demands on the part of those possessed of unaccustomed buying power, until money became worthless for the very good reason that nothing remained to be bought with it.

Nothing is clearer to the thinking man than the fact that we live by work and not by wages, and the corollary of this general proposition is that the way out for the laborer—and the only relief from high prices without a general lapse into a period of depression—lies not in higher wages and greater ease but in more work and in increased production—increased to the point at which, as he ought, the seller seeks the buyer. Then may the laborer hope to be able to buy his own product and pay for it, but not before.

Here also lies the economic consequence of standardizing to an eight-hour day, to a forty-four or a thirty-hour week, or even to a uniform rate of pay for all members of a given craft.

There is no such thing as a standard day. Eight hours is far too much for a day's work at certain kinds of employment, but in general it is not enough. The world was not brought to its present stage of development by any such fallacy as the notion that there is only so much to be done and therefore we must organize to make the work go around.

Our fathers worked as the farmer works. They, like him, followed the old-fashioned slogan "Make hay while the sun shines." The farmer learned long ago that if he ignored this law of Nature he would go without fodder, and he harbors no delusions about what constitutes a day's work when planting is to be done at critical and brief periods and harvests are to be gathered between showers.

Our fathers followed this same principle in developing this country, whether on the farm, in the shop or on the railroad grade, where with plow, teams and dump scrapers they laid most of the roadbeds of the United States after harvest and at other odd times and seasons, working as they did upon the farms from sun to sun. And they were vastly happier then in getting things done than are we, their descendants, who are more interested in wages than in results, and who came into the fruits of their labor by inheritance, yet are failing to reap the full benefits by reason of our foolish modern standards about work, based on the notion that labor is a curse to be avoided, not a privilege to be utilized.

Unnecessary Labor

Go anywhere over the country with the question, What are we doing with our inheritance? and the answer is that with all our modern improvements, the result of scientific knowledge and inventive genius, installed at enormous outlay of capital, yet at many points, as in railroading, we are scarcely keeping up repairs and making good the depreciation on improvements installed by our fathers in the days when labor meant work and men worked for what labor could achieve in tangible results, like clearings, ditches, railroad grades and private or public buildings.

The half day off has become a supposed necessity for everybody, young and old and quite regardless of what is to be done with the time. Yet a half day off each week is a loss of over 8 per cent of the time, or a good round profit upon any enterprise, and this is of some consequence to the young fellow getting a start. Not only that, but the great mass of people would accomplish more and be better off physically as well as financially if they would work continuously for most of the year and then take time enough off to mean something, rather than to fritter away good profits week by week in ways that produce nothing notable and, as often as not, amount to little else than mild dissipation of time, which is the stuff that life is made of. Not only that, but men work easiest and most effectively when they keep themselves physically and mentally fit by working not half the time but every day. In this the writer speaks from long personal experience in physical labor, and as one who knows the workman's pace as compared with the injunction to keep moving.

Quite unmindful of the inevitable results, but with a perfectly laudable desire to help the under dog to make a living, industry everywhere has been burdened with a killing overload of unnecessary labor, those who made and enforced the rules not seeming to realize that the consequences, like everybody's chickens, will always come home to roost.

For example, when labor adopts rules requiring three men to do the work that could perfectly well be performed by two, the purpose is to provide the third man with a job by forcing the public to employ him. But the effect is to increase the cost of production 50 per cent at that point, or the equivalent of six or eight good profits. For this overload does not come out of the profits of the company, but is added to the production costs, and, being added at the very point of origin, it becomes at once a base for additional outlay and therefore profit on the part of every man who handles the product from factory on to consumer. In this way the initial overload in production becomes multiplied many times before it reaches the consumer. Therefore when the laborer goes into the retail market he often finds himself unable to buy his own product; nor will the remedy be found in higher wages. The remedy must be found in putting that third man at really useful and productive labor—that is, in making something else that the world wants, and enough of it to sell at a price that the world can afford to pay. It would be cheaper to support this third man by charity than as an idle wheel in industry, and not much more demoralizing to him.

A Blinded Policy

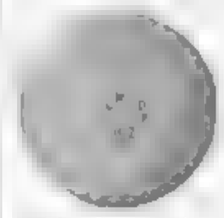
But this is not the full result of overloading with useless and nonproductive labor. The company probably has all it can do, especially in slack times, to get contracts in competition with the cheap labor of the world to keep the factory continuously busy and everybody employed. Clearly the business will fail to get contracts if it carries many of these useless overloads, and in proportion as it fails to sell its goods in the competitive markets of the world, in that proportion will all those men run the risk of being thrown out of employment by the necessary closing down of the factory.

And finally one of the results of pushing the campaign for increased wages to the upper limit of what can be forced from the industry is to secure such a real advantage over other forms of employment as to attract greater numbers to that particular job than can possibly be employed. The result is disastrous by producing an overload that of necessity throws a good part of the people out of employment.

The conspicuous example of this blinded policy at the present is the mining industry, in which the rates of pay have been forced to a figure so out of all proportion to the income enjoyed in neighboring enterprise—farming, for example, in the soft-coal region—that men have been drawn from the farms until crops have rotted for want of laborers to harvest them at the very moment when the mines were double manned and miners on half-time employment under conditions that made the consumer support two miners to do the work of one, and each at double wages, while both claimed to be on the verge of distress.

So again does the fallacy of overloading a productive industry defeat its own purpose, and miners went out on a nation-wide strike upon an issue that is economically impossible, especially when it is remembered that farmers in the same region are obliged to go without necessary labor in order to farm the land economically, and these same men, originally drawn from the land in many cases, refuse to work at anything like what the farmer can hope to get

A machine, capable of adjustment to any human stroke, governed by a falling weight (not a spring), with perfect "follow-thru" and exactly-measured force expended in each stroke.



Dunlop *162*
The *best* ball to play with. Smaller size.
85c.

Dunlop "D"
The *most durable* ball to play with. Medium size.
85c.

Dunlop *Magnum*
The *easiest* ball to play with. Large size.
85c.

Dunlop *Warwick*
The *cheapest* of *good* balls to play with. Medium size
70c.

The Serious Business of Making *Good* Golf Balls

Bedded in concrete on the grounds of Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, England, is a patented driving machine—one of the many devices used in maintaining and improving the qualities of Dunlop golf balls.

The ground in front of the driving machine is measured off in a manner similar to the field of a long-range gun. Accurate experiments, many times repeated, have given Dunlop engineers invaluable data on all the important things that affect the flight of golf balls—depth of markings, resiliencies of core and winding, arc-of-flight tendencies, distance factors and shape-retaining qualities.

Improved processes and long experience in the manufacture of golf balls have put into the Dunlop many extra items of *value* that benefit the player during all stages of the game. In price, the best grade of Dunlops is only slightly in excess of domestic brands and is less than most imported balls. The Dunlop *Warwick* (really much superior to the average ball) sells for 70c.

Dunlops can be obtained thru your usual source of supply. If you have any difficulty in obtaining them, we will appreciate it as a favor if you will write us direct. We'll do what we can to see that your needs are supplied.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

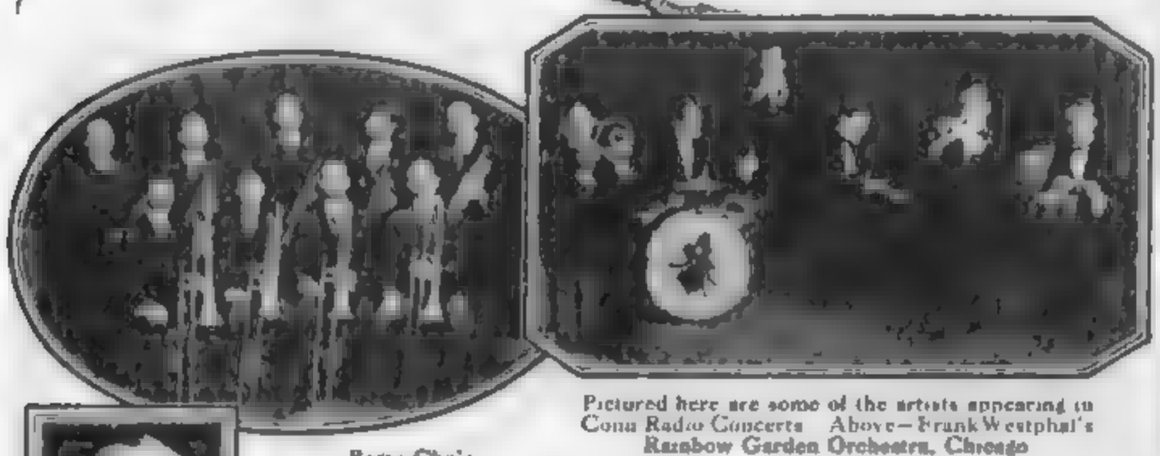
GOLF BALL SALES DEPARTMENT
17 East 42nd St. New York, N.Y.

Actual trajectories are compared from time to time, in physical laboratory, determining the height of the ball at 5 positions during its flight. The carry and deviation of the ball (in fact) as well as its "run" after striking the ground are also measured.

DUNLOP

CONN RADIO CONCERTS

from Ocean to Ocean



Pictured here are some of the artists appearing in Conn Radio Concerts. Above—Frank Westphal's Rainbow Garden Orchestra, Chicago. Brass Choir, San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

Ernest Pechin, Cornet Soloist

Mathew Amaturo, Saxophone Soloist

John Dolan, Cornet Soloist

Simone Mantia, Euphonium Soloist

Eugene LaBarre, Cornet Soloist

THIRD OF NATIONAL SERIES

Friday Evening, May 19

CONN radio concerts have taken the nation by storm! Our programs of March 17 and April 14 by America's leading dance orchestras and nationally famed soloists have occasioned universal admiration for Conn enterprise.

Isham Jones, Joseph Smith, Frank Westphal, Hal Nichols, D.C. Rosebrook and their orchestras have already played; Benne Henton, Charles Randall, John Leick, Mabel Keith Leick and Fred Tait have given solos. More of their calibre are to appear.

Travelers on shipboard 1500 miles from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, people in Northern Canada and in Central America will enjoy the same music which will be heard throughout the United States May 19.

Think of it—Conn Ltd. is entertaining people by wireless a quarter of the way around the globe

May 19 programs will be broadcasted from:

New York, Station WJZ; Pittsburgh, Station KDKA
San Francisco, Station KDN; New Orleans, Station WAAB,
[illegible], Station WOC Denver, Station ZAF
Chicago, Station KYW; Kansas City, Sweney Station
Seattle, Wash., Station KGB

Conn dealers are entertaining at radiophone concerts. Watch for local announcements.

Write to Conn Ltd. now for new saxophone book; FREE. Tells why the Conn is the world's finest, choice of the famous artists on the radio programs.

536 Conn Building **C. G. CONN, LTD.** Elkhart, Indiana

Agencies in All Large Cities

Conn New York Co., 233-5-7 W. 47th St. Conn Chicago Co., 62 E. Van Buren St.
Conn Detroit Co., 243 E. Grand River Ave. Conn Seattle Co., 1609 Third Ave.
Conn New Orleans Co., 317 Baronne St.
Conn Portland Co., 127 Tenth St.
Conn Cleveland Co., 1220 Huron Road

CONN

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

for his labor. Under these conditions it is economic suicide to declare industrial war under the slogan of "A living wage" from the standpoint of a double-manned industry loaded with idle ballast.

So insistent has organized labor been in getting a living wage, so sympathetic has the public been, so powerless the employer, and, until now, so insistent has the purchaser been to spend his money that the managers of our manufacturing, mining and transportation enterprises, rather than wrangle interminably over all these obstructions to business, have adopted quite generally the gentle art of passing it on to the consumer.

It has amounted to a kind of quasi conspiracy between labor and capital, and as long as prices were constantly rising the system was bound to work. As one contractor frankly expressed to his neighbor: "We don't care; we simply pass it on to you, the consumer, cost-plus fashion. You are the one that gets it in the neck. We are following the lines of peace and least resistance, and if anybody raises a rough-house you are the one that will have to do it."

And that is what the consumer is going to do, now that the period of deflation has set in and every value is shrinking upon the hands of every man that holds it even overnight or attempts to handle it in the ordinary way of trade. A third of our consumers are farmers, whose products enjoy no possibility of the overload that capital and organized labor have between them put upon almost every other form of enterprise, and this third is pretty well out of the markets until business, which is capital and labor combined, gets reasonable and unloads some of its unnecessary burdens.

Twin Follies at Work

This is one angle of the situation, and the other is that, outside of farmers, the great mass of the buying public is made up of the very same people whom we denominate as labor in all discussions concerning production. That is to say, to a very large extent the laborer is his own consumer, and when the employer seems to agree with him to pass it on to the consumer he is in reality tossing it back to the laborer, like two boys playing catch; only in this case the ball is a boomerang, for oftener than not the laborer meets his own product in the market and must needs turn his back upon it, which is but another way of saying that to this extent he is forced to destroy the market for the products of his own industry.

And that is the way in which these twin follies, "A living wage" and "Pass it on to the consumer," have operated to destroy some of our most important industries, and to cripple others, to the great distress of everybody in both cases.

For example, the building trades are practically extinct because capital will not invest at prohibitive costs, while rents are burdensome because of shortage of housing, and carpenters and masons and lathers and plasterers and plumbers walk the streets for odd jobs at common labor—skilled workmen who ought to be building homes at reasonable rates, as would be the case if everyone would work exactly as he would were he building a house for himself and needed to get it done before winter sets in, as was the case with our pioneer forefathers.

Transportation is absurdly overloaded, as any traveler can see who observes a maintenance-of-way gang as it keeps moving but accomplishes little else that is visible. It stirs a farmer all up on the inside to see such work and to know that he has to pay for it every time he markets a bushel of wheat or a pound of meat. It will stir everybody up when he comes fully to realize the way in which these matters turn the cheap wheat and cheap meat of the farm into expensive food for the laborer's table when all the chickens have come home to roost.

The burden of dead India is its caste system. How many know that it had its roots in craftsmen's guilds, and that, quite in addition to overload, we are sowing the seeds of it in this country every time a craftsman refuses to work without a helper, refuses to perform certain portions of his own trade because that belongs to the helper, or bends to rules that require him not to touch a saw, for example, if his union card reads "plumber"?

The Three Stonecutters

We talk about equality now, but these things cannot go on for many generations before they will pass from a financial and economic to a social and even religious demarcation between the various trades castes—into which society will speedily become hopelessly stratified by the very influences now militantly operative.

It is a time to talk less about our rights and our liberties, and more about our responsibilities and our opportunities. It is a time for internal peace and for vision if our kind of civilization is to build a worthy structure on the foundation that has been so worthily laid, and we must stop talking so much about Washington and Lincoln until we set our industrial house so well in order that we can prove to ourselves at least that we are capable of governing ourselves and meeting our ordinary necessities. Then perhaps we shall be able really to take care of an advancing civilization.

A good deal is said by the agitator about industrial slavery. But is a man a slave simply because he is busy? Is the hunter after a good supper to be counted a slave? Are the birds building nests and the man building himself a home to be counted as slaves because they are working early and late? Is a farmer a slave to his job or to anybody when he is up early to plant while the season is on or wears out the daylight to harvest what his industry has produced? Is the wife a slave to her husband as she labors by his side, or to her children as she meets their multitudinous needs or watches all night by the bedside when the fever is on? Is anybody a slave when he works at a job he loves? No, there is the test. Do we love the job or hate it? Freedom and slavery lie not in the job, but in the attitude toward the job.

The story goes that three stonecutters were at work in the yards. The philosopher passed along and asked each the same question: What are you doing? "I'm gettin' seven dollars a day," replied the first. "I'm cutting this stone, as you see," replied the second. "We are building a cathedral," the third answered.

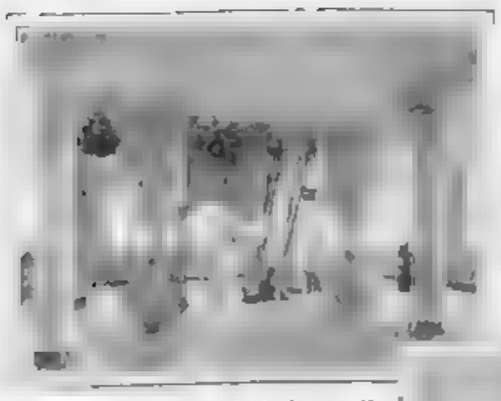
Which one of these three men will be most nearly typical of the American citizen one hundred years from now?

Wreckage of Forest on Shores of Jackson's Lake, Wyoming

ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT — ORDINARY EGG-SHELL FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

Paint surfaces photographed under a powerful microscope—each magnified to the same high degree.

Hidden from human eyes– revealed by the microscope



In the home of "Life Savers"
One of the many food product plants in which Barreled Sunlight keeps walls white and washable as tile

Hotel McAllister
Miami, Fla
Where the lustrous washable surface of Barreled Sunlight has been found the most satisfactory coating for bathroom walls

A store interior that can be kept light and clean—painted with Barreled Sunlight

Save the surface and you save all

The real reason why paint collects dirt

The unusual photographs reproduced above reveal facts of vital importance to everyone who buys white paint for interior use.

They show clearly why ordinary flat or egg-shell finish white paints collect dust and dirt.

To the naked eye these paints present a smooth, even appearance. Under the high-power microscope they are shown to be rough to a startling degree. In every square inch of their surface are innumerable tiny pores.

That is why such paints catch and hold dust and dirt. That is why frequent repainting becomes necessary if a clean white appearance is to be maintained.

Notice in the third circle the photograph of Barreled Sunlight. Even when magnified to this high degree the surface of this paint is smooth and even.

This unbroken surface resists dirt—it offers no lodging place for dust particles. It can be washed clean like tile—even after years of service.

That is why Barreled Sunlight is being used today in buildings of every description—apartment houses, office buildings, stores, hotels, schools, industrial plants, etc. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the home and for the walls of bathroom, kitchen, laundry and closets.

Made by the exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. It is easy to apply. Flows readily and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels.

When painting over an unpainted surface use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat. If your dealer does not carry Barreled Sunlight, communicate with us for name of nearest distributor.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

Factory and main offices
8 DUDLEY ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

New York—350 Madison Ave
Chicago—417 South Dearborn St.
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell St.
And 50 other distributing points in the United States

Barreled Sunlight

Barreled Sunlight

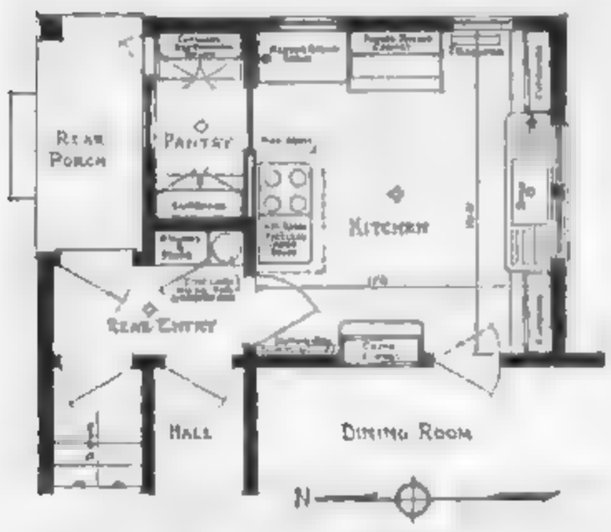
THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

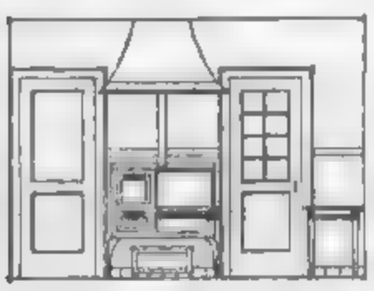
Get the Free Book of Kitchen Plans

Before you build or remodel, get "The Kitchen Plan Book"—showing model step-saving kitchen plans selected from 343 drawings submitted in competition by leading architects and architectural draughtsmen.

The drawings shown here are reproduced from this book. They illustrate the thoroughness with which each plan is presented, showing not only the floor plan, but a perspective view and detailed elevation of each wall.

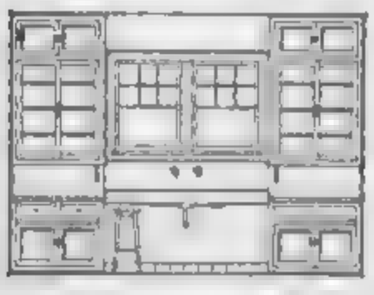
A postal to Hoosier Manufacturing Company, 522 Maple Street, Newcastle, Indiana—saying "Send me the Kitchen Plan Book," brings it FREE.



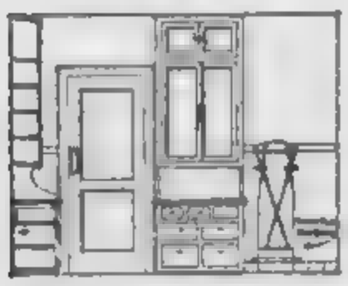


North Wall

East Wall



South Wall



West Wall

Saves Steps

© 1922

Is Your Kitchen Work Wearing You Out?

Actual tests prove that even in the so-called "modern" kitchen you take miles of useless steps each day.

You are forced to stand on your feet for hours—when you ought to be sitting down. Your nerves are kept on edge by a host of petty worries—when you ought to be enjoying yourself—relaxed—in an easy chair.

Hoosier Will Make Your Work Easier

Many Hoosier owners tell us that while they thought they had "easy" kitchens before they bought the Hoosier—they now see that they were actually wasting hours of time each day.

No woman can possibly realize the amount of useless standing, walking and lifting she is forced to do, until she actually uses the Hoosier in her own home.

This statement is proved true by the two million women who formerly worked as hard as you do—but who have won freedom from their most trying kitchen drudgery by means of the Hoosier.

There is No Substitute for the Hoosier

Do not make the mistake of thinking that built-in cases and cupboards can take the place of the Hoosier. It is true that extra storage space is necessary in every kitchen—but built-in equipment is never so effective as when used in connection with the Hoosier.

Hoosier owners know that the Hoosier will save more work and worry than any other kitchen equipment you could buy or build.

They know that the Hoosier is equipped with *exclusive*, patented labor-saving conveniences—which can not be duplicated at any price. And that these conveniences enable you to do your work more quickly—and with less effort.

A Hoosier Model for Every Kitchen

No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a Hoosier to fit it. Special Hoosiers have been designed for the smallest kitchen of the coziest apartment. Some even fit in under the kitchen window. All will save work and worry—time and energy. Go to your Hoosier dealer and select the Hoosier which best fits your needs.

Buy the Hoosier on Liberal Terms —You'll Never Miss the Money

Why not join the ranks of the women who do their work the easy way? Quit being a kitchen drudge. You can afford the Hoosier now. Every day you do without it, you pay an unnecessary toll in needless work and worry.

By our liberal payment plan Hoosier pays for itself by making your work easier—long before you pay for it. Write for illustrated folder. Let us tell you how to get the Hoosier on such liberal terms that you will never miss the money.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Main Office: 522 Maple Street, Newcastle, Indiana

Branches: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada

HOOSIER

THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

trail, down at Bridger? Had a new route over the Humboldt Basin been found, or something of that sort? How could that be? If so, it must be rough and needing work in places, else why the need for so many shovels?

But maybe the emigrants themselves knew about these singular matters, or would when they had read their letters. Yes, of course, the Missouri movers had left a lot of letters, some for their folks back East next year maybe, but some for people in the train. Banion, Woodhull—had they left any word? Why, yes, both of them. The trader smiled. One each. To the same person, yes. Well, lucky girl! But that black horse, now—the Nez Perces would give a hundred ponies for him. But he wouldn't trade. A sour young man. But Woodhull, now, the one with the wagons, talked more. And they each had left a letter for the same girl! And this was Miss Molly Wingate? Well, the trader did not blame them!

These American girls! They were like roses to the old traders, cast away this lifetime out here in the desert.

News? Why, yes, no train ever came through that did not bring news and get news at old Fort Hall—and so on.

The inclosure of the old adobe fur-trading post was thronged by the men and women of the Wingate train. Molly Wingate at first was not among them. She sat, chin on her hand, on a wagon tongue in the encampment, looking out over the blue-gray desert to the red-and-gold glory of the sinking sun. Her mother came to her and placed in her lap the two letters, stood watching her.

"One from each," said she sententiously, and turned away.

The girl's face paled as she opened the one she had felt sure would find her again, somewhere, somehow. It said:

Dearest: I write to Molly Wingate, because and only because I know she still is Molly Wingate. It might be kinder to us both if I did not write at all but went my way and left it all to time and silence. I found I could not.

There will be no other woman, in all my life, for me. I cannot lay any vow on you. If I could, if I dared, I would say "Wait for a year, while I pray for a year—and God help us both."

As you know, I now have taken your advice. Bridger and I are joined for the California adventure. If the gold is there, as Carson thinks, I may find more fortune than I have earned. More than I could earn you gave me—when I was young. That was two months ago. Now I am old.

Keep the news of the gold, if it can be kept, as long as you can. No doubt it will spread from other sources, but so far as I know—and thanks only to you—I am well ahead of any other adventurer from the East this season, and, as you know, winter soon will seal the trails against the followers. Next year, 1849, will be the big rush, if it all does not flatten.

I can think of no one who can have shared our secret. Carson will be East by now, but he is a government man, and close of mouth with strangers. Bridger, I am sure—for the odd reason that he worships you—will tell no one else, especially since he shares profits with me, if I survive and succeed. One doubt only rests in my mind. At his post I talked with Bridger, and he told me he had a few other bits of gold that Carson had given him at Laramie. He looked for them but had lost them. He suspected his Indian women, but he knew nothing. Of course, it would be one chance in a thousand that anyone would know the women had these things, and even so no one could tell where the gold came from, because not even the women would know that; not even Bridger does, exactly; not even I myself.

In general I am headed for the valley of the Sacramento. I shall work north. Why? Because that will be toward Oregon!

I write as though I expected to see you again, as though I had a right to expect or hope for that. It is only the dead young man, Will Banion, who unjustly and wrongly craves and calls out for the greatest of all fortune for a man—who unfairly and wrongly writes you now, when he ought to remember your word, to go to a land far from you, to forget you and to live down his past. Ah, if I could! Ah, if I did not love you!

But being perhaps about to die, away from you, the truth only must be between you and me. And the truth is I never shall forget you. The truth is I love you more than anything else and everything else in all the world.

If I were in other ways what the man of your choice should be, would this truth have any weight with you? I do not know and I dare not ask. Reason does tell me how selfish it would be to ask you to hold in your heart a memory and not a man. That is for me to do—to have a memory, and not you. But my memory never can content me.

It seems as though time had been invented so that, through all its aeons, our feet might run in search, one for the other—to meet, where? Well, we did meet—for one instant in the uncounted ages, there on the prairie. Well, if ever you do see me again you shall say whether I have been, indeed, tried by fire, and whether it has left me clean—whether I am a man and not a memory.

That I perhaps have been a thief, stealing what never could be mine, is my great agony now. But I love you. Good-by.

WILLIAM HAYS BANION.

TO MARGARET WINGATE,
Fort Hall, in Oregon.

For an hour Molly sat, and the sun sank. The light of the whole world died.

The other letter rested unopened until later, when she broke the seal and read by the light of a sagebrush fire. She frowned. Could it be that in the providence of God she once had been within one deliberate step of marrying Samuel Payson Woodhull?

Robert Kelsey

My Darling Molly: This I hope finds you well after the hard journey from Bridger to Hall.

They call it Cruel to keep a Secret from a Woman. If so, I have been Cruel, though only in Poor pay for your Cruelty to me. I have had a Secret—and this is it: I have left for California from this Point and shall not go to Oregon. I have learned of Gold in the State of California, and have departed to that State in the hope of early Success in Achieving a Fortune. So far as I know, I am the First to have this news of Gold, unless a certain man whose name and thought I execrate has by his Usual dishonesty fallen on the same information. If so, we two may meet where none can Interfear.

I do not know how long I may be in California, but be Sure I go for but the one purpose of amassing a Fortune for the Woman I love. I never have given you Up and never shall. Your Promise is mine and our Engagement never has been Broken, and the Mere fact that accident for the time Prevented our Nuptials by no means shall ever mean that we shall not find Happy Consumation of our most Cherished Desire at some later Time.

I confidently Hope to arrive in Oregon a rich man not later than one or two years from Now. Wait for me. I am mad with out you and shall count the Minutes until then when I can take you in my Arms and Kiss you a thousand Times. Forgive me; I have not Heretofore told you of these Plans, but it was best not and it was for You. Indeed you are so much in my Thought, my Darling, that each and Everything I do is for You and You only.

No more at present then, but should Opportuenity offer I shall get word to you addressed to Oregon City which your father said was his general Deastination, it being my own present purpose Ultimately to engage in the Practice of law either at that Point or the settlement of Portland which I understand is not far Below. With my Means, we should soon be Handsomely Settled.

May God guard you on the Way Thither and believe me, Darling, with more Love than I shall be ever able to Tell and a Thousand Kisses. Your Affianced and Impatient Lover,

SAML PAYSON WOODHULL.

The little sagebrush fire flared up brightly for an instant as Molly Wingate dropped one of her letters on the embers.

XXXVII

"WHAT'S wrong with the people, Cale?" demanded Jesse Wingate of his stout-hearted associate, Caleb Price. The sun was two hours high, but not all the breakfast fires were going. Men were moody, truculent, taciturn, as they went about their duties.

Caleb Price bit into his yellow beard as he gazed down the irregular lines of the encampment.

"Do you want me to tell you the truth, Jesse?"

"Why, yes!"

"Well, then, it seems to me the truth is that this train has lost focus."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I don't know that I'm right—don't know I can make my guess plain. Of course, every day we lay up, the whole train goes to pieces. The thing to do is to go a little way each day—get into the habit. You can't wear out a road as long as this one by spurts—it's steady does it.

"But I don't think that's all. The main trouble is one that I don't like to hint to you, especially since none of us can help it."

"Out with it, Cale!"

"The trouble is, the people don't think they've got a leader."

Jesse Wingate colored above his beard.

"That's pretty hard," said he.

"I know it's hard, but I guess it's the truth. You and I and Hall and Kelsey we're accepted as the chief council. But there are four of us, and all this country is new to all of us. The men now are like a bunch of cattle ready to stampede. They're nervous, ready to jump at anything. Wrong way, Jesse. They ought to be as steady as any of the trains that have gone across; 1843, when the Applegates crossed; 1846, when the Donners went—every year since. Our folks—well, if you ask me, I think they're scared."

"That's hard, Cale!"

"Yes, hard for me to say to you, with your wife sad and your girl just now able to sit up—yes, it's hard. Harder still since we both know it's your own personal matter—this quarrel of those two young men, which I don't need explain. That's at the bottom of the train's uneasiness."

"Well, they've both gone now."

"Yes, both. If half of the both were here now you'd see the people quiet. Oh, you can't explain leadership, Jesse! Some have it, most don't. He had. We know he had. I don't suppose many of those folks ever figured it out, or do now. But they'd fall in, not knowing why.

"As it is, I'll admit, there seems to be something in the air. They say birds know when an earthquake is coming. I feel uneasy myself, and don't know why. I started for Oregon. I don't know why. Do you suppose ——"

The speculations of either man ceased as both caught sight of a little dust cloud far off across the sage, steadily advancing down the slope.

"Hum! And who's that, Jesse?" commented the Ohio leader. "Get your big glass, Jesse."

Wingate went to his wagon and returned with the great telescope he sometimes used, emblem of his authority.

"One man, two packs," said he presently. "All alone so far as I can see. He's Western enough—some post trapper, I suppose. Rides like an Indian and dressed like one, but he's white, because he has a beard."

"Let me see." Price took the glass. "He looks familiar! See if you don't think it's Jim Bridger. What's he coming for—two hundred miles away from his own post?"

It was Jim Bridger, as the next hour proved, and why he came he himself was willing to explain after he had eaten and smoked.

"I camped twelve mile back," said he, "an' pushed in this mornin'. I jest had a idee I'd sornter over in here, see how ye was gittin' along. Is your hull train made here?"

"No," Wingate answered. "The Missouri wagons are ahead."

"Is Woodhull with ye?"

"No."

"Whar's he at?"

"We don't know. Major Banion and Jackson, with a half dozen packs, no wagons, have given up the trip. They've split off for California—left their wagons."

"And so has Sam Woodhull, huh?"

"We suppose so. That's the word. He took about fifteen wagons with him. That's why we look out down."

"Rest of ye goin' on through, huh?"

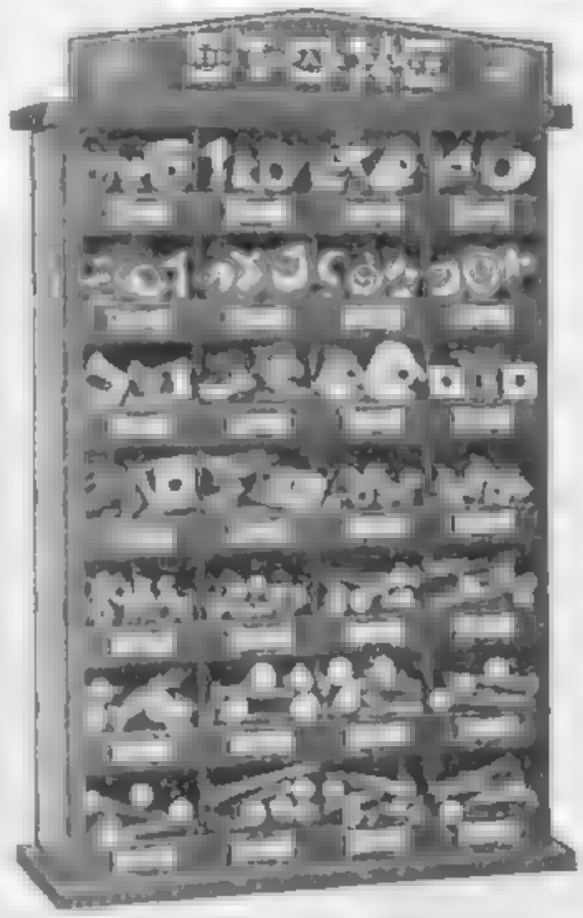
"I am. I hope the others will."

"Hit's three days on to whar the road leaves for Californy—on the Raft River. Mebbe more'll leave ye thar, huh?"

"We don't know. We hope not. I hear the fords are bad, especially the crossing of the Snake. This is a big river. My people are uneasy about it."

"Yes, hit's bad enough, right often. Thar's falls in them canons hundreds o'

STONE
Rim Parts
LUGS BOLTS NUTS



Here they are for YOUR car

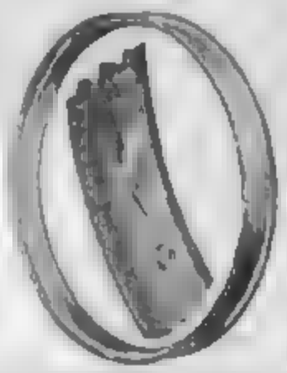
Find the nearest accessory dealer who displays this Stone Cabinet. He will supply your every need in rim repairs—the lug, bolt or nut that fits right and tight on your rim—because it was made *for* that rim.

Don't wait until you *need* Stone Rim Parts. Always carry 6 Stone lugs, bolts and nuts; get them now. Be ready for emergencies.

Be sure to get STONE Rim Parts, at a cost of 5c to 30c each. Look for the GREEN Cabinet at your neighborhood accessory store.

In reliability, durability and fitting qualities Stone Rim Parts are supreme. Stone *oversize* lugs take up the wear-space—cure "squeaky" rims. All parts are galvanized malleable iron, smooth finished and *GUARANTEED*.

Dealers: *Get the handsome steel display cabinet, illustrated above. Get it FREE by ordering an assortment of Stone Rim Parts. Display board carrying smaller assortment also free. Write to your jobber for assortments and prices.*



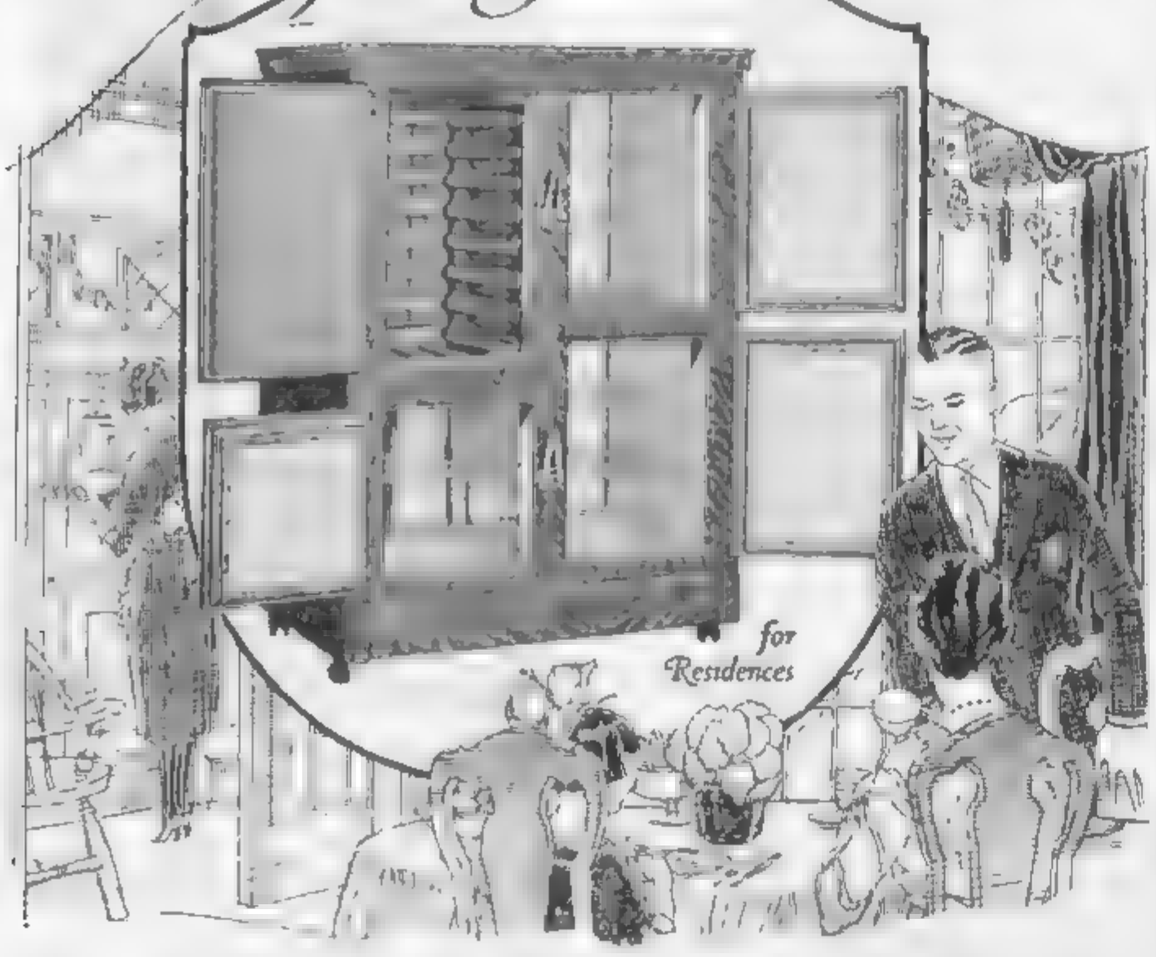
STONE
Interchangeable
RIMS

Another Stone triumph! Changing tires is easy when your car is equipped with S I Rims. No loose parts. No hinged joints. Interchanges with 20 different makes and types of demountable rims. Dealers supplied through Jobbers.

OTHER STONE PRODUCTS
Rim Tools — Rim Tighteners
Shock Absorbers for Dodge Cars
Wrenches — Wheels and Rims (all makes)

The Stone Manufacturing Company
1502 S. Michigan Avenue . . . . . Chicago
135 Wooster Street . . . . . New York City
216 Higgins Bldg. . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
813 Postal Telegraph Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

McCRAY Refrigerators



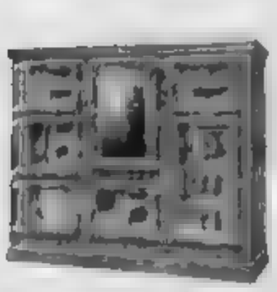
A good refrigerator is vital to your health and the health of your family all through the year. It is especially necessary, to keep foods fresh, wholesome and appetizing. We have refrigerators for every home, large or small; prices from $30 up.

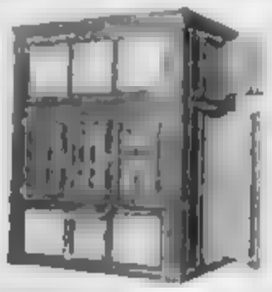
McCray patented construction insures a constant circulation of cold, dry air through every compartment, which keeps food longer and reduces waste. Highest quality materials, thorough insulation, and the skill developed in over 30 years' experience all contribute to the efficiency of the McCray. Every pound of ice exerts its utmost cooling power.

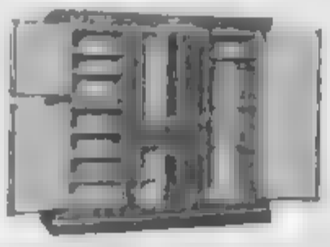
There are styles and sizes for all purposes—for residences, hotels, hospitals and institutions, stores and markets. Our Service Department will submit plans, free, for specially built equipment.

Send for Your Free Book In it the McCray line is illustrated and thoroughly described. No obligation, merely send the coupon, now.

McCRAY SALESROOMS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
See Telephone Directory


FOR GROCERS


FOR MEAT MARKETS


FOR HOTELS, CLUBS AND HOSPITALS

(4) *for All Purposes*

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 5212 Lake Street, Kendallville, Indiana
Gentlemen: Please send the book on refrigeration and refrigerators checked below:
☐ No. 96 for Residences; ☐ No. 64 for Meat Markets;
☐ No. 73 for Grocers and Delicatessen Stores; ☐ No. 75 for Florists;
☐ No. 53 for Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals and Institutions.

Name .

Address .

feet high, makin' a roarin' ye kin hear forty mile, mebbe. The big ford's erroun' two hunderd mile ahead. That'd make me four hunderd mile away from home, an' four hunderd to ride back agin, huh? Is that fur enough fer a ol' man, with snow comin' on soon?"

"You don't mean you'd guide us on that far? What charge?"

"I come fer that, mainly. Charge ye? I won't charge ye nothin'. What do ye s'pose Jim Bridger'd care ef ye all was drownded in the Snake? Ain't thar plenty more pilgrims whar ye all come from? Won't they be out here next year, with money to spend with my pardner Vasquez an' me?"

"Then how could we pay you?"

"Ye kain't. Whar's Miss Molly?"

"You want to see her?"

"Yes, else why'd I ask?"

"Come," said Wingate, and led the way to Molly's little cart. The girl was startled when she saw the old scout, her wide eyes asking her question.

"Mornin', Miss Molly!" he began, his leathery face wrinkling in a smile. "Ye didn't expect me, an' I didn't neither. I'm glad ye're about well o' that arrer wound. I kerried a arrerhead under my shoulder blade sever'l years oncet, ontel Preacher Whitman cut hit out. It felt right crawly all the time till then.

"Yes, I jest sorntered up couple hunderd mile this mornin', Miss Molly, to see how ye all was gettin' along—one thing er another."

Without much regard to others, he now led Molly a little apart and seated her on the sage beside him.

"Will Banion and Bill Jackson has went on to Californy, Miss Molly," said he. "You know why."

Mollie nodded.

"You'd orto! You told him."

"Yes, I did."

"I know. Him an' me had a talk. Owin' you an' me all he'll ever make, he allowed to pay nothin'! Which is, admittin' he loves you, he don't take no advice, to finish that weddin' with another man substertuted. 'No,' says he, 'I kain't marry her, because I love her!' says he. Now, that's crazy. Somethin' deep under that, Miss Molly."

"Let's not talk about it, please."

"All right. Let's talk erbout Sam Woodhull, huh?"

"No!"

"Then mebbe I'd better be goin'. I know you don't want to talk erbout me!" His wrinkling smile said he had more to tell.

"Miss Molly," said he at last, "I mout as well tell ye. Sam Woodhull is on the way after Will Banion. He's like enough picked out a fine bunch o' horse thiefs to go erlong with him. He knows somethin' erbout the gold—I jest found out how.

"Ye see, some men ain't above shinin' up to a Injun womern even, such bein' mebbe lonesome. Sam Woodhull wasn't. He seed one o' my fam'ly wearin' a shiny thing on her neck. Hit were a piece o' gold Kit give me atter I give you mine. He trades the womern out o' her necklace—fer all o' two pesos, Mexican. But she not talkin' Missoury, an' him not talkin' Shoshone, they don't git fur on whar the gold come from.

"She done told him she got hit from me, but he don't say a word to me erbout that; he's too wise. But she did tell him how Will Banion gits some mules an' packs o' me. From then, plain guessin', he allows to watch Banion.

"My womern keeps sayin'—not meanin' no harm—thet thar's plenty more necklaces in Cal'for, because she's heard me an' Banion say that word, 'Californy.'

"Slim guessin' hit were, Miss Molly, but enough fer a man keen as Sam, that's not pertickler, neither. His plan was to watch whar the packs went. He knowed ef Banion went to Oregon he'd not use packs.

"Huh! Fine time he'll have, follerin' that boy an' them mules with wagons! I'm easier when I think o' that. Because, Miss Molly, ef them two does meet away from friends o' both thar's goin' to be trouble, an' trouble only o' one kind."

Again Molly Wingate nodded, pale and silent.

"Well, a man has to take keer o' his own self," went on Bridger. "But that ain't all ner most what brung me here."

"What was it then?" demanded Molly. "A long ride?"

"Yeh. Eight hunderd mile out an' back, ef I see ye across the Snake, like I allow I'd better do. I'm doin' hit fer you, Miss Molly. I'm ol' an' ye're young; I'm a wild man an' ye're one o' God's wimmin. But I had sisters oncet—white they was, like you. So the eight hunderd mile is light. But thet ain't why I come, neither, or all why, yit."

"What is it then you want to tell me? Is it about—him?"

Bridger nodded. "Yes. The only trouble is, I don't know what hit is."

"Now you're foolish!"

"Shore I am! Ef I had a few drinks o' good likker mebbe I'd be foolisher—er wiser. Leastways, I'd be more like I was when I plumb forgot what 'twas Kit Carson said to me when we was spreein' at Laramie. He had somethin' to do, somethin' he was goin' to do, somethin' I was to do fer him, er mebbe so, next season, atter he got East an' got things done he was goin' to do. Ye see, Kit's in the Army."

"Was it about—him?"

"That's what I kain't tell. I jest sorntered over here few hunderd mile to ask ye what ye s'pose it is that I've plumb fergot, me not havin' the same kind o' likker right now.

"When me an' Bill was havin' a few afore he left I was right on the p'int o' rememberin' what it was I was fergittin'. I don't make no doubt, ef Kit an' me er Bill an' me could only meet an' drink along day er so hit'd all come plain to me. But all by myself, an' sober, an' not sociable with Dang Yore Eyes jest now, I sw'ar, I kain't think o' nothin'. What's a girl's mind fer ef hit hain't to think o' things?"

"It was about—him? It was about Kit Carson, something he had—was it about the gold news?"

"Mebbe. I don't know."

"Did he—Mr. Banion—say anything?"

"Mostly erbout you, an' not much. He only said ef I ever got any mail to send it to the judge in the Willamette settlements."

"He does expect to come back to Oregon!"

"How can I tell? My belief, he'd better jump in the Pecific Ocean. He's a damn fool, Miss Molly. Ef a man loves a womern, that's somethin' that never orto wait. Yit he goes teeterin' erroun' like he had from now to doomsday to marry the girl which he loves too much fer to marry her. That makes me sick. Yit he has resemblances to a man, too, some ways—faint resemblances, yes. Fer instance, I'll bet a gun flint these here people that's been hearin' erbout the ford o' the Snake'd be a hull lot gladder ef they knew Will Banion was erlong. Huh?"

Molly Wingate was looking far away, pondering many things.

"Well, anyways, hit's even Stephen fer them both two now," went on Bridger, "an' may God perteck the right an' the devil take the hin'mostest. They'll like enough both marry Injun wimmin an' settle down in Californy. Out o' sight, out o' mind. Love me little, love me long. Lord Lovell, he's mounted his milk-white steed. Farewell, sweet air, partin' is such sweet sorrer, like ol' Cap'n Bonneville uster say. But o' all the messes any fool bunch o' pilgrims ever got inter, this is the worstest, an' hit couldn't be no worser.

"Now, Miss Molly, ye're a plumb disserpintment to me. I jest drapped in to see ef ye couldn't tell me what hit was Kit done told me. But ye kain't. Whar is yer boasted superiorness as a womern?

"But now, me, havin' did forty mile a day over that country yan, I need sustenance, an' I'm goin' to see ef ol' Cap' Grant, the post trader, has ary bit o' Hudson Bay rum left. Ef he has hit's mine, an' ef not, Jim Bridger's a liar, an' that I say deliberate. I'm goin' to try to git inter normal condition enough fer to remember a few plain, simple truths, seein' as you all kain't. Way hit is, this train's in a hell of a fix, an' hit couldn't be no worser."

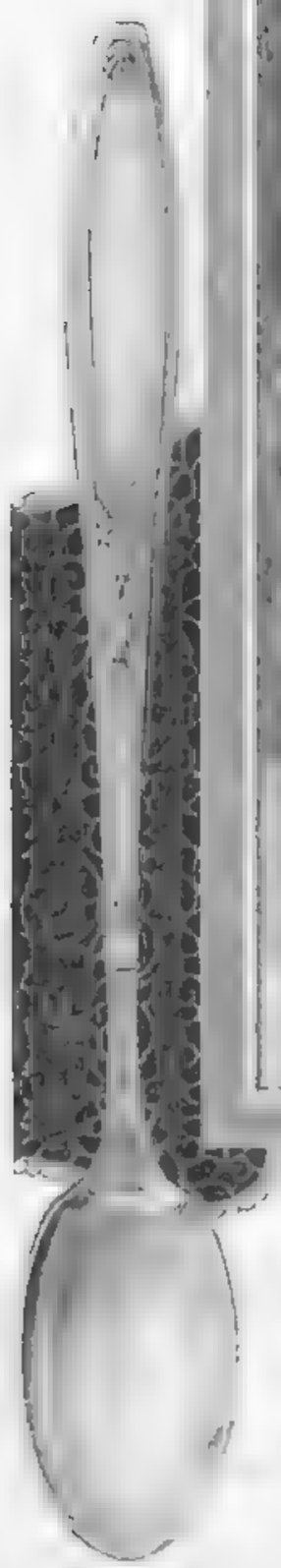
XXXVIII

THE news of Jim Bridger's arrival, and the swift rumor that he would serve as pilot for the train over the dangerous portion of the route ahead, spread an instantaneous feeling of relief throughout the hesitant encampment at this, the last touch, with civilization east of the destination. He paused briefly at one or another wagon after he had made his own animals comfortable, laughing and jesting in his own independent way, en route to fulfill his promise to himself regarding the trader's rum.

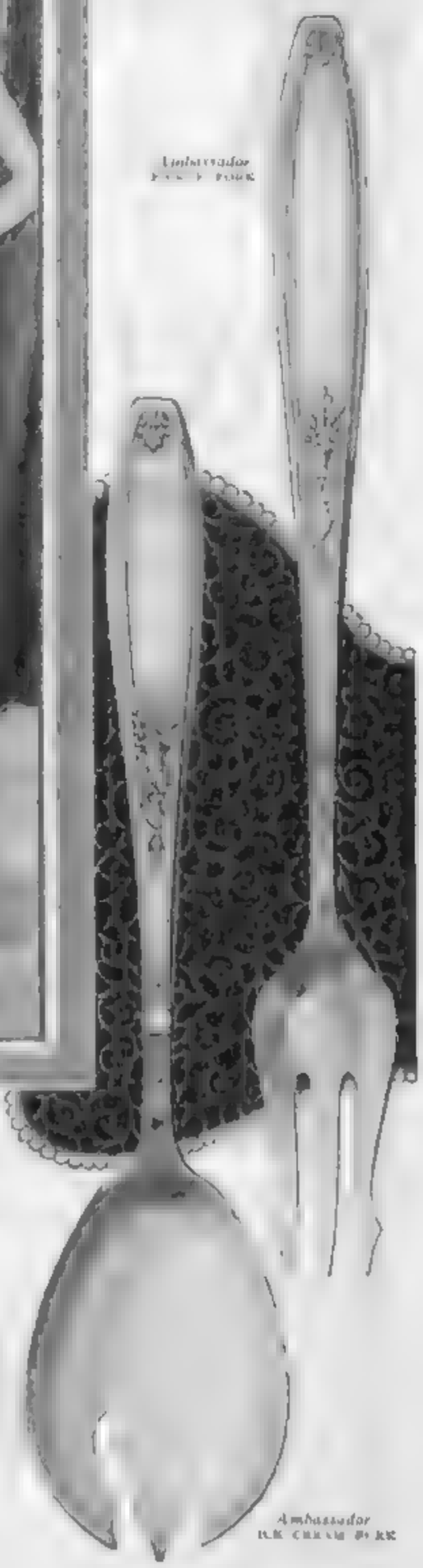
In most ways the old scout's wide experience gave his dicta value. In one assertion,

(Continued on Page 133

Anniversary Silverware.



Ambassador
OLIVE SPOON



Ambassador
ICE CREAM SERVER

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

IN HARMONY with the joyous spirit of the anniversary or gift occasion, is the Anniversary Silverplate, "1847 Rogers Bros.," which this year celebrates its own Seventy-fifth Anniversary.

Put it on your gift list because of its special appropriateness, its widely known quality. ***Without extra charge, fancy serving pieces and half-dozen sets are packed in blue velvet-lined Anniversary Gift Boxes; 26-piece sets in beautifully decorated Anniversary Chests. See them at your dealer's. If not in his window, ask for them.***

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS. WRITE FOR FOLDER R-90, ILLUSTRATING OTHER PATTERNS, TO THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Every dot represents a Distributor or Service Station with a full stock of American Hammered Piston Rings. Your Garageman or Dealer can *always* get the size for your car.

Within Your Reach

Complete distribution and new Factory prices make these quality piston rings available for every car—everywhere

American Hammered rings, to stop piston ring leaks in motors on rough country roads or smooth city boulevards, are always near at hand.

The new Factory List Prices, 50c and 60c for automobile sizes, mean maximum piston ring satisfaction "within your reach".

Used by 117 leading automobile and motor builders—selected by engineers who know piston rings and demand the best—American Hammered Piston Rings have a standard quality which does not change.

Put in the best and be done with it.

American Hammered Piston Rings

New Factory List Prices

60¢

up to 4 7/8" in diameter

Special for Ford type:

50¢

No extra charge for oversizes

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. *Export Department*, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 130)

however, he was wide of the truth, or short of it. So far from things being as bad as they could be, the rapid events of that same morning proved that still more confusion was to ensue, and that speedily.

There came riding into the post from the westward a little party of old-time mountain men, driving their near-spent mounts and packs at a speed unusual even in that land of vast distances. They were headed by a man well known in that vicinity who, though he had removed to California since the fur days, made annual pilgrimage to meet the emigrant trains at Fort Hall in order to do proselyting for California, extolling the virtues of that land and picturing in direct fashion the horrors of the road thence to Oregon and the worthlessness of Oregon if ever attained. Old Greenwood was the only name by which he was known. He was an old, old man, past eighty then, some said, with a deep blue eye, long white hair, a long and unkempt beard and a tongue of unparalleled profanity. He came in now, shouting and singing, as did the men of the mountains making the rendezvous in the old days.

"How, Greenwood? What brings ye here so late?" demanded his erstwhile crony, Jim Bridger, advancing, tin cup in hand, to meet him. "Light. Eat. Special, drink. How—to the old times!"

"Old times be damned!" exclaimed Old Greenwood. "These is new times."

He lifted from above the chafed hips of his trembling horse two sacks of something very heavy.

"How much is this worth to ye?" he demanded of Bridger and the trader. "Have ye any shovels? Have ye any picks? Have ye flour, meal, sugar—anything?"

"Gold!" exclaimed Jim Bridger. "Kit Carson did not lie! He never did!"

And they did not know how much this was worth. They had no scales for raw gold, nor any system of valuation for it. And they had no shovels and no pickaxes; and since the families had come they now had very little flour at Fort Hall.

But now they had the news! This was the greatest news that ever came to old Fort Hall—the greatest news America knew for many a year, or the world—the news of the great gold strikes in California.

Old Greenwood suddenly broke out, "Have we left the mines an' come this far fer nothin'? I tell ye, we must have supplies! A hundred dollars fer a pick! A hundred dollars fer a shovel! A hundred dollars fer a pair o' blankets! An ounce fer a box of sardines, damn ye! An ounce fer half a pound o' butter! A half ounce fer a aig! Anything ye like fer anything that's green! Three hundred fer a gallon o' likker! A ounce fer a box o' pills! Eight hundred fer a barrel o' flour! Same fer pork, same fer sugar, same fer coffee! Damn yer picayune hides, we'll show ye what prices is! What's money to us? We can git the pure gold that money's made out of, an' git it all we want! Hooray fer Californy!"

He broke into song. His comrades roared in Homeric chorus with him, passing from one to another of the current ditties of the mines. They declared in unison, "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man!" Then they swung off to yet another classic ballad:

There was an old woman who had three sons—
Joshua, James and John!
Josh got shot, and Jim got drowned,
And John got lost and never was found,
And that was the end of the woman's three sons,
Joshua, James and John.

Having finished the obsequies of the three sons, not once but many times, they went forward with yet another adaptation, following Old Greenwood, who stood with head thrown back and sang with tones of Bashan:

Oh, then Susannah, don't you cry fer me!
I'm goin' to Californuah, with my wash pan on my knee.

The news of the gold was out! Bridger forgot his cups, forgot his friends, hurried to Molly Wingate's cart again.

"Hit's true, Miss Molly!" he cried—"truer'n true hitself! Yan's men just in from Californy, an' they've got two horseloads o' gold, an' they say hit's nothin'—they come out fer supplies. They tried to stop Will Banion—they did trade some with Woodhull. They're nigh to Humboldt by now an' goin' hard. Miss Molly, gal, he's in ahead o' the hull country, an' got six months by hisself! Lord give him luck! Hit'll be winter afore the men back East kin know. He's one year ahead—thanks to yer lie to me an' mine to Kit and Kit's to his general.

"Gold! Ye kain't hide hit an' ye kain't find hit an' ye kain't dig hit up an' ye kain't keep hit down. Miss Molly, gal, I like ye, but how I do wisht ye was a man, so's you an' me could celebrate this here, fitten!"

"Listen!" said the girl. "Our bugle! That's assembly!"

"Yes, they'll all be there. Come when ye kin. Hell's a poppin' now!"

The emigrants, indeed, deserted their wagons, gathering in front of the stockade group after group. There was a strange scene on the far-flung, unknown, fateful borderlands of the country Senator McDuffie but now had not valued at five dollars for the whole. All these now, halfway across, and with the ice and snow of winter cutting off pursuit for a year, had the great news which did not reach publication in the press of New York and Baltimore until September of 1848. It did not attain notice on the floor of Congress until December fifth of that year, although this was news that went to the very foundation of this republic, which, indeed, was to prove the means of the perpetuity of this republic.

The drunken hunters in their ragged wools, their stained skins, the emigrants in their motley garb—come this far they knew not why, since men will not admit of destiny in nations—also knew not that they were joying over the death of slavery and the life of the Union. They did not know that now, in a flash, all the old arguments and citations over slavery and secession were ancient and of no avail. The wagoners of the Sangamon, in Illinois, gathered here, roistering, did not know that they were dancing on the martyr's grave of Lincoln, or weaving him his crown, or buying shot and shell for him to win his grievous ordeal, brother against brother. Yet all those things were settled then, beyond that range of the Rockies which senators had said they would not spend a dollar to remove, "were they no more than ten feet high."

Even then the Rockies fell. Even then the great trains of the covered wagons, driven by men who never heard of destiny, achieved their places on the unwritten scroll of Time.

The newcomers from beyond the Sierras, crazed with their easy fortune, and now inflamed yet further by the fumes of alcohol, even magnified the truth, as it then seemed. They spent their dust by the handful. They asked for skillets, cooking pans, that they could wash more gold. They wanted saws, nails, axes, hammers, picks. They said they would use the wagon boxes for Long Toms. They said if men would unite in companies to dam and divert the California rivers they would lay bare ledges of broken gold which would need only scooping up. The miners would pay anything for labor in iron and wood. They would buy any food and all there was of it at a dollar a pound. They wanted pack horses to cross the Humboldt Desert loaded. They would pay any price for men to handle horses for a fast and steady flight.

Because, they said, there was no longer any use in measuring life by the old standards of value. Wages at four bits a day, a dollar a day, two dollars, the old prices—why, no man would work for a half hour for such return when any minute he might lift twenty dollars in the hollow of an iron spoon. Old Greenwood had panned his five hundred in a day. Men had taken two thousand—three—in a week; in a week, men, not in a year! There could be no wage scale at all. Labor was a thing gone by. Wealth, success, ease, luxury was at hand for the taking. What a man had dreamed for himself he now could have. He could overleap all the confining limits of his life, and, even if weak, witless, ignorant or in despair, throw all that aside in one vast bound into attainment and enjoyment.

Rich? Why should any man remain poor? Work? Why should work be known, save the labor of picking up pure gold—done, finished, delivered at hand to waiting and weary humanity? Human cravings could no longer exist. Human disappointment was a thing no more to be known. In California, just yonder, was gold, gold, gold! Do you mind—can you think of it, men? Gold, gold, gold! The sun had

Here, You're at Your Best

no matter what you wish to do

By A Traveler

A "Southern California Summer" is an experience that you, perhaps, have yet to enjoy. I have enjoyed many since I first heard of their almost unbelievable attractions. Ninety nights in June, July and August *under blankets* is the rule.

A friend once amazed me with that statement. I had never been to California. But I travel widely, and once went there—to see for myself.

I've spent seven summers there since then.

In no other land are there so many different diversions and strange sights. And nowhere else, it seems, do you *feel* as you do here.

You're at your best in golf and every other sport. It's in the air. And there's interesting change wherever you may turn.

Lunch on a great desert like Sahara. Dinner that evening in a famous restaurant in one of the world's large cities. The same evening, a visit to the seashore.

4,000 miles of paved highways, smooth as city streets, to take you to these places.

You fish in mountain lakes or streams, rest at mountain camps, ride horseback over wild trails, bathe at a seashore resort at the foot of a mountain range.

Such is this great summer playground from end to end.

Stupendous hundred-mile views are everywhere on clear days from many points.

And all these diversions within a radius of a hundred-mile drive over perfect roads.

Add these attractions to an ideal summer climate warm days and nights that are *really cool* and you have not an imaginary summer wonderland, as this may seem, but one *in fact*.

Southern California is America's ideal summer as well as winter resort. Average mean temperature: June, 66 degrees; July, 70 degrees; August, 71 degrees; September, 69 degrees.—The 44-year record of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Summer? An amazing summerland—you'll never spend a more delightful, restful, interesting summer anywhere. Best of all, you'll have this *complete change!* And in that feature is the *real value* of vacations.

Ask any railroad ticket office for further information, or mail coupon below.

Special, low-rate, round trip fares beginning May 15th—*No more War Tax.*

Plan now for this summer. Let the family have this great change and great trip.

All-Year Club of Southern California

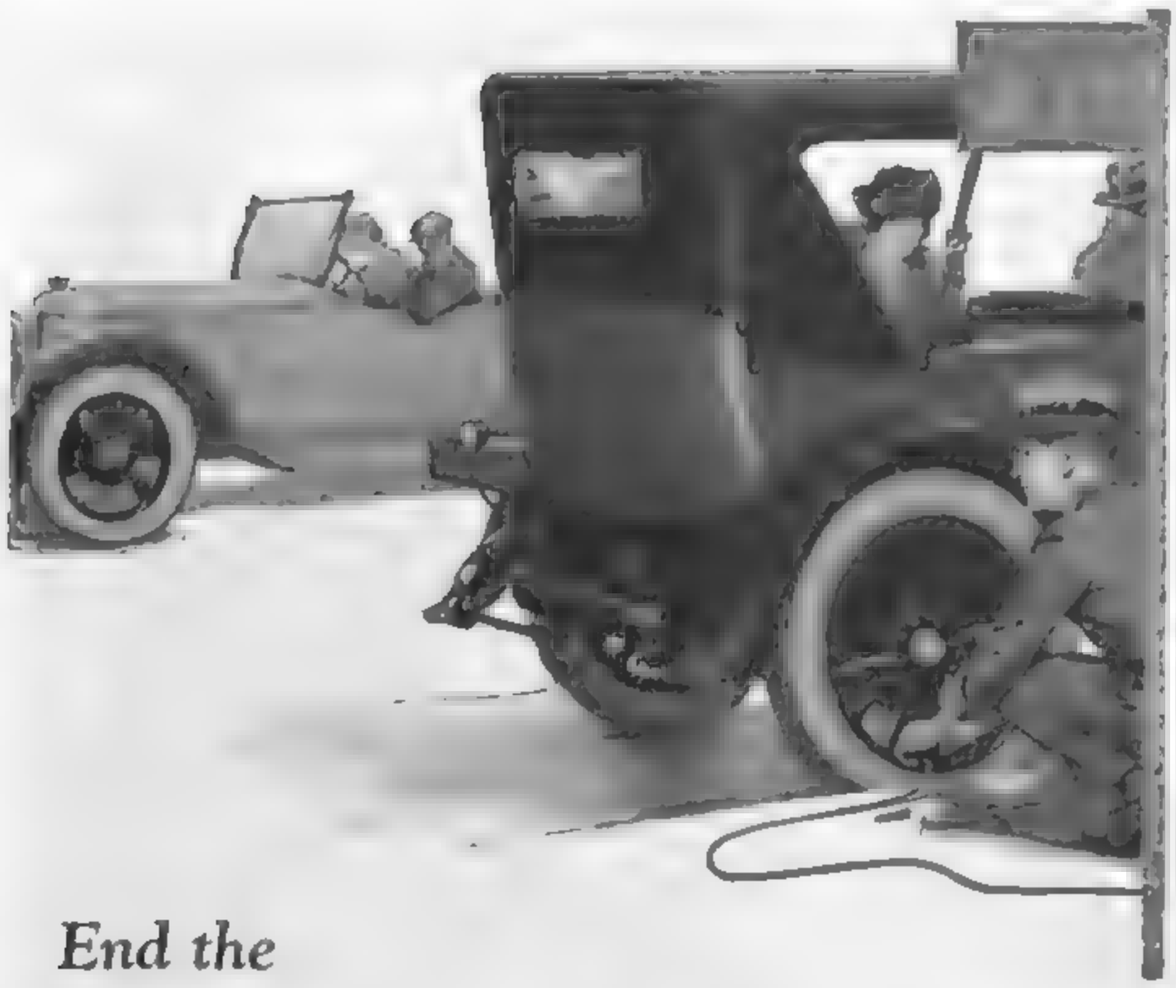
Dept. M 205 Los Angeles, Calif

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. M 205, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about the summer vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name _____

Address _____



End the

Re-pumping Nuisance!

Put on the new Trex Lock and pump your tires Only Once

All you need are your fingers, a small wrench and three minutes to attach a Trex Lock to your tire, and end the tire-pumping nuisance once for all.

You simply take out the ordinary valve insides and throw away. Then attach the Trex Lock onto the regular valve stem.

Many motorists think the old fashioned tire valve is "good enough"—until they figure up how much valuable time they waste week-in-and-week-out keeping the tires pumped—waiting in line for air—washing off the dirt and grease—and all the rest.

The Trex Lock means *full mileage* from every tire, with nothing to take care of. Fits any tire and is interchangeable; outlasts the car itself. All metal, double-locking the air passage; no rubber parts to rot or deteriorate. Needs no dust cap.

Displayed in our attractive orange and black boxes, each containing five locks, suitable for the four tires and spare tire on one motor car. Sold singly if you desire—only $1 for each tire. Backed by a guarantee.

Get a set for your car today. If your dealer has not yet put in his stock, write direct to us.

ACTUAL SIZE

1. Positively locks the air in your tires; adds more mileage, through perfect inflation.
2. Eliminates trouble of re-pumping, and premature blow-outs due to rim cuts.
3. Fits any tire, any motorist can attach in three minutes.

Price $1 for each tire

THE TREXLER COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturers of the famous Trex Tire Tool and other high-grade automotive products

Factories: WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

TREX

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AIR VALVE LOCK

arisen at last on the millennial day! Now might man be happy and grieve no more forever!

Arguments such as these did not lack and were not needed with the emigrants. It took but a leap to the last conclusion. Go to California? Why should they not go? Had it not been foreordained that they should get the news here, before it was too late? Fifty miles more and they had lost it. A week earlier and they would not have known it for a year. Go to Oregon and plow? Why not go to California and dig in a day what a plow would earn in a year?

Call it stubbornness or steadfastness, at last Jesse Wingate's strength of resolution now became manifest. At first almost alone, he stayed the stampede by holding out for Oregon in the council with his captains.

They stood near the Wingate wagon, the same which had carried him into Indiana, thence into Illinois, now this far on the long way to Oregon. Old and gray was Mary Ann, as he called his wagon, by now, the paint ground from felly, spoke and hub, the sides dust covered, the tilt disfigured and discolored. He gazed at the time-worn, sturdy frame with something akin to affection. The spokes were wedged to hold them tight, the rims were bound with hide, worn away at the edges where the tire gave no covering, the tires had been reset again and again. He shook the nearest wheel to test it.

"Yes," said he, "we all show wear. But I see little use in changing a plan once made in a man's best sober judgment. For me, I don't think all the world has been changed overnight."

"Oh, well, now," demanded Kelsey, his nomad Kentucky blood dominant, "no use holding to any plan just for sake of doing it. If something better comes, why not take it? That stands to reason. We all came out here to better ourselves. These men have done in six months what you and I might not do in ten years in Oregon.

"They'd guide us through to California, too," he went on. "We've no guide to Oregon."

Even Caleb Price nodded.

"They all say that the part from here on is the worst—drier and drier, and in places very rough. And the two fords of the Snake—well, I for one wish we were across them. That's a big river, and a bad one. And if we crossed the Blue Mountains all right, there's the Cascades, worse than the Blues, and no known trail for wagons."

"I may have to leave my wagons," said Jesse Wingate, "but if I do I aim to leave them as close to the Willamette Valley as I can. I came out to farm. I don't know California. How about you, Hall? What do your neighbors say?"

"Much as Price says. They're worn out and scared. They've been talking about the Snake crossings ever since we left the Soda Springs. Half want to switch for California. A good many others would like to go back home—if they thought they'd ever get there!"

"But we've got to decide," urged Wingate. "Can we count on thirty wagons to go through? Others have got through in a season, and so can we if we stick. Price?"

His hesitant glance at his staunch trail friend's face decided the latter.

"I'll stick for Oregon!" said Caleb Price. "I've got my wife and children along. I want my donation lands."

"You, Hall?"

"I'll go with you," said Hall, the third column leader, slowly. "Like to try a whirl in California, but if there's so much gold there, next year'll do. I want my lands."

"Why, there's almost ten thousand people in Oregon by now, or will be next year," argued Wingate. "It may get to be a territory—maybe not a state, but anyways a territory, some time. And it's free! Not like Texas and all this new Mexican land just coming in by the treaty. What do you say, finally, Kelsey?"

The latter chewed tobacco for some time.

"You put it to me hard to answer," said he. "Any one of us'd like to try California. It will open faster than Oregon if all this gold news is true. Maybe ten thousand people will come out next year, for all we know."

"Yes, with picks and shovels," said Jesse Wingate. "Did ever you see pick or shovel build a country? Did ever you see steel traps make or hold one? Oregon's ours because we went out five years ago with wagons and plows—we all know that. No, friends, waterways never held a country. No path ever held on a river—that's for exploring, not for farming. To hold a country you need wheels, you need a plow. I'm for Oregon!"

"You put it strong," admitted Kelsey. "But the only thing that holds me back from California is the promise we four made to each other when we started. Our train's fallen apart little by little. I'm ole Kaintucky. We don't rue back, and we keep our word. We four said we'd go through. I'll stand by that. I'm a man of my word."

Imperiously as though he were Pizarro's self, he drew a line in the dust of the trail.

"Who's for Oregon?" he shouted; again demanded, as silence fell, "This side for Oregon!"

And Kelsey of Kentucky, man of his word, turned the stampede definitely.

Wingate, his three friends; a little group, augmenting, crossed for Oregon. The women and the children stood aloof—sunbonneted women, brown, some with new-born trail babes in arms, silent as they always stood. Across from the Oregon band stood almost as many men, for the most part unmarried, who had not given hostages to fortune, and were resolved for California. A cheer arose from these.

"Who wants my plow?" demanded a stalwart farmer from Indiana, more than fifteen hundred miles from his last home. "I brung her this fur into this damned desert. I'll trade her for a shovel and make one more try for my folks back home."

He loosed the wires which had bound the implement to the tail of his wagon all these weary miles. It fell to the ground and he left it there.

"Do some thinking, men, before you count your gold and drop your plow. Gold don't last, but the soil does. Ahead of you is the Humboldt Desert. There's no good wagon road over the mountains if you get that far. The road down Mary's River is a real gamble with death. Men can go through and make roads—yes; but where are the women and the children to stay? Think twice, men, and more than twice!" Wingate spoke solemnly.

"Roll out! Roll out!" mocked the man who had abandoned his plow. "This way for Californy!"

The council ended in turmoil, where hitherto had been no more than a sedate daily system. Routine, become custom, gave way to restless movement, excited argument. Of all these hundreds now encamped on the sandy sagebrush plain in the high desert there was not an individual who was not affected in one way or another by the news from California, and in most cases it required some sort of personal decision, made practically upon the moment. Men argued with their wives heatedly; women gathered in groups, talking, weeping. The stoic calm of the trail was swept away in a sort of hysteria which seemed to upset all their world and all its old values.

Whether for Oregon or California, a revolution in prices was worked overnight for every purchase of supplies. Flour, horses, tools, everything merchantable, doubled and more than doubled. Some fifty wagons in all now formed train for California, which, in addition to the long line of pack animals, left the Sangamon caravan, so called, at best little more than half what it had been the day before. The men without families made up most of the California train.

The agents for California, by force of habit, still went among the wagons and urged the old arguments against Oregon—the savage tribes on ahead, the forbidding desolation of the land, the vast and dangerous rivers, the certainty of starvation on the way, the risk of arriving after winter had set in on the Cascade Range—all matters of which they themselves spoke by hearsay. All the great West was then unknown. Moreover, Fort Hall was a natural division point, as quite often a third of the wagons of a train might be bound for California even before the discovery of gold. But Wingate and his associates felt that the Oregon immigration for that year, even handicapped as now, ultimately would run into thousands.

It was mid-morning of the next blazing day when he beckoned his men to him.

"Let's pull out," he said. "Why wait for the Californians to move? Bridger will go with us across the Snake. 'Twill only be the worse the longer we lie here, and our wagons are two weeks late now."

(Continued on Page 137)

Bring Your Car Up on Havoline

The enjoyment you obtain from your *new* car when it has become an *old* car depends very largely upon the lubrication its motor receives during the first 500 miles of running. To insure a happy old age for the youngster, *feed it Havoline Oil and don't drive over 25 miles an hour.*

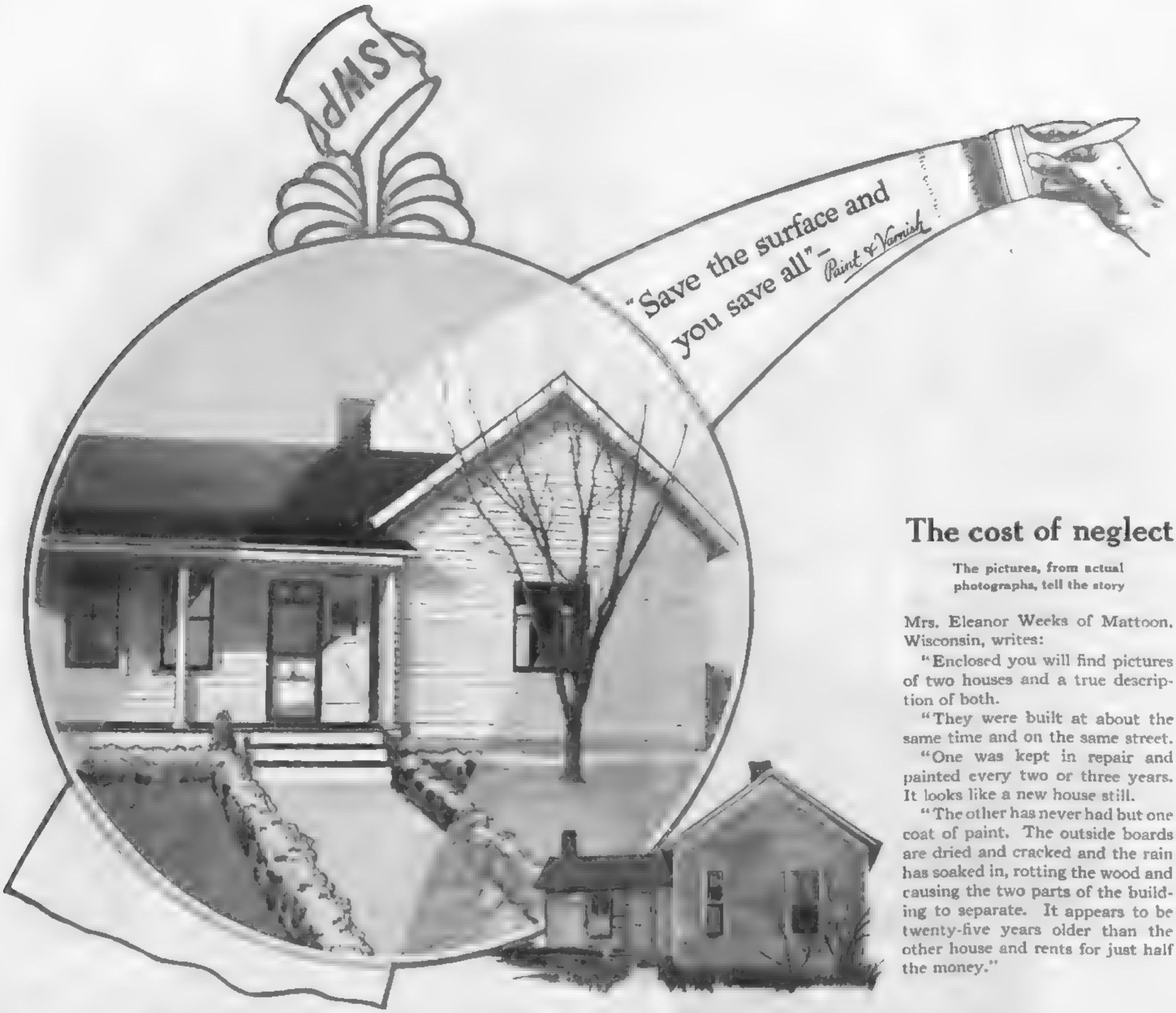
Havoline has been giving new cars a proper start in life since the days when side baskets were part of a car's necessary equipment. It has grown up with the automobile.

Havoline engineers have enjoyed the unique opportunity of studying problems of lubrication during the years in which the single cylinder motor has developed into the four, the six, twin six, and eight. That they have profited by the opportunity is attested by the unsurpassed quality of Havoline Oil. You can get no better lubricant for your car.

The better dealers throughout the country sell Havoline. You can buy it from the quart measure or can as you prefer. Look for the Havoline Sign. Ask for Havoline. There is a grade which will exactly meet the requirements of your motor.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
New York
Branch offices in 158 cities

HAVOLINE OIL



The cost of neglect

The pictures, from actual photographs, tell the story

Mrs. Eleanor Weeks of Mattoon, Wisconsin, writes:

"Enclosed you will find pictures of two houses and a true description of both.

"They were built at about the same time and on the same street.

"One was kept in repair and painted every two or three years. It looks like a new house still.

"The other has never had but one coat of paint. The outside boards are dried and cracked and the rain has soaked in, rotting the wood and causing the two parts of the building to separate. It appears to be twenty-five years older than the other house and rents for just half the money."

You believe in paint—but *do* you paint?

YOU may intend to paint—later. The place looks pretty good yet, and you think another year won't matter.

But decay feeds upon the property of those who may believe in painting but who put off doing it. Paint saves the surface only when applied, and then only when it is the kind of paint that saves.

For every surface inside and outside your home there is a Sherwin-Williams finish—a paint, varnish, stain or enamel—that is made exactly right for such a surface. These finishes are scientifically made from pure materials and their reliability has been proved over a period of 55 years.

See the Sherwin-Williams dealer near you.

Send 50 cents (65 cents in Canada) for *The Home Painting Manual*, the most complete work on painting ever compiled. 170 pages of text; 27 color plate pages.

Sent Free.—Set of eight color plates, showing modern effects in interior decoration and attractive combinations for exterior painting. Address The Sherwin-Williams Co., 601 Canal Road, N.W., Cleveland, Ohio.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PRODUCTS
PAINTS AND VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 134)

The others agreed. But there was now little train organization. The old cheery call, "Catch up! Catch up!" was not heard. The group, the family, the individual now began to show again. But after their leaders came, one after another, rattling, faded wagons, until the dusty trail that led out across the sage flats had a tenancy stretched out for over a half mile, with yet other vehicles falling in behind. Silent and grim were young and old now over this last defection.

"About that old man Greenwood," said Molly Wingate to her daughter as they sat on the same jolting seat, "I don't know about him. I've saw elders in the church with whiskers as long and white as his'n, but you'd better watch your hog pen. For me, I believe he's a liar. It like enough is true he used to live back in the Rockies in Injun times, and he may be eighty-five years old, as he says, and California may have a wonderful climate, the way he says; but some things I can't believe.

"He says, now, he knows a man out in California, a Spanish man, who was two hundred and fifty years old, and he had quite a lot of money, gold and silver, he'd dug out of the mountains. Greenwood says he's known of gold and silver for years, himself. Well, this Spanish man had relatives that wanted his property, and he'd made a will and left it to them; but he wouldn't die, the climate was so good. So his folks allowed maybe if they sent him to Spain on a journey he'd die and then they'd get the property legal. So he went, and he did die; but he left orders for his body to be sent back to California to be buried. So when his body came they buried him in California, the way he asked—so Greenwood says.

"But did they get his property? Not at all! The old Spanish man, almost as soon as he was buried in California dirt, he came to life again! He's alive to-day out there, and this man Greenwood says he's a neighbor of his and he knows him well! Of course, if that's true you can believe almost anything about what a wonderful country California is. But for one, I ain't right sure. Maybe not everybody who goes to California is going to find a mountain of gold or live to be three hundred years old!

"But to think, Molly! Here you knew all this away back to Laramie! Well, if the hoorah had started there 'stead of here there'd be dead people now back of us more'n there is now. That old man Bridger told you—why? And how could you keep the secret?"

"It was for Will," said Molly simply. "I had given him up. I told him to go to California and forget me, and to live things down. Don't chide me any more. I tried to marry the man you wanted me to marry. I'm tired. I'm going to Oregon—to forget. I'll teach school. I'll never, never marry—that's settled at last."

"You got a letter from Sam Woodhull too."

"Yes, I did."

"Huh! Does he call that settled? Is he going to California to forget you and live things down?"

"He says not. I don't care what he says."

"He'll be back."

"Spare his journey! It will do him no good. The Indian did me a kindness, I tell you!"

"Well, anyways, they're both off on the same journey now, and who knows what or which? They both may be three hundred years old before they find a mountain of gold. But to think—I had your chunk of gold right in my own hands, but didn't know it! The same gold my mother's wedding ring was made of, that was mine. It's right thin now, child. You could of made a dozen out of that lump, like enough."

"I'll never need one, mother," said Molly Wingate.

The girl, weeping, threw her arms about her mother's neck. "You ask why I kept the secret, even then. He kissed me, mother—and he was a thief!"

"Yes, I know. A man he just steals a girl's heart out through her lips. Yore paw done that way with me once. Git up, Dan! You, Daisy!

"And from that time on," she added, laughing, "I been trying to forget him and to live him down!"

XXXIX

THREE days out from Fort Hall the vanguard of the remnant of the train, less than a fourth of the original number, saw leaning against a gnarled sagebrush a box lid which had scrawled upon it in straggling letters one word—"California." Here now were to part the pick and the plow.

Jim Bridger, sitting his gaunt horse, rifle across saddle horn, halted for the head of the train to pull even with him.

"This here's Cassia Creek," said he. "Yan's the trail down Raft River to the Humboldt and acrost the Sierrys to Californy. A long, dry jump hit is, by all accounts. The Oregon road goes on down the Snake. Hit's longer, if not so dry."

Small invitation offered in the physical aspect of either path. The journey had become interminable. The unspeakable monotony, whose only variant was peril, had smothered the spark of hope and interest. The allurement of mystery had wholly lost its charm.

The train halted for some hours. Once more discussion rose.

"Last chance for Californy, men," said old Jim Bridger calmly. "Do-ee see the tracks? Here's Greenwood come in. Yan's where Woodhull's wagons left the road. Below that, one side, is the tracks o' Banion's mules.

"I wonder," he added, "why thar hain't ary letter left fer none o' us here at the forks o' the road."

He did not know that, left in a tin at the foot of the board sign certain days earlier, there had rested a letter addressed to Miss Molly Wingate. It never was to reach her. Sam Woodhull knew the reason why. Having opened it and read it, he had possessed himself of exacter knowledge than ever before of the relations of Banion and Molly Wingate. Bitter as had been his hatred before, it now was venomous. He lived thenceforth no more in hope of gold than of revenge.

The decision for or against California was something for serious weighing now at the last hour, and it affected the fortune and the future of every man, woman and child in all the train. Never a furrow was plowed in early Oregon but ran in bones and blood; and never a dollar was dug in gold in California—or ever gained in gold by any man—which did not cost two in something else but gold.

Twelve wagons pulled out of the trail silently, one after another, and took the winding trail that led to the left, to the west and south. Others watched them, tears in their eyes, for some were friends.

Alone on her cart seat, here at the fateful parting of the ways, Molly Wingate sat with a letter clasped in her hand, frank tears standing in her eyes. It was no new letter, but an old one. She pressed the pages to her heart, to her lips, held them out at arm's length before her in the direction of the far land which somewhere held its secrets.

"Oh, God keep you, Will!" she said in her heart, and almost audibly. "Oh, God give you fortune, Will, and bring you back to me!"

But the Oregon wagons closed up once more and held their way, the stop not being beyond one camp, for Bridger urged haste.

The caravan course now lay along the great valley of the Snake. The giant deeds of the river in its cañons they could only guess. They heard of tremendous falls, of gorges through which no boat could pass, vague rumors of days of earlier exploration; but they kept to the high plateaus, dipping down to the crossings of many sharp streams which in the first month of their journey they would have called impassable. It all took time. They were averaging now not twenty miles daily, but no more than half that, and the season was advancing. It was fall. Back home the wheat would be in stack, the edges of the corn would be seared with frost.

The vast abundance of game they had found all along now lacked. Some rabbits, a few sage grouse, nightly coyotes—that made all. The savages who now hung on their flanks lacked the stature and the brave trappings of the buffalo plainsmen. They lived on horse meat and salmon, so the rumor came. Now their environment took hold of the Pacific. They had left the East wholly behind.

On the salmon run they could count on food, not so good as the buffalo, but better than bacon grown soft and rusty. Changing, accepting, adjusting, prevailing, the wagons went on, day after day, fifty miles, a hundred, two hundred. But always a vague uneasiness pervaded. The crossing of the Snake lay on ahead. The moody river had cast upon them a feeling of awe.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

One of the newest Keds for women and girls. White or colored trimming. Welt construction, composition sole.

Sturdy sport shoes, with or without heels. Heavy reinforcements and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated or suction sole.

They not only brought comfort
—they created a new national habit

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, home, sport. High or low, sizes for everyone.

The pessimists said it couldn't be done, but facts show they were wrong! The big development of Keds, with a canvas rubber-soled shoe for everybody and for every need, has changed the summer footwear habits of a nation.

It is the most astonishing growth in the history of American footwear.

Light, cool, easy-fitting, Keds let feet cramped by months of stiff shoes return to their natural form and breathe. And then Keds have a snap in their lines and finish which makes them popular even on the verandas of exclusive clubs.

Why it will pay you to insist on Keds

Back of every pair of Keds are the skill and experience of the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world—growers, manufacturers and distributors of rubber and its products.

Uppers of fine white or colored canvas—soles of tough, springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations—Keds make you proud of their appearance as well as enthusiastic about their comfort and wear.

There are many different kinds of Keds—high and low, plain and athletic-trimmed—styles for outdoors, for home, for every kind of sport.

You can get the kind you wish at your dealer's. If he hasn't them, he will get them for you. But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

"Clean Hands in Business"

It is Thirsty Fibre (millions of him in each ScotTissue Towel) who absorbs four times his weight in water and who is responsible for that essential, thirsty absorbent quality that instantly absorbs the moisture from your hands and face. No other towel is like ScotTissue.

PHYSICALLY clean hands have always been associated with the thought of morally clean ones and the Scott Paper Company has devoted years to making physically clean hands easier to attain.

ScotTissue Towels are synonymous with cleanliness. The drying qualities of ScotTissue have been accomplished through Thirsty Fibre—the medium that gives ScotTissue and ScotTissue Towels alone that most distinctive, thirsty, absorbent characteristic so essential to a real drying towel.

Aside from its great drying power, you can be sure of a genuine ScotTissue Towel only by the imprint of the word SCOTTISSUE on every ScotTissue Towel. If the towel you use is not imprinted SCOTTISSUE, it is not genuine.

Thirsty Fibre—His Biography, a delightful booklet, will be sent free to all who ask for it.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa. New York Philadelphia
Chicago San Francisco

ScotTissue Towels

© S. P. Co.

Around the sage fires at night the families talked of little else but the ford of the Snake, two days beyond the Salmon Falls.

It was morning when the wagons, well drawn together now, at last turned down the precipitous decline which took them from the high plateau to the water level. Here a halt was called. Bridger took full charge. The formidable enterprise confronting them was one of the real dangers of the road.

The strong green waters of the great river were divided at this ancient ford by two midstream islands, which accounted for the selection of the spot for the daring essay of a bridgeless and boatless crossing. There was something mockingly relentless in the strong rippling current, which cut off more than a guess at the actual depth. There was no ferry, no boat nor means of making one. It was not even possible to shore up the wagon beds so they might be dry. One thing sure was that if ever a wagon was swept below the crossing there could be no hope for it.

But others had crossed here, and even now a certain rough chart existed, handed down from these. Time now for a leader, and men now were thankful for the presence of a man who had seen this crossing made.

The old scout held back the company leaders and rode into the stream alone, step by step, scanning the bottom. He found it firm. He saw wheel marks on the first island. His horse, ears ahead, saw them also, and staggeringly felt out the way. Belly-deep and passable—yes.

Bridger turned and moved a wide arm. The foremost wagons came on to the edge.

The men now mounted the wagon seats, two to each wagon. Flankers drove up the loose cattle, ready for their turn later. Men rode on each side the lead yoke of oxen to hold them steady on their footing. Wingate, Price, Kelsey and Hall, bold men and well mounted, taking this work on themselves.

The plunge once made, they got to the first island, all of them, without trouble. But a dizzying flood lay on ahead to the second wheel-marked island in the river. To look at the rapid surface was to lose all sense of direction. But again the gaunt horse of the scout led out, and again the riders waded in, their devoted animals trembling beneath them. Bridger, student of fast fords, followed the bar upstream, angling with it, till a deep channel offered between him and the island. Unable to evade this, he drove into it, and his gallant mount breasted up and held its feet all the way across.

The thing could be done! Jim Bridger calmly turned and waved to the wagons to come on from the first island.

"Keep them jest whar we was!" he called back to Hall and Kelsey, who had not passed the last stiff water. "Put the heavy cattle in first! Hit maybe won't swim them. If the stuff gets wet we can't help that. Tell the womern hit's all right."

He saw his friends turn back, their horses, deep in the flood, plunging through water broken by their knees; saw the first wagons lead off and crawl out upstream, slowly and safely, till within reach of his voice. Molly now was in the main wagon, and her brother Jed was driving.

Between the lines of wading horsemen the draft oxen advanced, following the wagons, strung out, but all holding their footing in the green water that broke white on the upper side of the wagons. A vast murmuring roar came up from the water thus retarded.

They made their way to the edge of the deep channel, where the cattle stood, breasts submerged.

Bridger rose in his stirrups and shouted, "Git in thar! Come on through!"

They plunged, wallowed, staggered; but the lead yokes saw where the ford climbed the bank, made for it, caught footing, dragged the others through!

Wagon after wagon made it safe. It was desperate, but, being done, these matter-of-fact folk wasted no time in imaginings of what might have happened. They were safe, and the ford thus far was established so that the others need not fear.

But on ahead lay what they all knew was the real danger—the last channel, three hundred yards of racing, heavy water which apparently no sane man ever would have faced. But there were wheel marks on the farther shore. Here ran the road to Oregon.

The dauntless old scout rode in again, alone, bending to study the water and the footing. A gravel bar led off for a couple of rods, flanked by deep potholes. Ten rods out the bar turned. He followed it up, foot by foot, for twenty rods, quartering. Then he struck out for the shore.

The bottom was hard, yes; but the bar was very crooked, with swimming water on either hand, with potholes ten feet deep and more all alongside. And worst of all, there was a vast sweep of heavy water below the ford, which meant destruction and death for any wagon carried down. Well had the crossing of the Snake earned its sinister reputation. Courage and care alone could give any man safe-conduct here.

The women and children, crying, sat in the wagons, watching Bridger retrace the ford. Once his stumbling horse swam, but caught footing. He joined them, very serious.

"It's fording, men," said he, "but she's mean, she shore is mean. Double up all the teams, yoke in every loose ox and put six yoke on each wagon, or they'll get swep' down, shore's hell. Some of them will hold the others if we have enough. I'll go ahead, and I want riders all along the teams, above and below, to hold them to the line. Hit can be did—hit's wicked water, but hit can be did. Don't wait—always keep things movin'."

By this time the island was packed with the loose cattle, which had followed the wagons, much of the time swimming. They were lowing moaningly, in terror—a gruesome thing to hear.

The leader called to Price's oldest boy, driving Molly's cart, "Tie on behind the big wagon with a long rope, an' don't drive in tell you see the fust two yoke ahead holdin'. Then they'll drag you through anyhow. Hang onto the cart whatever happens, but if you do get in, keep upstream of any animile that's swimmin'.

"All set, men? Come ahead!"

He led off again at last, after the teams were doubled and the loads had been piled high as possible to keep them dry. Ten wagons were left behind, it being needful to drive back, over the roaring channel, some of the doubled heavy teams for them.

They made it well, foot by foot, the cattle sometimes swimming gently, confidently, as the line curved down under the heavy current, but always enough holding to keep the team safe. The horsemen rode alongside, exhorting, assuring. It was a vast relief when at the last gravel stretch they saw the wet backs of the oxen rise high once more.

"I'll go back, Jesse," said Kelsey, the man who had wanted to go to California. "I know her now."

"I'll go with you," added young Jed Wingate, climbing down from his wagon seat and demanding his saddle horse, which he mounted bare-backed.

It was they two who drove and led the spare yokes back to repeat the crossing with the remaining wagons. Those on the bank watched them anxiously, for they drove straighter across to save time, and were carried below the trail on the island. But they came out laughing, and the oxen were rounded up once more and doubled in, so that the last of the train was ready.

"That's a fine mare of Kelsey's," said Wingate to Caleb Price, who with him was watching the daring Kentuckian at his work on the downstream and more dangerous side of the linked teams. "She'll go anywhere."

Price nodded, anxiously regarding the laboring advance of the last wagons.

"Too light," said he. "I started with a ton and a half on the National Pike across Ohio and Indiana. I doubt if we average five hundred now. They ford light."

"Look!" he cried suddenly, and pointed.

They all ran to the brink. The horsemen were trying to stay the drift of the line of cattle. They had worked low and missed footing. Many were swimming—the wagons were afloat!

The tired lead cattle had not been able to withstand the pressure of the heavy water a second time. They were off the ford!

But the riders from the shore, led by Jim Bridger, got to them, caught a rope around a horn, dragged them into line, dragged the whole gaunt team to the edge and saved the day for the lead wagon. The others caught and held their footing, labored through.

But a shout arose. Persons ran down the bank, pointing. A hundred yards below the ford, in the full current of the Snake, the lean head of Kelsey's mare was

(Continued on Page 141)

Save the Money That Now Goes Into the Scrap Heap

Rust is waste.

By materially shortening the life of your rainspouts and flashings, plumbing pipe and pipe fittings, your roof, your screens and your hardware, rust heaps high the scrap heap—*at your expense.*

Copper and Brass permanently resist rust and are therefore *truly Everlasting.*

Copper and Brass give you generations of expense-proof service. Substitutes give you trouble, repairs, upkeep and renewals.

No matter how you paint, plate or galvanize ordinary metal, nature will have its way—and the result is rust and ruin.

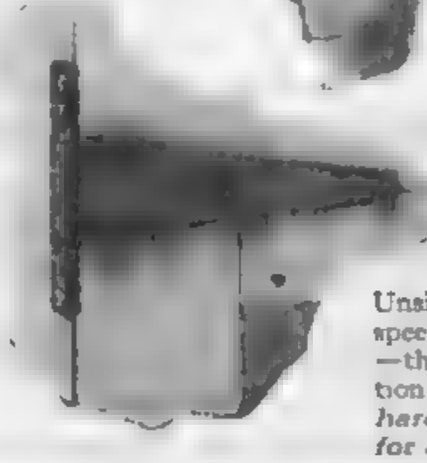
Copper and Brass are cheaper—
you pay for them only ONCE

SUBSTITUTES IN PLUMBING

The rust that quickly forms in substitutes clogs the pipe, eats holes and causes leaks, necessitating repairs and replacements. *Brass permanently resists rust.*

SUBSTITUTES IN SHEET METAL

When leaders and gutters and other sheet metal shapes are not made of Copper they must be replaced every few years. The photograph shows what happens to them. They are a hardy perennial expense. *Copper lasts as long as the house.*

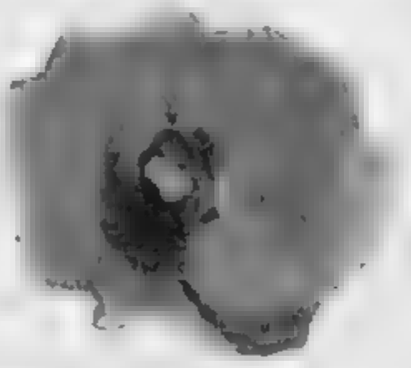


SUBSTITUTES IN HARDWARE

Unsightly streaks of rust, soiled paint, speedy dissatisfaction and early renewal—these are the marks of plated, imitation hardware. *Real Brass or Bronze hardware looks and wears well, not for a few months but forever*

SUBSTITUTES IN SCREENING

Ordinary metal rusts even if you paint it yearly, and insects find even the small holes. *When you have Copper or Bronze screening there is no painting, no renewals, and there is no paint-clogged mesh.*



SUBSTITUTES IN ROOFING

Note the rotted wood around the rusty nail. If you must use wood shingles, Copper or Brass nails will prevent this form of roof disease.

But the economical way is to have an *all-Copper* roof. No paint, no patching, no repairs, no replacements, when you use Copper.

COPPER AND BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway, New York

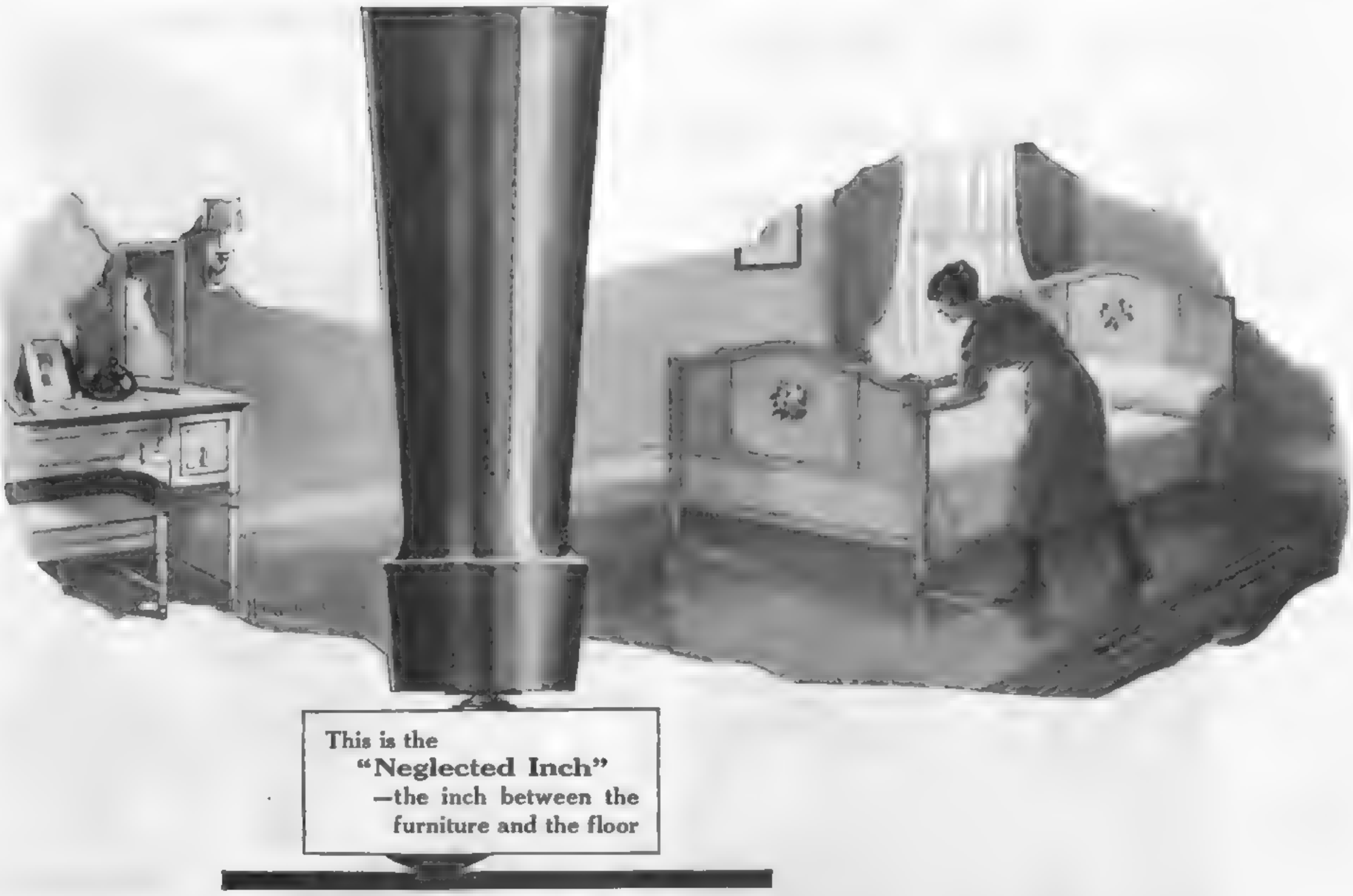
For Home Builders—FREE

COPPER AND BRASS RESEARCH ASS'N
Building Service Dept.
25 Broadway, N. Y.

Please send me without charge my copy of your book, "How to Build a Better Home."

Name _____

Address



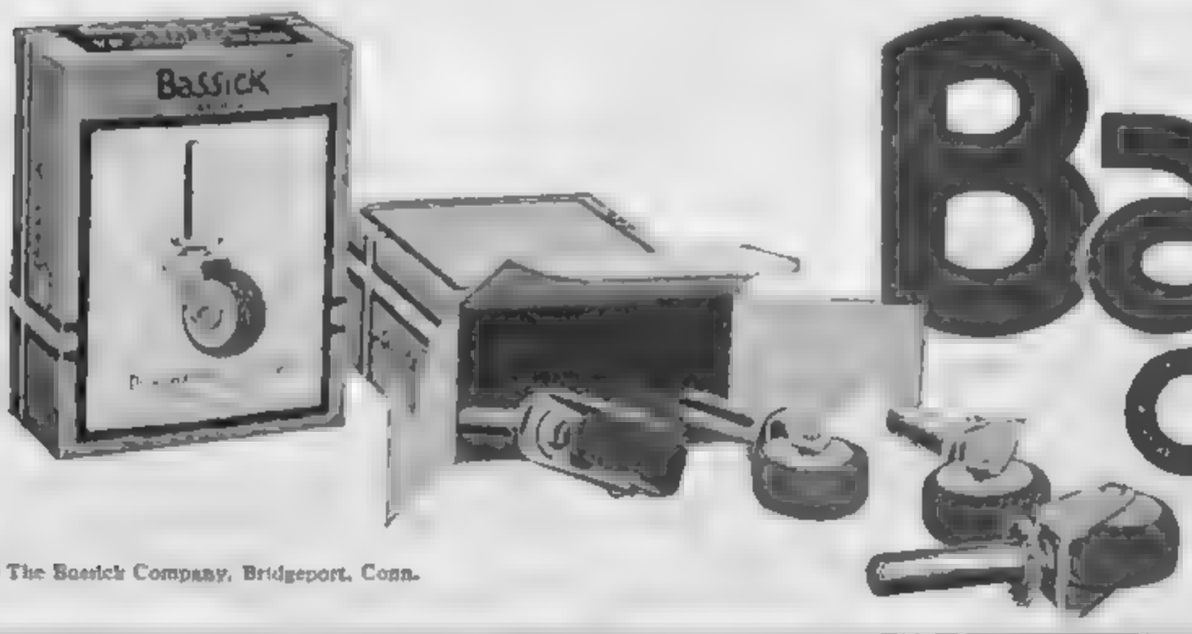
You decide the life of your floors by the Casters you use

IT'S the inch between the furniture and the floor where the casters belong that determines the life and beauty of your floors and floor coverings. Scarred, marred floors and torn rugs result from neglecting that inch.

You push a bed and the casters refuse to swivel; you push harder, forcing the bed to move, dragging the casters broadside across the floor—you know the result: big, unsightly scratches on the floor, strained joints in the bed, all because the casters were neglected.

You cannot afford to be without the proper Bassick Casters on your furniture. The saving to your floors and furniture which they make possible during their first week of use pays their cost many times over. By their superior rolling and swiveling qualities they protect your floors and floor coverings, and add years to the life of your furniture. They make housework easier.

Go over your furniture today and find out just where you need Bassick Casters. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for the name of one who can. Your investment in Bassick Casters is an investment in good floors, long lived and easy moving furniture.



© The Bassick Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

Bassick Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

For thirty years the leading makers of high grade casters for the home, office, hospital, warehouse, and factory.

Continued from Page 138

flat, swimming hard, and steadily being swept downstream in a current which swung off shore below the ford.

"He's all right!" called Jed, wet to the neck, sitting his own wet mount, safe ashore at last. "He's swimming too. They'll make it, sure! Come on!"

He started off at a gallop downstream along the shore, his eyes fixed on the two black objects, now steadily losing distance out beyond. But old Jim Bridger put his hands across his eyes and turned away his face. He knew!

It was now plain to all that yonder a gallant man and a gallant horse were making a fight for life. The grim river had them in its grip at last.

In a moment the tremendous power of the heavy water had swept Kelsey and his horse far below the ford. The current there was swifter, noisier, as though exultant in the success of the scheme the river all along had proposed.

As to the victims, the tragic struggle went on in silence. If the man called no one could hear him above the rush and roar of the waters. None long had any hope as they saw the white rollers bury the two heads of the horse and the man, while the set of the current steadily carried them away from the shore. It was only miracle that the two bobbing black dots again and again came into view.

They could see the mare's muzzle flat, extended toward the shore; back of it, upstream, the head of the man. Whichever brain had decided, it was evident that the animal was staking life to reach the shore from which it had been swept away.

Far out in midstream some conformation of the bottom turned the current once more in a long slant shoreward. A murmur, a sob of hundreds of observers packed along the shore broke out as the two dots came closer, far below. More than a quarter of a mile downstream a sand point made out, offering a sort of beach where for some space a landing might be made. Could the gallant mare make this point? Men clenched their hands. Women began to sob, to moan gently.

When with a shout Jed Wingate turned his horse and set off at top speed down the shore some followed him. The horses and oxen, left alone, fell into confusion, the wagons tangled. One or two teams made off at a run into the desert. But these things were nothing.

Those behind hoped Jed would not try any rescue in that flood. Molly stood wringing her hands. The boy's mother began praying audibly. The voice of Jim Bridger rose in an Indian chant. It was for the dead!

They saw the gallant mare plunge up, back and shoulders and body rising as her feet found bottom a few yards out from shore. She stood free of the water, safe on the bar; stood still, looking back of her and down. But no man rose to his height beside her. There was only one figure on the bar.

They saw Jed fling off; saw him run and stoop, lifting something long and heavy from the water. Then the mare stumbled away. At length she lay down quietly. She never rose.

"She was standing right here," said Jed as the others came. "He had hold of the reins so tight I couldn't hardly open his hand. He must have been dead before the mare hit bottom. He was laying all under water, hanging to the reins, and that was all that kept him from washing on down."

They made some rude and unskilled attempt at resuscitation, but had neither knowledge nor confidence. Perhaps somewhere out yonder the strain had been too great; perhaps the sheer terror had broken the heart of both man and horse. The mare suddenly began to tremble as she lay, her nostrils shivering as though in fright. And she died, after bringing in the dead man whose hand still gripped her rein.

They buried Kelsey of Kentucky—few knew him otherwise—on a hillock by the road at the first fording place of the Snake. They broke out the top board of another tail gate, and with a hot iron burned in one more record of the road:

"Rob't. Kelsey, Ky. Drowned Sept. 7, 1848. A brave man."

The sand long ago cut out the lettering, and long ago the ford passed to a ferry. But there lay, for a long time known, Kelsey of Kentucky, a brave man, who kept his promise and did not rue back, but who never saw either California or Oregon.

"Catch up the stock, men," said Jesse Wingate dully, after a time. "Let's leave this place."

Loads were repacked, broken gear adjusted. Inside the hour the silent gray wagon train held on, leaving the waters to give shriving. The voice of the river rose and fell mournfully behind them in the changing airs.

"I knowed hit!" said old Jim Bridger, now falling back from the lead and breaking off his Indian dirge. "I knowed all along the Snake'd take somebody—she does every time. This mornin' I seed two ravens that flew acrost the trail ahead. Yesterday I seed a rabbit settin' squar' in the trail. I thought hit was me the river wanted, but she's done took a younger an' a better man."

"Man, man," exclaimed stout-hearted Molly Wingate, "what for kind of a country have you brought us women to? One more thing like that and my nerve's gone. Tell me, is this the last bad river? And when will we get to Oregon?"

"Don't be a skeered, ma'am," rejoined Bridger. "A accident kin happen anywheres. Hit's a month on to Oregon, whar ye're headed. Some fords on ahead, yes; we got to cross back to the south side the Snake again."

"But you'll go on with us, won't you?" demanded young Molly Wingate.

They had halted to breathe the cattle at the foot of lava dust slope. Bridger looked at the young girl for a time in silence.

"I'm off my country, Miss Molly," said he. "Beyant the second ford, at Fort Boise, I ain't never been. I done aimed to turn back here an' git back home afore the winter come. Ain't I did enough fer ye?"

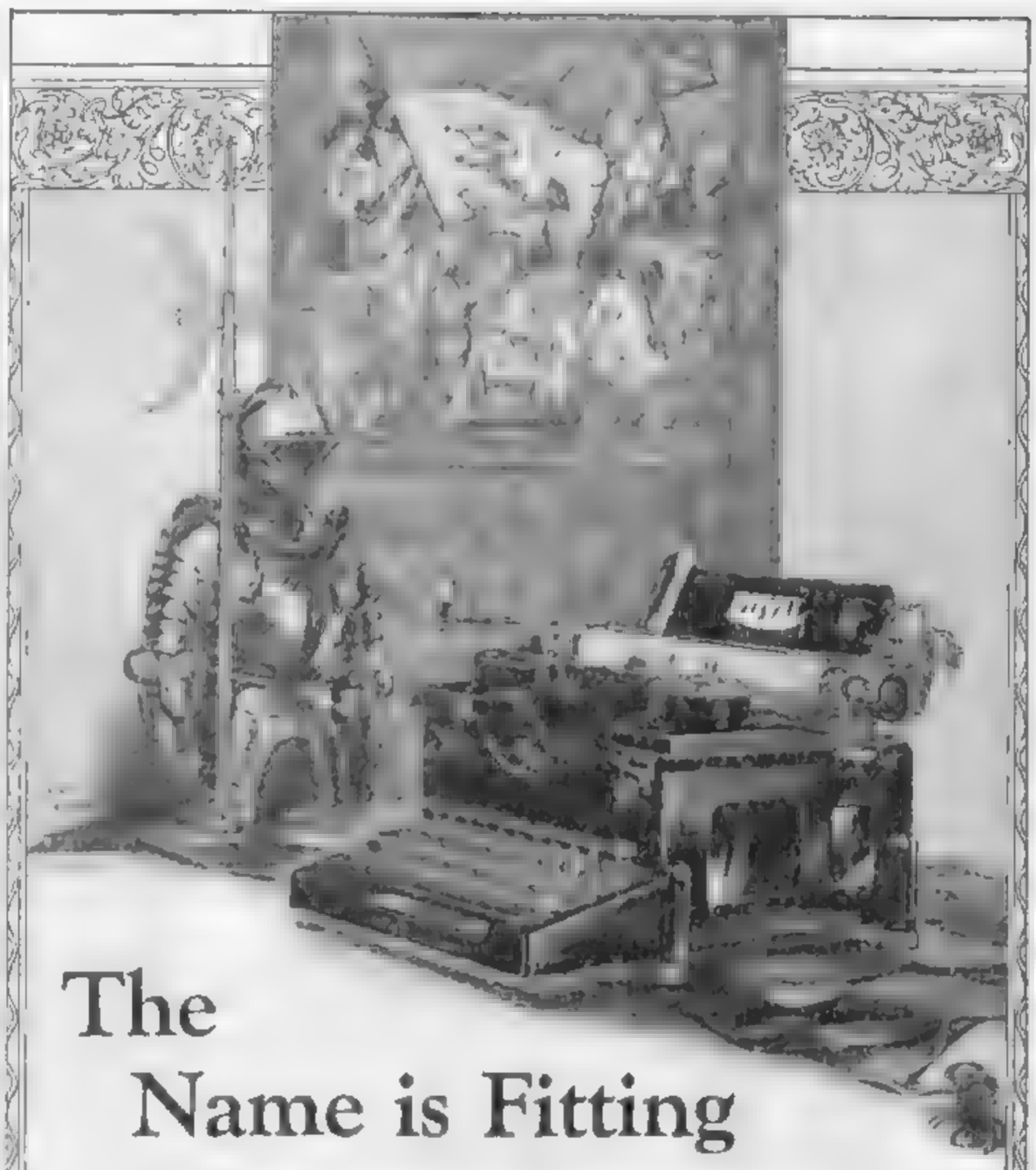
But he hesitated. There was a kindly light on the worn old face, in the sunken blue eye.

"Ye want me to go on, Miss Molly?"

"If you could it would be a comfort to me, a protection to us all."

"Is hit so! Miss Molly, ye kin talk a ol'-time man out'n his last pelt! But sence ye do want me, I'll sornter along a leetle ways furtherer with ye. Many a good fight is spoiled by wonderin' how hit's goin' to come out. An' many a long trail's lost by wonderin' whar hit runs. I hain't never yit been plumb to Californy er Oregon. But ef ye say I must, Miss Molly, why I must; an' ef I must, why here goes! I reckon my womern kin keep my fire goin' ontel I git back next year."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



The Name is Fitting

THE new Royal has all the refinements that would be expected of an aristocrat of typewriters. Its title has been earned, not inherited. It is self-made. Though mute, its actions are unmistakably those of a thoroughbred. It can't help being somewhat exclusive, for masterly craftsmanship has given it true distinction.

There are poise and dignity in the outward appearance of the new Royal that bespeak a fine character within. The cleanness and uniformity of its typing unconsciously suggest good taste, discrimination. Its marked quietness makes it a good companion for concentration. It has a respect for the feelings of others.

The Light-Running, Quiet-Running Royal combines the strength and durability of a fine machine with the responsiveness and accuracy of an instrument—the achievement that makes its name so fitting.

Our fifty-six page book, "The Evolution of the Typewriter", beautifully illustrated in color, will be mailed free on request. Address Department 8.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
364–366 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

ROYAL

LIGHT-RUNNING
QUIET-RUNNING

"Compare the Work"

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUMMER SUN

BUTTONS can come unbuttoned, or break, or fly off, but the

HATCHWAY
NO-BUTTON
UNION SUIT
for Men and Boys

stays put. It gives the maximum of comfort and body freedom with the minimum of time and annoyance. It conforms to the lines of the figure, it's as easy and free as air, and right in style. You may not be the first in the Club locker room to wear The Hatchway, but you'll be ready for the court or the first tee ahead of the rest

And you'll never have to think again of lost buttons and button repairs. No more broken buttons either, that stick edgeways in the buttonhole, or tear clothes or cause discomfort.

See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you, if we have as yet been unable to supply him, or if he is temporarily sold out. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state sizes and numbers of garments required, enclosing remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

Men's Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.50, $2, $3, $5. (The $5 garment is all silk.)
Boys' Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.25
Men's Knitted Suits, $1.50, $2, $3, $3.50.
Boys' Knitted Suits, $1, $1.25

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany New York

Fuld Knitting Mills, Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada

WASPS

(Continued from Page 7)

hospitality. Here it is different. It is hardly too much to say that hospitality doesn't exist. If you are asked to dinner it is either in payment of a like obligation or because you are entertaining. There are no other reasons."

Still, Glenn Thenamy didn't think he'd go. Besides, eight o'clock was too long to wait for supper—he couldn't call any meal after dark dinner. Morris Caner thought he was wise.

"Either you would be a circus for the others or you wouldn't understand what they were talking about."

Thenamy was conscious of a swift resentment. He objected instinctively to the suggestion that he could be found merely ridiculous, and to Caner's disparagement of Mrs. Heming's invitation.

"If you speak of it like that," he said formally, "you change my mind. A lady has wanted me in her house—I can't bother with how things are up here—and there is no reason why I should stay away. I'll go!"

"Good!" Caner spoke cheerfully. "It may interest you; certainly it will be different from anything you are apt to have seen. The truth is, you are so proper that I wanted to spare your blushes. The talk, to put it lightly, will be free—the talk and the lace stockings."

"I'm not a baby!" Thenamy sounded indignant.

"It's laughable to contradict you, of course," Morris asserted; "but in a great many ways you are exactly that, as you may find out."

When the time arrived for Glenn to go in to the Hemings' he was suddenly aware that clothes different from those he had with him would be expected. He was genuinely distressed, and explained his difficulty to Morris Caner with rueful curses.

"That doesn't matter with the Hemings," Morris reassured him. "You are doing them an injustice. Whatever may be said of them, they are not superficial in the sense of breeding."

As it was, Glenn was conspicuously too early. The drawing-room was empty but for himself. It was twenty minutes before Ava Heming appeared. He greeted her warmly, and then once more conducted his gaze elsewhere. Positively, he thought, it was like a meeting with one of those comic-opera girls right off the stage. James, he was told, would be down in a minute.

"I don't know if you'll like the people I've asked to meet you," she proceeded.

"I just will," he retorted vigorously, "since they are your friends."

"Good heaven," she cried, "what could make you suppose that? They are nothing of the sort! It would be too dull. Why, I hate them all, all but you! John Saylor I detest, and Vida—you'll have to tell me what you think of her—and the Ronalds. They are terrible people. Leva Ronald can't be trusted with—with a bread twist. Yet, don't you see, they amuse me. The whole situation has what you might call a kick."

"Don't pay too much attention to Ava," James Heming advised in the doorway. "She's got a shifty little spike hidden in her hand too."

He was, he said, glad to see Glenn Thenamy. The truth was, Glenn penetrated, that he was totally indifferent. All that he said, all his impatient movements, were perfunctory; they covered a totally other preoccupation. He was, and in the same spare hard way, as personable as his wife.

Glenn could plainly see what Morris Caner had meant by "sullen." Heming was more than that—he was sultry; and yet his evident hot temper was at the same time cold; a combination that had made his fighting skillful and dangerous.

The Ronalds came next—an emaciated man with a face and hair almost equally gray, and fingers that seemed as fragile as the dried stems of grasses. When he spoke there were no signs of animation, of recognition, in his voice or on his face. Mrs. Ronald, who was small and as pale as her husband, was, on the contrary, filled with a kind of rasping vitality. She talked a great deal, in a loud unassuring voice, clearly regarding Glenn Thenamy as an acquisition to her experience of people. She asked at once how long he would be with Morris, explaining that she wanted Glenn for dinner. He told her, however, with a polite sentence of regret, that he was returning to Kentucky immediately.

Privately Mrs. Ronald almost terrified him; her insistent voice seemed to come up from the dark emptiness of some cellar. She stood so close to him and gazed so directly into his eyes that he grew uneasy, embarrassed, and then annoyed. She asked him suddenly how he liked her perfume; and, aware of its sharp fragrance, he said that it was elegant.

"Mrs. Ronald has a theory about scent," Ava Heming told him. "She thinks that it makes you perceptible to the right people."

"There's nothing restrained in Ava's explanation," Mrs. Ronald added. She studied Glenn Thenamy. "You smell of apples," she announced.

"That's funny," he replied, "for the tobacco I use is called Green Pippin."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Heming put in. "I had one got for you. It's much nicer than Morris'. You might accept it as a present."

An elaborate brass spittoon was produced with formality; and, simply, he acknowledged her thought. Mr. Ronald, it developed, took snuff. He had a snuffbox of gray Chinese stone, and Glenn, with practiced fingers, accepted its offered pungency. His mother, he said, had been very partial to snuff; but Mr. Ronald's was finer than any he had sampled before.

"Mine," Mrs. Ronald proclaimed, "had a taste for cocaine." Glenn looked at her, puzzled. "My mother!" she particularized. "The old bird flew high, in very fancy clouds."

His distaste for this, his disapproval, must have been marked, for she laughed delightedly. It was her little joke, he told her, with the unpleasant conviction that she had spoken seriously.

"Hers," she corrected him; "I haven't needed it yet."

There was a stir of arrival in the hall—the Saylors; and at the first glimpse of the woman entering through the hangings of the doorway Glenn Thenamy felt that at last here was someone he did understand. Mrs. Saylor, too, was small; but her smallness, in a wisp of dress, was as luxurious as possible. She had a great pile of naturally bright hair and the face of an expensive, an irreproachably flawless doll. On the surface she was unquestionably lovely; she was so lovely that, to meet her closely, brought almost a gasp at her visible perfection. But Glenn didn't stop there; with Mrs. Saylor he was thoroughly at home.

In fact, he hardly more than acknowledged her greeting, and turned, interested, to see her husband. That individual had a broad, disproportionately large face with a deep cleft in the chin, eyes maliciously green in tone and soft, blanched hands. His shirt held but one stud, a magnificent ruby set in a circle of diamonds, and on the little fingers of both hands were long intaglio rings.

James Heming promptly advised Glenn: "Don't ask Saylor to show the engravings on his rings. He'd like nothing better—even he could hardly volunteer—but you wouldn't enjoy them."

In the arrangement of the table Glenn Thenamy sat between Ava Heming and Mrs. Saylor. Heming was opposite his wife, with Ronald on the left. If Glenn gave Mrs. Saylor but little heed she had less for him. Except for a quick nod as he had been introduced, she was, it seemed, unaware of his presence. However, she spoke hardly at all, but addressed herself with a solid attention to dinner. Even at her shoulder, Thenamy thought, she appeared not to be made from living tissue. Her skin, the beautiful mold of her shoulders, had a look of wax. The powder was no drier than the delightful nose it adorned. It was plain she knew that her voice alone, of all her perceptible qualities, was ugly. It was thin, weak, the voice of a mechanical doll, without ring or underlying color.

Her husband Glenn had, as well, dismissed—part of the slush Mrs. Heming had spoken of. But this opinion, as the courses progressed, he was obliged to discard. Saylor was not so featureless as he had seemed. He looked, it was true, like one of the balls of dough Jenny put in soup; but out of that unpleasant exterior a caustic wit flashed and glittered. A great deal, as Caner had predicted, Glenn did not comprehend; and when a meaning was plain to him he half gazed about, incredulous that it could be meant. The faces of the women were masklike.

Glenn was slowly, steadily enveloped in the feeling that the menacing stale spirit he had found in the city was being concentrated into the room in which he sat. The smoke of the cigarettes against the glow of the candles assumed fantastic and sly shapes. He was intensely uncomfortable, wishing that he had, following Caner's advice, stayed away. In this, perhaps, he was no more than a baby.

Glenn didn't like champagne. It was no better, he told himself, than weak cider; but the food was supremely good. Again he wished for Jenny—she'd like those things in crumpled pie crust. But why wouldn't the servants just put the dishes on the table and get out of sight? He decided that, as a class, he hated servants; the smug girls and the tallow-faced men.

He withdrew from the conversation—the Hemings comfortably didn't pester him—and watched the expressions, studied the voices around him. Ronald, whose head might have been dipped in a dust box, was abstracted, contemptuous of the others. Not a man, Glenn decided, to whom he'd like to try to sell oil. After a minute's direct talk with Ronald he would want to knock his face in. Mrs. Ronald continued to bring her loud, empty tones out of an inner void. She drank continuously; the bottles in their white napkins were always at her glass. But it didn't affect her—pouring it into that cellar! Glenn Thenamy realized now that what Mrs. Heming said about the people there was true; she disliked them strongly. But then, everyone, including his wife, disliked Saylor. He knew this, Glenn gathered, and got a form of pleasure from it. James Heming listened to him with a vertical frown between his abrupt eyebrows. It seemed to Glenn that Heming was waiting for Saylor to pass what boundary of the permissible did exist. If the latter made a mistake, Glenn continued his thought, he would come up against an implacable barrier to his peculiar humor.

This, it became evident, he would not do; and Glenn turned from him to James Heming. He saw the mark of a special and personal enmity to Saylor in Heming's frowning attention. He wondered over that; and, wondering, his gaze rested on Mrs. Saylor. She practically never spoke to Heming, nor glanced toward him. The man, though, glanced swiftly but comprehensively at her when the dinner was otherwise occupied. He didn't, specially, speak to her; yet what he said had the effect of echoing her few remarks.

Glenn Thenamy speculated upon that. Mrs. Saylor, he considered, was so easily understood that he couldn't quite believe Heming was stupid enough to be interested—caught, really—by her. Why, his wife, Ava Heming, was worth a thousand bundles of such thin tinder! At least she was a thoroughbred. So was James Heming; Glenn was obliged to admit that of both of them. Here, he went on, they were out of place. That was it! So was he. Glenn had a strange ability—a consciousness of danger close, but hidden from him. On more than one occasion, whirling sharply, he had met, conquered, a threatening occasion swiftly and silently overtaking him from the back. He knew, as he put it to himself, when things were wrong. And that sensation was very strong upon him now. In some way, too, it threatened the Hemings. His valuable premonition of calamities extended to all three of them.

There wasn't anything that he could do, no evident steps for safety could be taken. The servant at his back had no intention, for instance, of shooting him. This wasn't the oil tracts of Kentucky. The oppression, however, persisted. He had an absurd impulse to warn James Heming, to make him a signal that would put him alertly on his guard. He wanted to send Mrs. Heming into cover. Glenn's attention swung back to Saylor, and he had a conviction with regard to him. If Saylor came into Bennings County he wouldn't last long—he would meet up with an accident. There would, to put it abruptly, be a coroner's inquest, or what locally had the appearance of one; there would be an inquest at which he, Glenn Thenamy, might be called on to make a few remarks—an explanation, in

(Continued on Page 145)

Send for our Book: *Printing Gets Things Done*

They Are Called Desk Workers

Is your office full of desk workers who are always moving about?

These men are not trying to kill time. They are trying to get work done with incomplete information or by instructions they do not clearly understand.

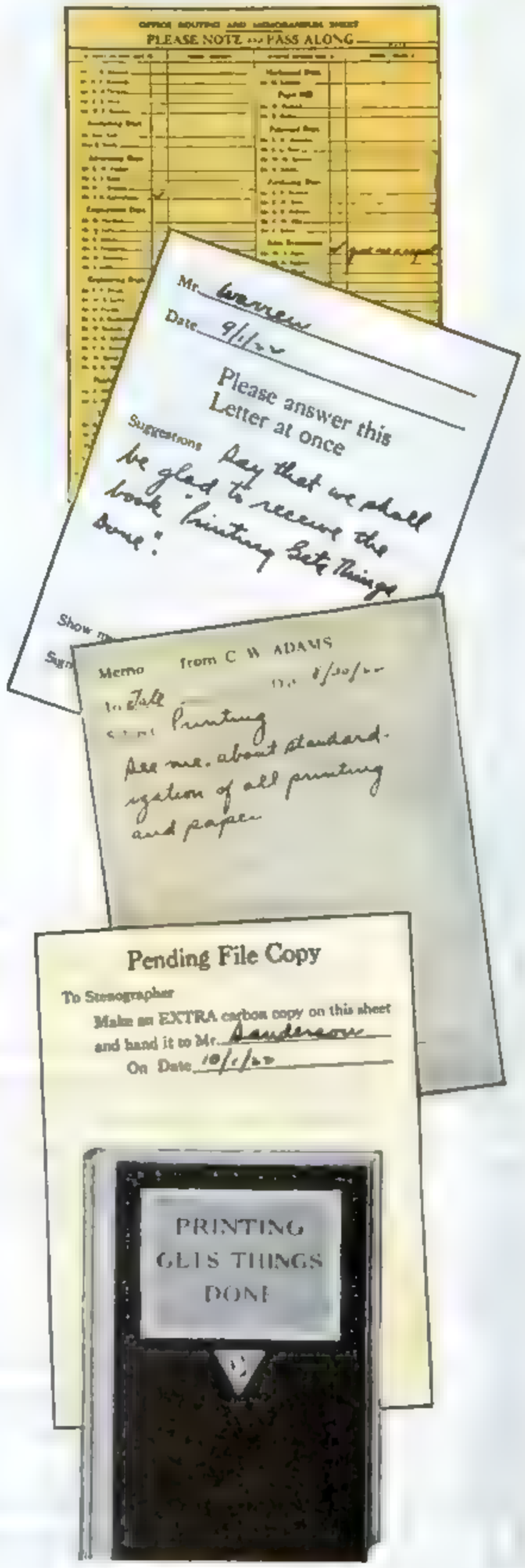
The answers to all the questions men run about to ask can usually be obtained from information on printed forms—if your office has the forms and uses them.

If you haven't the right forms or don't know how to get them used, send for our book, "Printing Gets Things Done."

This book tells how printing words on paper saves time, money, telephoning, and shoe leather. It shows specimens that get work done and effect important business economies. It shows how forms remind men of what they would otherwise forget—how a check-mark on a list may save half a day's time, how the knowledge that certain information is on a specified form, in a specified place, may be the difference between order and confusion in an office.

Some forms live but a day. Others serve as permanent and important records. The paper for this work should be low in price, yet clean, strong, and durable.

Hammermill Bond in white or in any one of twelve colors is remarkably well suited to this kind of printing. Your printer has Hammermill Bond in stock, or can quickly get it. Hammermill Bond, being widely used, is quickly accessible in every city and always uniform in quality.


PLEASE NOTE and PASS ALONG
Mr. Lawrence
Date 9/1/xx
Please answer this Letter at once
Suggestions Say that we shall be glad to receive the book "Printing Gets Things Done"
Memo from C. W. ADAMS
Printing
See me about standardization of all printing and paper
Pending File Copy
To Stenographer
Make an EXTRA carbon copy on this sheet and hand it to Mr. Sanderson
On Date 10/1/xx
PRINTING GETS THINGS DONE

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

IN this free book, "Printing Gets Things Done," you will find specimens of many time-saving forms. The forms shown here help to keep work cleared and permit an executive to know his business without attending to all of it.

When we first showed Allen A Summerwear to one of our metropolitan dealers, he said:

"You people have the nicest Spring Needle Knitted Underwear business in this country—and you deserve it. What do you want to go into the WOVEN underwear field for?"

Our answer is this:

If a man feels that the athletic style of underwear makes him more comfortable in hot weather, he ought to have the best garment of the kind that can be made.

Generous, easy fitting. And money's worth beyond question.

He deserves to be protected against substitution, imitation and goods inferior in any detail.

This is the meaning of the Allen A Brand.

Not only is it your sure guide to the same good underwear every time.

It is protecting your Allen A dealer in giving you the uniform and dependable service you expect in return for your custom.

Allen A
Summerwear
For Men & Boys

The first and only Summerwear that can satisfy the man who wears Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Knitted for Fall and Winter. Incomparable in comfort, fit and service. Silk, Soisette, Madras, Mercerized Net.

Look for the Master Brand —*Allen A.*

It carries with it the *personal pledge* of the maker's responsibility for uniform high quality and money's worth.

Allen A is the maker's Mark of Identification on the *genuine*

ALLEN A Summerwear
COOPER'S-BENNINGTON
Spring Needle Underwear
BLACK CAT Hosiery

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Copyright, 1922, The Allen A Company

(Continued from Page 142)

fact. James Heming was wasting valuable time waiting for Saylor to make an error; there were occasions when it was wise to take an error for granted, to consider it done. This Saylor was an error in himself. But if Heming was infatuated with Saylor's wife, then the sullen James was making a mistake of heroic size. The trouble was that Glenn couldn't say anything, not even to Ava Heming—least of all to Ava. Heming would have to fall into the pit and scramble out if it was possible. It was too bad; and Glenn would speak about it to Morris Caner, his friend. Saylor turned to him.

"Kentucky?"

"Yes, sir, Kentucky."

"A state with only a leaden argument."

"They are covering them in steel."

"A hole."

"No, sir—a grave."

"The women used to be beautiful; they are no longer, if I can judge from Louisville; but ——"

"Still very noble."

Glenn thought he had better interrupt him. The continuation of Saylor's sentence, he was afraid, would be embarrassing to a social occasion.

Saylor said, generally, "I didn't know that word 'noble' was still pronounced."

"It isn't needed a great deal," Mrs. Heming returned; "but perhaps it is still useful in Kentucky."

"Yes, ma'am," Glenn assented. "It is, right smart."

"He is about to recall the Alamo." This was Saylor.

"Not here; not with you around."

Glenn wondered if he might, with even an approximate safety, kill him. Then he remembered that such a light blasphemy was common here. He had no wish to make himself absurd. The best thing for him to do was to shut up, and he drew reflectively on a superlative cigar. Why didn't Morris stop his nonsense about the oil tract and buy her? If the ribbon on that sleeve broke he would dive under the table; he'd never reach the door. Glenn was certain of this. He caught an angle of Mrs. Heming's gaze, a compression of her mouth, which further enlightened him.

What—Glenn demanded heatedly of Morris Caner—kind of a way was that to do? He had left the Hemings' soon after dinner, and finding Caner in the drawing-room he had swept into a picturesque denunciation of the whole situation in the house next door.

"You can put all the oil in Kentucky on the fact that she knows it," he continued; "I saw that just before they got up. Mrs. Heming sees right through them to the wall behind. And she won't say anything, she won't do anything, not to the stir of a finger. That's where she's wrong, but she can't help it, being what she is."

"You take them too seriously," Caner told him. "You don't understand these affairs. Remember, everything here is different from Bennings. What there would mean a great deal, the most possible, is in the long run unimportant with us. Such affairs—you are right about that between Mrs. Saylor and Heming—go on all the time. It's the current relaxation. Reasonable people like Ava Heming pay no attention to them, and they die out when the wood is consumed; they soon grow cold."

"You know more about it than I do." Glenn was unconvinced. "With most of you, perhaps; but not with the Hemings. I think I know them; they might have come right from my country. If they are not careful this business will break them up."

He paused, then explained in a totally fresh and forceful language his precise opinion of Mrs. Saylor. This didn't, apparently, quite satisfy him, for he began again; but Morris interrupted him.

"As a display of words that is remarkable. It seems to me you haven't forgotten any; but you are apparently able to go on. Yet what's the good? The Hemings and their troubles are far out of your district. I am a little surprised at you, Glenn; for your entire philosophy of survival has consented in avoiding whatever lay outside your own purpose."

"I'm surprised at myself," Glenn admitted moodily. "I'd like to have a snatch at that Saylor—put some berries in his pudding. I don't know which I mislike the most—him or his wife. They're a pair!"

"Well, get them out of your head. I suppose you have guessed, you old gimlet, that I have agreed to your criminal proceedings. No, you can't go home tomorrow; you'll leave Monday, and I shall be with you. I want to have one look at this place before my money sinks in it."

Glenn Thenamy rose, and his gravity brought Caner to his feet. Their hands met; but that was all; nothing was said.

As Glenn prepared for bed he listened subconsciously for the usual contentious sounds from the Hemings; but the silence there was unbroken. It was still in the opposite direction too—until Glenn was waked past the middle of night by a paroxysm of the dragging sobs. He sat up in bed, sharply disturbed; and the muffled crying was broken by a shrill high scream. There were others, incredibly prolonged; a volume of fear which, it seemed, must be beyond the capacity of a human throat. There was a crash of falling furniture and broken china, glass, the sound of running feet and terrified voices.

It was, to Glenn Thenamy, not wholly awake, utterly horrible, inhuman. He thought that he could hear a struggle—that was a chair thrown against the wall—then there was quiet again. It was interrupted soon after by the grinding of automobile brakes on the street and the closing of a door. He could not visualize the happening beyond in a rational manner. It seemed to him that the evil about him had attacked a man already spent, wasted, by its opposition.

The following morning he learned that the invalid had been taken, tied, to a hospital. Glenn was still shaken by it, but a fear of Caner's sense of humor, of being cheerfully derided, kept him silent about his inner feeling. He had an impulse, in spite of all Morris desired, to run, take a train, any train, headed for the South.

He sat by the spittoon, in a nervous constraint, until lunch and after, consoling himself with tobacco and the realization that his chair was squarely planted against a wall—no one much could come up from behind him. His mind shifted finally to Ava and James Heming. Morris was wrong, and it was a shame. A desire touched him to see Mrs. Heming before he left. He fought it off, but it grew; and when he finally recalled the fact that he owed her the courtesy of an acknowledgment of her hospitality he moved reluctantly.

The servant at the Hemings' door, obviously hesitating, at first thought and then was certain she wasn't in. He gave the effect of shutting the door on Thenamy, a possibility that Glenn resented with a contrary shove.

"Go find out," he directed curtly.

The other began to object, when Ava Heming appeared in the hall.

"Come in, please," she said, at once. "I have an idea that you want to tell me you are going away. I hope you were successful."

"Those are both right," he replied, inside. Standing and facing her he fell silent. Glenn wanted to say a great deal to her. He had a conviction that she would understand it and allow him, now, to proceed; in some intangible way he recognized that they were friends; but he was unable to think of an appropriate, a permissible beginning.

"Both James and I would have liked to see something of you," she told him.

"I like you too," he answered. "I have been thinking about you a right smart lot, but I don't just see how to put it in words. It's familiar."

"Aren't you nice! And, do you know, I have an idea of what you want to say. Thank you, but it's no good."

She drew in a deep breath, and suddenly he noticed that she was unnaturally pale. Her hand had been cold.

"James and I are too much alike, and he's been finding someone different."

"He is a fool!" Glenn declared concisely.

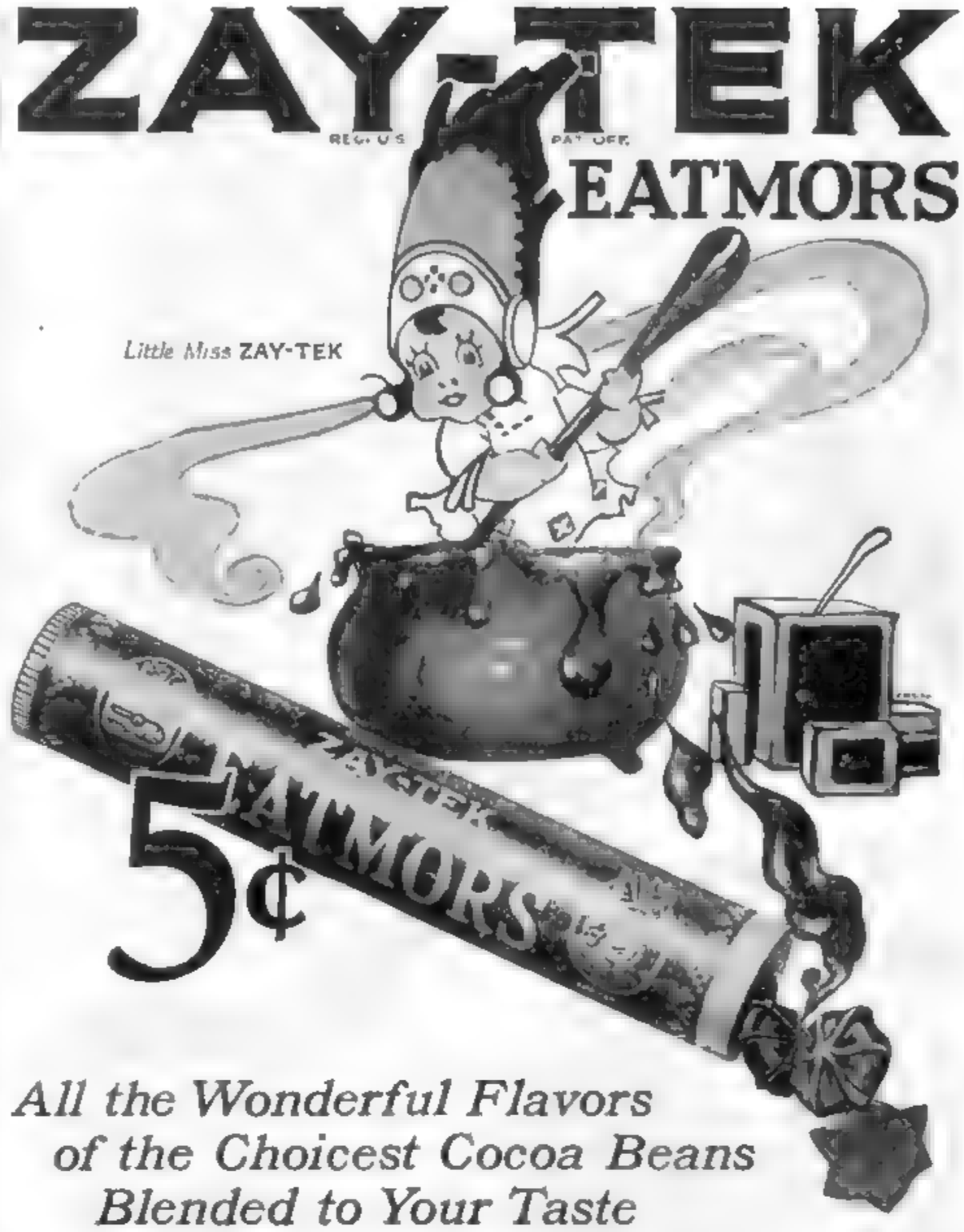
"We'll agree to that, but it doesn't help anything." She stopped. Then, with her gaze directly on Glenn's, she added, "Cort Saylor is upstairs with him now."

"The hell you say!" he replied conversationally, his mind reaching far beyond the fact.

"I don't understand it completely, but generally—yes. I suppose they are fixing this impossible situation."

"That is, Heming must be," he corrected her. "I wouldn't trust that Saylor to fix a corpse. But I wonder"—he spoke with a thoughtful drawl—"I wonder if that James of yours ——"

ZAY-TEK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
EATMORS



All the Wonderful Flavors of the Choicest Cocoa Beans Blended to Your Taste

Never was there a chocolate so luscious, so full of wholesome goodness as Zay-Tek Eatmors.

Rich, red-brown cocoa beans from Brazil and Ecuador; cream-colored cocoa beans from Ceylon and the West Indies, roasted and blended with fragrant vanilla beans, sugar and full-cream milk—these give the Zay-Tek flavor.

Only when you have tasted Zay-Tek Eatmors will you realize their deliciousness, their difference from ordinary makes of chocolate.

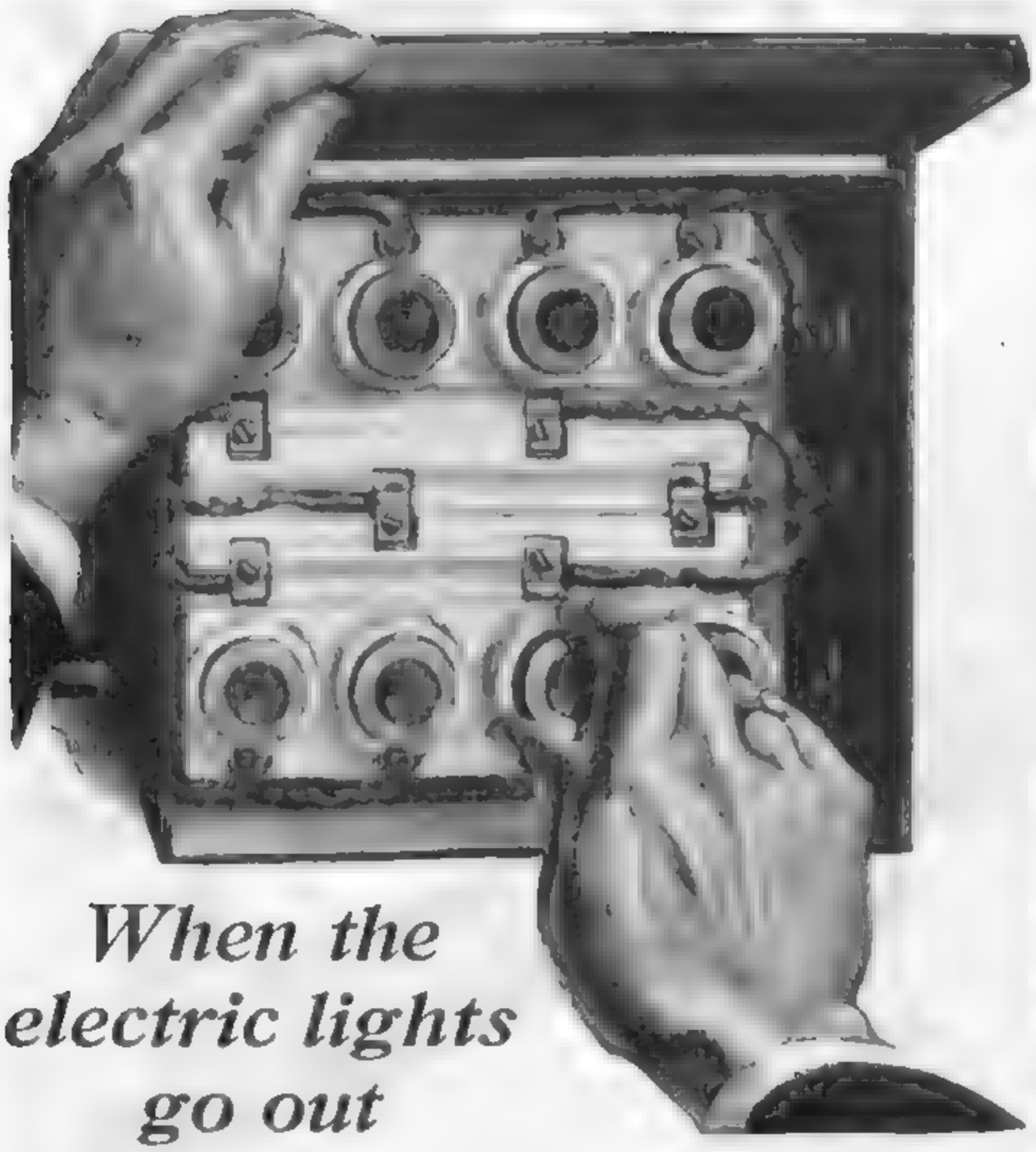
Zay-Tek Eatmors are just sweet enough to bring out the wonderful flavor of the Zay-Tek blend. They do not tire your taste nor cloy your appetite.

And the big red air-tight tube keeps them fresh and pure and firm, even in summer heat.

Buy a big red tube of Zay-Tek Eatmors today. You'll get a new idea of taste-pleasure!

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Penna., U. S. A.

Make a glass of iced Zay-Tek cocoa. It stimulates and delights your taste with its delicious flavor. Try it today. Ask your grocer for Zay-Tek Cocoa in any one of these size cans—1-lb., ½-lb., ⅕-lb.



When the electric lights go out

WHEN the electric lights in your home go out suddenly, you say, "A fuse has blown out"—and it's a simple matter for someone to put in a new fuse and set the lights burning again.

The fuse is the safety valve of your electric wiring system. When wires are overtaxed by a current heavier than they should carry, the melting of the fuse breaks the current and stops its flow, preventing the burning out of all your lamps and eliminating a possible fire danger.

And what is a fuse? Just a little piece of lead alloy wire, which is inserted into the circuit of copper wire and which melts at a lower temperature than the copper.

This is just one of the countless uses of lead in daily life. Lead is all about you in your home. The glaze on your fine china contains lead. There is lead in the rubber stoppers in your bathroom, in the brilliant glass of which your electric-light bulbs are made. The cans of fruit and vegetables that come into your kitchen are sealed with a lead solder.

Most important of all is the use of white-lead as an ingredient in good paint. Paint protects the outside of your home—and the more white-lead the paint contains, the greater its protecting power. White-lead mixed with flatting oil makes a beautiful and durable finish for interior walls and woodwork.

Painted surfaces defy time and weather; unpainted surfaces decay—hence the slogan, nationally known and nationally heeded today, "Save the surface and you save all."

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of

Dutch Boy White-Lead

Write our nearest branch office, Department A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.

"Save the surface and you save all" [illegible]

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh

Some Products Made by National Lead Company

Dutch Boy White-Lead	Orange Mineral
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Lead Wedges
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Lead Gaskets
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Bearing Metals
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Battery Red-Lead
Dutch Boy Solders	Sheet Lead

US Cartridges and Shot Shells

"He isn't mine," she interrupted him.

"—— of yours," he repeated, "can get it done right. I don't know how the land lays here, what his facilities are."

There was a sound of movement through the hall, and Saylor, no different in color and expression from last night, entered, followed by James Heming. The difference in him was tragic. He seemed noticeably older, his mouth was tight and the customary bad-tempered sparkle of his eyes lost.

The two men were surprised to see Glenn Thenamy; there was a momentary and awkward pause.

"Well," Ava Heming asked in a level, emotionless voice, "what have you decided? Can you both love one woman in peace, or has James, or you, Cort, been magnanimous? You'll be surprised to hear that I'm anxious to find out."

"Ava," her husband cried in tones at once brittle and outraged, "how can you?—before a stranger!"

"How can it matter?" she asked. "Everyone soon ——"

In the flood of suffering that inundated him it was apparent that James Heming, as well, forgot Thenamy's presence. He walked sharply up to her.

"Ava," he said, "Cort came here to tell me that—that Vida loves me."

"I care nothing for that," she replied. "I don't understand why you put it like that. Unless—James, how about you?"

He hesitated a long while, and then with tremendous difficulty—in a voice, Glenn thought, that sounded as though it were heard through a wall—he replied, "I do not—love her!"

There wasn't a flicker of expression on Saylor's countenance; his hands were easily thrust into his pockets.

"Still," Ava Heming insisted, "I am in the dark. If you don't love her why don't you say so, simply that, and let's get over with it?"

"You see," Heming labored on, "I didn't realize my feeling until to-day. I—I thought I loved her. It's a terrible position, Ava. I won't insult you by saying now, when it's too late, what I find I have always, at bottom, thought of you. I'm caught—there are letters; no one could get around them."

"At last," she replied, "it's clear to me. Neither you nor Cort wants her, but Cort thinks he can persuade you to have the honor."

"It's a filthy fix," Heming acknowledged.

"I've always admired your mind, Ava," Saylor told her; "there isn't a grain of sugar, of sentimentality in it. With a sentence you have disposed of a situation which took James and me two hours to reach. You're right; I am happy to surrender my—my honor."

"What he threatens to do," Heming proceeded, "is based on a lie. You know that I am truthful, Ava. But I can't prove it. The whole thing—with her to help him; yes, it's like that—has me, as I said, caught. I can either take her, or—but I can't even speak of it to you."

"This Saylor, he's just an ordinary blackmailer," Glenn Thenamy said unexpectedly.

"Extraordinary," Saylor corrected him.

Glenn ignored this; he was addressing James Heming.

"I've been studying on him in here. At first he had me puzzled; but not now—I've got into him. I had a partner ten years ago, in those splendid offices in Lexington, just like him. Imagination," said Glenn Thenamy—"that's his principal trouble, and it's a bad one. This Saylor has too much brains for his carcass. Listen to what happened to Deacon. He did Wentley Pye out of a piece of money, and Pye stopped in to see us.

"I was in Deacon's office and heard all of it. Pye, a little somebody with a half-twisted face, did the talking for us. He told Deacon that he knowed how the money was got, and apologized for wasting our time any. But his father, a very religious man, was old and ailing, and trouble in the family might affect him serious. However, Deacon, he said, when father died, he, Wentley, was going to kill him prompt. Went asked Deacon as a favor not to harm himself in an accident, because he didn't want to be cheated.

"When Pye went out, and with his back to us, I said to Deacon—who had this imagination—that the only thing for him was to shoot Pye before lunch; shoot Pye, I advised him, and Pye's father will have to look out for himself. He kind of agreed with me; but when I met him again, early in the evening, I saw he hadn't done it. He was turning it over in his mind—maybe Pye didn't mean what he said. Pye did. I understood that, and so did Deacon ——"

"Yes," Heming broke in irritably, "but this can't go on here now."

"Wait!" Glenn insisted calmly. "From that minute it was all over with Deacon. He stopped talking and grew shadowy-like. He was always struggling between wanting to talk about Pye's threat and not wanting even to mention it. I told him again to do some killing, but then it was too late.

"After another month or so I was afraid Deacon would shoot himself—in the mouth, with the barrel tilted up, is surest—but instead he plumb disappeared. He left a good business that was getting better every day; Deacon left a nice house and a nicer wife; he left a son coming twenty and a daughter going to be married the next week, and he disappeared—he fell off the earth."

"Well?" Saylor demanded. "Well?"

Glenn turned and faced him.

"Imagination," he repeated hardly. "You got it—you're rotten with it. I thought at first that if Heming didn't tend to you I would, and take a wild chance. You were on the edge of death for more than six seconds. It isn't necessary, and I'm going to tell you why, clear and simple—imagination!

"You know James Heming pretty well, and you realize he's uncertain in his actions—uncertain and vicious. You can gather he's desperate now as well. I am going to speak for him, and explain why murder, as that, ain't necessary. There's a good many ways of getting killed in a city. For that it beats the country to nothing. A city is stuck full of accidents, and you can take my personal word one will meet along with you. Him and me'll see to it. Sometime, not far off—it might be in the evening, and then again at noon—you'll stop. You may get ground up, you may have your head knocked into a splinter; perhaps you will drink—eat something downright unhealthy, fall out of a window. I don't know just what, but it will be with you, sneaking on your heels. If you like, have me bound over; that won't hurt anything with us; I can be bonded and loose. Heming hasn't mentioned a threat. He won't. There is a trick with a thin waxed string—huh! The only slip open to you is to make a mistake about me. Things like this have been a part of my life. I wouldn't give no more thought to you than I would to gutting a rabbit."

He stopped, leaning implacably forward, and Saylor's hands, now out of his pockets, twitched at his sides. He studied Glenn, but it was evident he found no reassurance there.

Glenn Thenamy's glittering eyes, his lipless mouth, stained with tobacco juice, were set in a bitter cruelty. He slowly advanced a steady hand until a fleshless finger very lightly rested over Saylor's heart.

"So help me, my mother!" Glenn swore softly.

He swung immediately back to James Heming.

"You fix your mind on coming South with me in the morning. Ava, she would come with you. I'll tell you honest, I hate to see so much useful badness going to waste. I don't recommend Bennings County, but for you it would be a sky above this.

"It ain't safe, remember; more than likely you'd be shot in a month. This deal Morris Caner is in will need managing. I haven't told him much. He's a nice man and it would hurt him; but the truth is, James, that we're going to put fire to some oil rigs. Anyone watching them will be unlucky. Morris talked about titles to his tract. Titles! The Bennings Courthouse was burned down twice just to get clear of titles.

"Mind, I don't uphold it; but there it is. Ava here could cook and have a baby, a bad baby, who'd grow up a man and shoot the man who shot you."

He glanced around contemptuously.

"Saylor, he left right quiet, didn't he?"

"What do you think?" Ava Heming asked her husband. "There is nothing here for me. I'll—I'll try it, with you."

Heming studied her with a hard determination on his aggressive face; then with a swift and surprising humbleness he thanked her.

Hamilton Beach Home Motor

Does six big jobs in the home

A polisher to brighten all silver. Sold in combination with the grinder for $1.50

Fans—it takes just a jiffy to slip the ingenious fan attachment on the same motor $3.00

Makes your Sewing Machine an Electric

Sew all your own lovely things to wear, without any weary foot-pumping. One motion of the hand places this Home Motor under the hand-wheel of your ordinary sewing machine and changes it to a speedy self-operating electric. No tools or screws or belts required. Your machine is absolutely unmarred. Then you sew as long as you like, without effort or exertion, at a cost for current of less than one cent an hour. Sews fast or slow; no broken threads. Home Motor complete with speed control pedal $18.50

A great triple-action cake mixer. Creams butter and sugar; mixes the smoothest cake dough. Also beats eggs, whips cream, makes mayonnaise, etc. $5.00

The little grinder-wheel sharpens all dull knives

The Electric Sweeper attachment, complete with bag, beating-sweeping brush, and trigger-switch handle

This marvelous Electric Sweeper $18.50

These are truly pictures of progress. They show how American inventive genius has lightened the labor of home-keeping, and simplified the difficult job of being a housewife.

One little motor, with its attachments, does all the household duties shown. Over 800,000 are already in use, sewing, fanning, whipping cream, sharpening knives, and polishing silver. Now, we announce an additional device for use with this same motor—an amazingly efficient electric sweeper with a motor-driven brush that sweeps and beats! It is so simple that only a moment is required to attach or remove the motor; and yet it is so competent a cleaner that, in actual laboratory and home tests, it has picked up screw-drivers and objects of similar size and weight.

So you can tell how easily it gets all surface dust, threads, hairs, lint, match-sticks, and embedded grit. Just phone your dealer for a free home trial. Its work will be a revelation.

The Home Motor and attachments may be purchased at most Electrical, Hardware, Sewing Machine, and Department Stores. It is sold by itself, or complete with all attachments, or with any one of them. Phone your dealer; or write for booklet 55 and his name.

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wisconsin*

Profitable Positions for Salesmen

Our dealers all over the country need men, and women too, who have the knack of explaining things to others. To those who have the ability to demonstrate how the Hamilton Beach Home Motor and attachments saves time, health, and labor in the home, we can likely offer well-paying positions right in their own home town. Or in a nearby one, if preferred. Just drop us a post-card. Tell us the size of your town, and mention the name of the dealer for whom you prefer to work. We will send full particulars, without obligation. Please address the Sales Manager.

Here's a Sure Way to Read Your Future!

Never mind the month in which you were born—*how much practical business training have you had?*

Here's a position calling for an Expert Accountant; it pays $100 a week. Do you know Accounting?

Here's a job demanding a really competent Traffic Manager, at a salary, to start, of $4,500. Have you ever mastered the modern science of Traffic Management?

Here's a *managerial* position; it pays a big salary. But—the man who fills it must know how to finance an enterprise—how to buy—how to manufacture—how to sell. Can you qualify?

* * *

Why throw away the best years of your life when you can fit yourself in a comparatively few months of home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method for a responsible executive position—at a very substantial salary?

Thousands of men have found in this remarkable method the swift, sure route to success. Today they are earning large salaries. Chances are you are just as capable a man as any one of them—if you will *train*.

If a bigger income would look good to you, send today for full particulars—give yourself a fair chance in this world of competition! The coupon will bring you complete information promptly, together with details of our convenient payment plan; also your free copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Mark—Sign—Mail the coupon—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

Dept. 571-RA Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send without obligation to me information regarding course indicated below, also copy of your interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

☐ Business Management
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Railway Accounting and Station Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management Efficiency
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name

Present Position

Address

Gone!

Mister Rat soon disappears when his menu includes—

RAT BIS-KIT

OR

RAT BIS-KIT PASTE

All druggists or general stores have it. 25c.

The Rat Biscuit Co., Springfield, Ohio

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 4)

raise $17,000 cash. So I left Field at the breakfast table and wired the governor at Youngstown: "Have just read of your misfortune. My purse is open to you. Am going to Chicago to-night. Will meet you anywhere you say in Ohio." Later in the day I received a telegram from him saying, "Take the six-o'clock train. Will meet you at the depot in Cleveland Sunday."

I learned later that Mr. Walker had advanced McKinley $2000 every two years in a number of his campaigns to pay his assessments. McKinley repaid him $1000 a year out of his salary as congressman, which at that time was $5000 a year. He lived at the old Ebbitt House in Washington with his wife, in a couple of small rooms.

In 1892 Mr. Walker asked McKinley if he could help him to tide over a short time. He was a manufacturer and was suffering from the general depression which led up to the panic of 1893.

McKinley said, "I will give you everything I have, you have been my friend through so many campaigns. I own about $17,000 worth of stock in different industrial enterprises in my district." Walker answered, "Am afraid the banks will not loan on your collateral, but if you will indorse my notes for that amount I can get the money." McKinley agreed to indorse to the amount of $17,000, believing he could make good if necessary.

To return to February, 1893. The Buffalo Sunday morning papers announced that instead of being on Walker's notes for $17,000 the amount at midnight had arisen to $98,000.

On arriving in Cleveland about nine o'clock Sunday morning, McKinley and Myron T. Herrick met me as I stepped out of the car. McKinley was pale and wan, with black rings under his eyes. He put his hand on my shoulder but could not speak for his emotion. Tears rolled down his cheeks. We went directly to the Herrick home. On our way the governor was much depressed. I asked him how much he was in debt. He said, "I don't know. It may be $100,000, $200,000 or $500,000."

It seems that when the notes came due Walker would write McKinley at Columbus that a note for $2000 or so in such and such a bank would come due on a certain date, and he did not know whether the bank would renew in full or demand a reduction; that if McKinley would sign it in blank he would fill in the amount. With his sublime faith in his friend McKinley did so. Then Walker filled in the amounts until the governor was on $130,000 of notes instead of $17,000 as he supposed.

Friends to the Rescue

Sunday afternoon a number of friends including James H. Hoyt and John Tod, son of Ohio's war governor, met in the Herrick home and discussed the situation. McKinley could be heard pacing the floor in his bedroom. After a long discussion I suggested that Governor McKinley and his wife make an assignment to trustees of everything they owned. Mr. Tod, who had lost an eye and possessed a sepulchral voice, said, "Because McKinley has made a damn fool of himself why should Mrs. McKinley be a pauper?" Mrs. McKinley had some farm property left her by her father, Mr. Saxton, a former banker of Canton. I answered, "Because if McKinley is to stay in politics he must show clean hands and not be open to the charge he has put his property in his wife's name."

We made little progress. Finally McKinley came downstairs and said, "I wish Mark was here." I asked, "Where is he?" He said, "In Milwaukee to-day, but will be in Chicago to-morrow. I will have him meet you; any hour you say is convenient for him." McKinley wired Mr. Hanna to meet me in the Inter Ocean office at ten o'clock the next day.

On my way to the depot I stopped in the Cleveland Leader office and saw Mr. Covert, the editor. He helped me write a statement which was accepted by the Associated Press and United Press, to this effect: "Governor McKinley and his wife will give up everything they have in the world except the clothes on their backs. If that is not enough to pay his debts in full he will return from office at the end of his term in December and practice law in New York or Chicago until every cent is paid."

The first McKinley knew of the statement was when he read it in the Cleveland morning papers. My thought was to head off newspaper criticism, as I did not believe that the people of the country would nominate a man for President who indorsed notes in blank and then tried to shirk his responsibility! Such was the case, as I never saw an article criticizing the governor. The facts were never made public until now.

Mr. McKinley's Gratitude

Diverting for a moment from the thread of the story, an incident occurred three years and a half later, in November, 1896. Mr. Hanna gave what he called a jubilee party in his home to celebrate McKinley's election to the Presidency. Among the guests were Myron T. Herrick and wife, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hoyt, Colonel and Mrs. John Hay, my wife and myself. After dinner I started out for a walk in the garden. McKinley said, "Wait a minute. I will go with you." As we walked the gravel paths the governor put his arm around my shoulder and said, "I have wanted to say something to you for over three years. When you put that item in the papers in February, '93, that I would pay my debts in full and closed the mouths of my critics, you did me a great service. I owe more to you than anyone in the world, except my mother, for I should probably have gone to the penitentiary instead of the White House!"

I told him he was wrong, as he never did a dishonest thing in his life.

To return to the meeting with Mr. Hanna in my office Monday morning. I told him of my suggestion that trustees be appointed to receive the McKinley properties. He fully agreed with me that it was the course to pursue. We drew up an agreement and signed our names to pay a certain sum to liquidate McKinley's debts. I have the paper now. It shows over $40,000 raised in Chicago. Mr. Hanna and Mr. Herrick secured a generous sum in Cleveland. Mr. Hanna wired me to meet him in Pittsburgh. We went to the Duquesne Club and met Philander C. Knox and some of his and Mr. Hanna's friends. When we left the club we had, as I remember now, $120,000 total subscriptions. Mr. Hanna went on to Philadelphia and completed the $130,000 needed. New York was not asked for a cent. There were over 5000 subscribers to the fund.

Mr. Herrick called upon the banks in Ohio holding the Walker-McKinley paper and asked them to contribute 10 per cent of the amount of notes which they held, which they agreed to do, and he paid them in full. With the $13,000 left over Mr. Herrick paid a mortgage of $10,000 due on the McKinley Opera House in Canton, and deposited $3000 in bank to meet current and future bills.

Previous to the subscriptions three trustees—Judge William R. Day, Myron T. Herrick and H. H. Kohlsaat—were appointed. To them Governor and Mrs. McKinley turned over all their property.

Judge Day, now Justice of the Supreme Court, told me that not one single claim was filed against the estate.

Governor McKinley never knew who contributed the money. The list of subscribers was refused him later when he asked for it, declaring he would pay them back with the money he saved out of his salary as President, and turned over as he received it to Mr. Herrick, who made some fortunate investments, which gave McKinley's estate some $200,000.

STATE OF OHIO
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

COLUMBUS, Feb. 26, 1893.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: The pen will not—can not speak what is in my heart this morning, your letter is so full of personal sweetness—expressions of Chicago friends whom you quote are so tender and generous that my heart overflows with thanksgiving.

Did ever man and wife have such friends and how can we ever repay them?

My mail is larger than ever before in my life and so abounding with kindness and sympathy and offers of material aid. I am standing up with courage. Yet, the support of my friends and their confidence in my integrity moves me deeply. I wish you might see my letters and telegrams.

Your thoughtful suggestion about my immediate wants is gratefully noted, but with my salary, which in a few days will be paid to me, I will be able to get along comfortably.

Give to my Chicago friends the warm and lasting gratitude of Mrs. McKinley and myself. God bless you, my unselfish friend, and give to your home and household His tender care. Your sincere friend,

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.

MR. H. H. KOHLSAAT,
Chicago, Ill.

During the winter of 1894 the work of securing McKinley delegates in the Middle West became too heavy for the small group of men Mr. Hanna had chosen to work with him. During one of his visits to Chicago he stopped at the Wellington Hotel. We dined together and he told me a young fellow whose father, Gen. Rufus Dawes, was Major McKinley's old commander, had been to see him and had offered his services. Mr. Hanna had asked the young man to come to the hotel that evening. While we were in Mr. Hanna's room he was announced, a rather pale, slight figure, and somewhat diffident. We discussed plans with him as he displayed great interest in McKinley's success and offered his services free of all expense.

Looked Good, Was Good

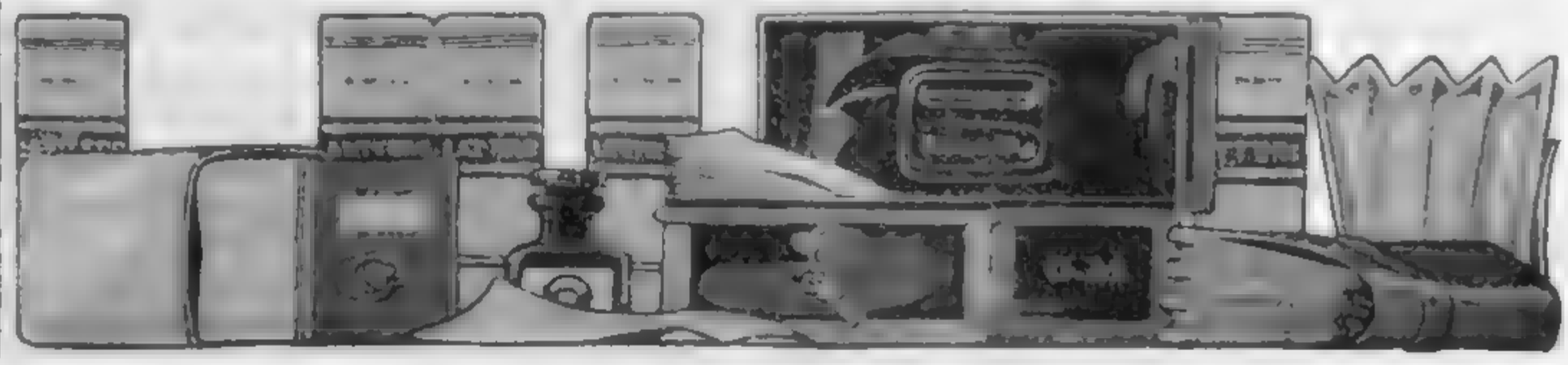
After he left the room Mr. Hanna remarked, "He doesn't look much, does he?"

I said, "Any man who will work for nothing and pay his own expenses looks good to me!"

One would hardly recognize the pale, slight figure of 1894 in the brilliant officer, Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes, whose splendid record during the war won him the confidence of our Allies and justified General Pershing's faith in him. He displayed no diffidence when he appeared before a Congressional committee last spring and made "Hell and Maria" famous, and later in his lecture to cabinet officers and department chiefs whose coöperation he asked when he drew up the first national budget.

Charley Dawes, as his friends call him, devoted himself to the McKinley cause. He initiated a card-index system extending from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, and probably, next to Mr. Hanna, did more to win the nomination for McKinley at St. Louis than any other man.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.



McQUAY-NORRIS
PISTON RINGS

They'll bring back that lost power —*save gas and oil*

Has your motor lost its original power and pickup? Is it using more gas and oil than it should? If so, you'll probably find your piston rings worn and needing replacement. Gas is leaking by and going to waste. This means power and money lost. And oil is leaking by the other way, to foul your spark plugs and increase carbon. McQuay-Norris piston rings will save all this.

For more than twelve years they have been the choice of the best repairmen and the most experienced car owners.

Their electric metal alone—melted and refined in the McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace—is reason enough to insist on their installation.

There is a McQuay-Norris ring for every price and purpose, to fit every make and model of motor and gas engine. A complete line of sizes and over-sizes. If your repairman hasn't on hand exactly the rings you need, he can quickly get them from his supply house.

Send for Free Booklet—"To Have and to Hold Power," telling how piston rings affect gas engine power and economy. We will mail this book, postpaid, if you address Department B.

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory — McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

McQUAY-NORRIS WAINWRIGHT PISTONS & PINS

For reground cylinders and for motors that need new pistons and pins, as well as piston rings.

Light-weight gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety and service will permit. Specially designed and manufactured for replacement purposes. Available in standard sizes and over-sizes.

Also in semi-finished form—seventy five-thousandths over-size to be ground down to any over-size requirement.

Piston pins of special hardened steel, ground to accuracy beyond ordinary. Available in both standard and standard over-sizes.

Leak Proof—an exclusive two-piece design, preventing loss of gas and compression. Gives equal pressure at all points on cylinder walls. For all piston grooves except top, which should have Superoyl. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50

Superoyl — Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00

In Canada, $1.25.

JIFFY-GRIP — a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust, each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

50c

In Canada, 50c

Snap Rings — of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper

And Snap Rings of the highest grade

The famous Valspar boiling water test

New Woodwork for Old— with Valspar Varnish-Stain

This Spring—brighten up and protect your woodwork and furniture with Valspar Varnish-Stains. These stains have more than their beautiful colors to recommend them. They are Valspar itself—the waterproof, weatherproof, accident-proof varnish—*plus* attractive natural wood colors.

You apply both Valspar and Stain with one stroke of the brush—anyone can do it! Valspar Varnish-Stains can be secured in Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, or Moss Green. They bring out the grain and beauty of the wood with pleasing clearness.

Remember that Valspar Varnish-Stains are for both indoor and outdoor use—that they are easy to apply and dry hard over night. Use the coupon below for sample.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps, amounting to 15c for each 35c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Write plainly.)

Dealer's Name _____

Dealer's Address _____

Your Name _____

Your Address _____ City _____

S F P 5-13

Valspar Stain . . ☐
State color _____

Valspar . . . . ☐

Valspar Enamel . ☐
State color _____

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR VARNISH-STAIN

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WEIGH?

(Continued from Page 9)

displayed in cheap bakeshop and restaurant windows as you would shun the tax collector if you could. They may look like Santa Claus' dream of Merry Christmas, but they are a snare and a delusion and there is no nourishment or virtue in them for you. Many a good digestion has gone to hell on a cream puff.

Delicatessen shops are not for the fattening few, any more than are the palatably and optically pleasing *pâtisseries*. The cold hams, so pleasingly pink and prickly with sugared cloves, the languid pickled fish, the ensnaring chains of smoked sausage and cute curls of dried beef are forbidden to your longing eyes. However temptingly the pretzel and the Limburger linger in your aching nostrils, no matter how golden red the herring salad gleams, you cannot have them. They may clutch at the glands of your throat with the old familiar ecstasy, half pleasure and half pain, but you must pass them by without a sign.

The delicatessen store is at once one of the greatest blessings and curses of our home life to-day. To resist its convenience on all occasions would be, in the increasingly perfunctory housewife, abnormally virtuous. But to use it constantly as a source of food supply is little short of criminal. And those who seek to grow fat in a healthy, lasting fashion must ostracize the native haunt of the Bismarck herring and the home of the *gefüllte* fish. I'm not so good on percentages, but my guess is that the number of people who are undernourished and consequently underweight as the result of a habitual delicatessen diet is considerable, and this not primarily because of the quality of the food procurable in such places, but because of its character.

Well, anyway, food alone won't put on weight for you. One difficulty which most folks experience in their attempt to gain weight is that whatever they eat on they work off. And if, after a moderate trial of the foregoing diet, you don't put on weight the chances are that this is because you are not getting sufficient rest.

Now it's a hard job to rest if you don't know how, but even if you have to work an eight-hour day you may rest sufficiently to allow your weight to creep up on you. Sit down whenever you can, even if it's only in an elevator. Lie down after meals, even though you have to get up again in five minutes. If you are rich enough have your breakfasts served to you in bed and take your exercise in your car. Once you get over that silly idea that it's easier to walk the two blocks over to Aunt Mary's, and ride it as a matter of course, you will begin to put on weight to rather more than your heart's content, and tip the scales to a point where you will come pretty near tipping them over if you don't watch out!

Too Much Hustle

But, the evidence on any main street to the contrary notwithstanding, everybody doesn't as yet possess a car; no, not even on the stall-and-installment plan. And a lot of these people who walk are also engaged in occupations which keep them on their personal feet for a good part of the day. Standing on one's feet, or anybody else's for that matter, is one of the first rules for getting thin. You seldom see a really fat clerk in a store, or an enormous waitress or an overweight book agent. It is to those who must exercise for a living that I want to point out how consistently and faithfully the chance to rest must be seized upon.

And in this connection let me call attention to the danger of overeating when you are overtired. Don't do it. Always try to rest a little before eating and after eating. When you are exhausted, too much food will simply poison you. And don't eat hurriedly. Food snatched in haste won't put on flesh. Indeed, I can't lay too much stress on eliminating the habit of overhaste from everything you do. Nothing will help keep you thin more effectively than the nervous tension which comes of the habit of hurrying when hurrying is unnecessary. I don't mean that one must grow lazy in order to grow plump. But I am keenly aware of the fact that most Americans take a false pride in hustling when hustling is not accomplishing anything except the fraying out of their entire nervous system. There is a vast difference between sloth and poise, between self-regulation and sloppiness. I don't intend to suggest that you lie down on the job or on the family in order to put on weight; but I do insist that you quit worrying, quit hurrying; find out in a frank self-examination whether or not you are working under a high nervous tension, and if you are, deliberately overcome it. Get the habit of rest. Relax completely every time you get a chance, and if you don't get a chance make one.

Relaxing isn't so easy either, but it, too, can be learned. For example, when you come in from your day's work go at once to your room, loosen your clothing and lie down on your bed. Be sure to lie flat, with the head only very slightly elevated and the feet in a normal position. Don't stick them on the comforter, which will raise them. Be a sport and put the comforter out of the way. Allow your hands to rest on the bed on either side of you. Then relax. Relax completely. Let yourself go. First get rid of conscious interest in whatever you have just been doing. Then concentrate on letting the tension in your muscles go. You can do it. Think yourself out flat until you are so limp that if someone were to come in and pick you up you would hang on their hands as oozily as a jellyfish or an underdone poached egg. Remain in this half-baked condition for ten minutes and you will get up at the end of them feeling like a million dollars. Well, like a raise in salary, anyway. It is not how long one lies down that rests one, but how completely down one lies, if you get the notion. It is perfectly possible to cheat a lot of rest out of the busiest sort of life, and the sooner the fatter, take it from me.

A Perfect Shape for Fifty Cents

Even though you be rich and idle, don't get away with the notion that lying in bed for a week or two will start the good work any faster. It won't. Lying in bed protractedly will take off weight in most cases. And a moderate amount of exercise is, of course, essential to anyone's well being. But naps are a fine tonic which you will soon get used to taking. After a little while it won't be any harder for you to gather up a book or magazine and the nicest sofa cushions, and hog the box hammock or the best sofa for an hour or two daily, than it would be for you to stoop over and pick up a hundred-dollar bill on a deserted street. It will come kind of easy and natural, and the rest of the family can't crab, because it all comes under the head of health.

And now just a word about what not to take. Of course, genteel reader, the advice which immediately follows is not intended for you personally, yet I am sure an intelligent individual like yourself will understand that I have to put it in. For there are a lot of boobs around, and some of them might get hold of this copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Naturally I am aware that you would never dream of taking any of the patent medicines with which the market is flooded and for which many otherwise quite respectable papers carry advertising. But unfortunately there is a patent-medicine taker born every minute, and I want to warn these dumb-bells in time.

Of course, with licker so scarce and high, it is kind of a mean trick to demand that patent appetizers be cut out as well. But practically all so-called fat-making tonics are cocktails in disguise, excepting only cod-liver-oil preparations, and if you care to take a cod-liver-oil cocktail three times daily before meals you are welcome to for all of me. But lay off of the self-foolers. I have already said that you are to have no alcohol, and I mean it, even when it comes in an extract bottle and is labeled Whoosis Compound or something. A jag by any other name is just as bad for you.

When it comes to using glands that some monkey or sheep has got through with—well, there is no accounting for tastes. Personally, the idea makes no appeal to me, but there are folks who will try anything once. For my part I say let's give all such glands a decent burial and try to pick up our own lives as though nothing had happened.

Now the average skinny person who is anxious to be less so is, as a rule, equally desirous of putting it on in some particular spot. "I'm all right in the hips, but my neck and face are something fierce," are the words of the national anthem of the thin, varied on holidays by that good old hymn commencing, "I'd like to put on just a little bit around the chest, but my stomach and my hips are fat enough." At first glance this desire seems reasonable, for surely there is a method of growing flesh quickly where desired and nowhere else. There must be a way to make a million dollars by wishing for it, by that same token. If you have time and patience and money a first-class physical-culture instructor can come pretty close to doing the job just the way you want it. But that is not what you mean, or what I mean either. What we are both looking for is something that will give us a perfect shape for about fifty cents.

For Local Plumpness

Needless to say, there is no such thing. However, if your face and neck need building up there are certain substances which will actually help along the good work. Coco butter is the safest of these, and can be bought at any good drug store. A small quantity will go a long way. One melts it and rubs it on night and morning. Faithfully. Rub in as much as you can absorb. Common olive oil applied in the same manner is almost as good. You are literally feeding fat into your flesh by doing this, and neither coco butter nor olive oil can possibly hurt your body; but they may grow hair if used on the face.

For plumping purposes a reliable cold cream is far better and is also beneficial, although slower in its fattening effect. Don't get a greaseless cream; get a skin food, and allow it to remain on overnight. Use it under your make-up, girls, in small quantities, and plaster it on under your chin. It will help do away with a stringy throat. Pat it in good and hard, until your skin can absorb no more, and only wipe off what won't pat in. Don't rub—pat. This is important, as rubbing may make wrinkles. But the patting will stimulate the circulation, and that in itself will help your face to fill out.

In an age when so much that we used to do for ourselves is done for us mechanically it is not unnatural to think that our physical welfare ought to be taken care of automatically; we are apt to feel that we should be able to grow thin or fat by dropping a nickel in the slot—a plugged nickel preferably. But science has, fortunately for our moral welfare, not yet advanced that far. It is all right enough to have out pianos played for us, our songs sung and our funny stories told for us by phonographs. I am not unwilling that our clothes should be washed by an electrical charwoman, our errands run by a telephone, or even that our breakfast food be predigested. But I thank God that there are still a few things we have to do for ourselves or go without.

And getting fat is one of them. I can tell you how, but I can't force you to persevere in the effort. Just how quickly you may expect results depends of course upon your individual physique. Some people take to fat far more readily than do others. But if at the end of four weeks' faithful following of the program you have not gained, either there is something lacking in your system which only a physician can discover or else you have not really been faithful after all.

I do not believe that there is any such thing as being naturally thin or naturally fat. Those cries are the cowardly admission of people who won't make a sincere effort to alter their condition and who enjoy blaming their ancestry for their own laziness. It has been an easy fashion to inherit one extreme or the other. This, when given the smallest scientific scrutiny, is the most fallacious of alibis. An unconsciously acquired habit of mind regarding one's physical condition is the most we can grant such a case.

Semper fidelis must, however, be your motto, which, very roughly translated, means "simps must be faithful." It would take a super man or woman to break the rules I have laid down and break them so discreetly that no harm would be done thereby. But keep to the rules and you will see what you will see. And, in the language of the Orient, where fat is fashionable, I wish you luck. May your shadow never grow less!

The "third" spring assures comfort

Take a ride in a Ford equipped with FloatAforDs and you'll wonder how a car can be made to ride so easily. The secret is in the famous "third" spring. The two long spiral springs absorb the downward thrust with flexible ease while the "third" spring checks the jarring rebound and holds the car steady without sideway. FloatAforDs are on the job BOTH ways.

Notice that FloatAforDs do not bind the Ford springs. No tampering with the Ford suspension principles. That's the reason why we give you a positive guarantee against spring breakage.

FloatAforDs are low priced,—sedan and coupé the same price as open car types. They save gasoline, tires and parts replacements,—and immeasurably increase the life and running efficiency of the car.

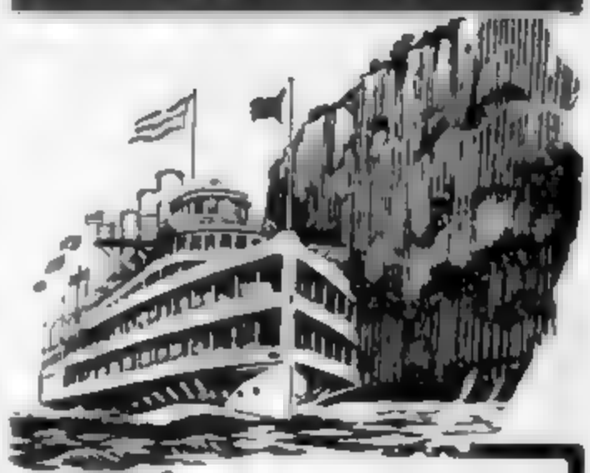
10 Days' Trial—If not satisfied, these absorbers will be taken off and your money refunded. Types for Ford cars and trucks. Sold by all Ford dealers.

Before buying any shock absorber get—

"Why The Third Spring" Booklet

Free—Write for it

BURPEE-JOHNSON CO.
INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A.



Hudson River by Daylight

Season May 13 to October 22

MAKE this wonder-trip a part of your vacation itinerary. The rock-ribbed Palisades, the towering green mountains and other beauties of the majestic Hudson, America's most picturesque inland waterway, are yours to enjoy to the utmost from the cool, shady decks of the

PALATIAL DAY LINE STEAMERS
The most luxuriously appointed river craft in the world

Delightful one-day outings from New York. The attractive route to or from the Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and the North, Niagara Falls and the West. Railroad tickets accepted, New York to Albany and Albany to New York.

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses Street Pier New York

REO SPEED WAGON

Why This Amazing Dominance?

When you consider the degree to which the Speed Wagon today dominates every class of carrying, it is no less than amazing.

In every phase of hauling and delivering the Speed Wagon is supreme.

Ask twenty owners or drivers, and each will give you a different reason for his own preference for Reos over all others.

One will emphasize the wonderful power and stability of the Reo motor.

Another will mention the clutch as superior in rigorous service to any other he has ever known.

The next will dilate on the simple, certain, Reo control system and dual clutch-brake feature, as of paramount importance.

And so it will go, through each feature in turn. The rigid yet flexible chassis—the rugged axles—the superior starting device—the powerful steering gear—the extra stout wheels.

Drivers are invariably enthusiastic over the roadability and other qualities that appeal to the man who actually lives with his truck, six days a week.

Superintendents of service shops will tell you of accessibility; reasonable cost of replacement of parts; of Reo Service; and general freedom from trouble.

Sum it all up, and you have the real reason—a carrying unit that is as strong and dependable in one part as in another.

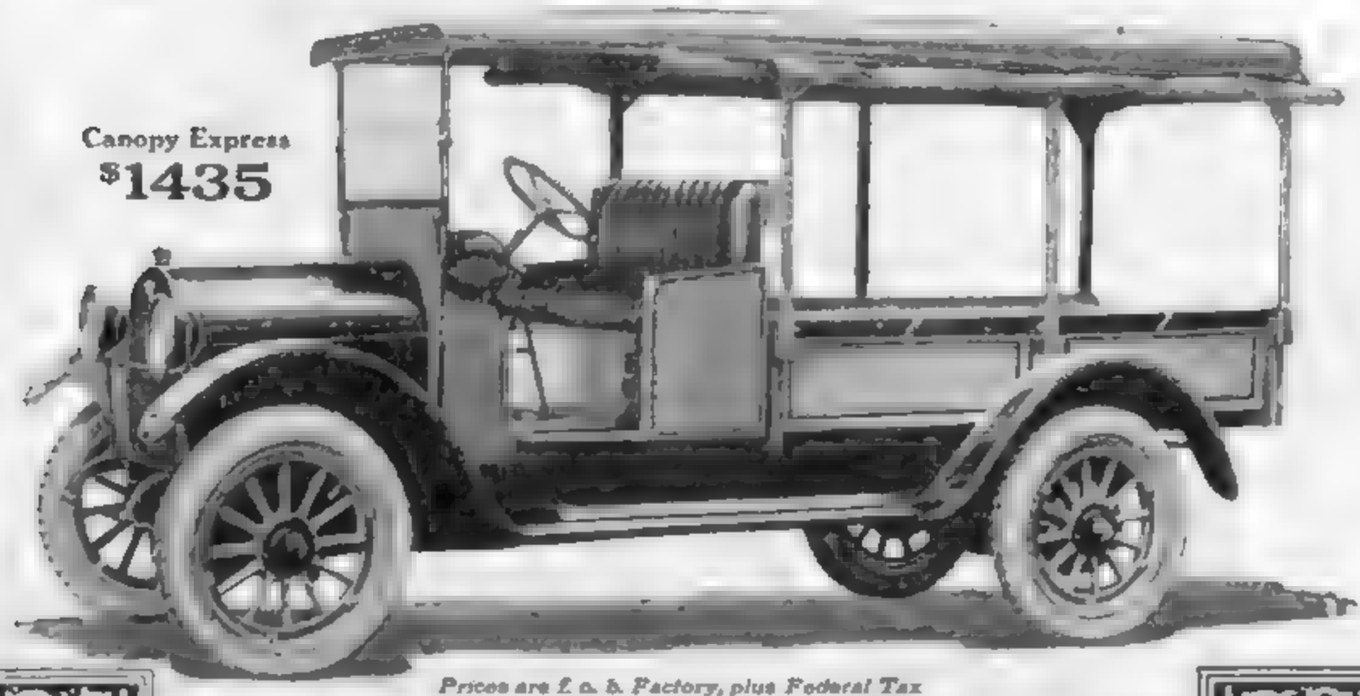
In a word, a machine that is perfectly balanced in design and construction, and that excels, not in one or two, but in all features—minor as well as major.

Is it any wonder that speed wagons perform every class of carrying—from 500 to 2500 pounds—a quarter-ton to a ton-and-a-quarter—and do the work quicker and cheaper?

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

Reo Motor Car Co. of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Canopy Express
$1435



© R M C Co.

Prices are f. o. b. Factory, plus Federal Tax

Chassis—$1245

"The Gold Standard of Values"

THE TEST OF LOCHINVAR BOBBY

(Continued from Page 17)

him and brought him home. After that the dog had longed for nothing better in life than to follow and serve Jamie. The love for a master had overcome the love of the wild. But now Jamie had disappeared. And ahead of Bobby lay the forest. The old urge swept through him.

He turned excitedly toward the waiting Lass. Again their noses touched. No one can prove whether or not dogs have a language of their own. But no one who has studied them can doubt that in the touching of noses they somehow communicate their primal thoughts or wishes to each other.

Bobby after that instant of contact whirled about and cantered down the slope toward the distant ridge. Lass hesitated not at all in following. Side by side at a hand gallop they reached the plain. They crossed it with an odd new furtiveness, giving houses a wide berth, and at last gaining the ridge. Up this they toiled and down its farther side into the borders of Blake's Woods.

These woods marked the boundary of the primeval forest. Once they had been a favorite picnic ground for Midwestburgers. But long ago they had been abandoned in favor of a resort on the lake, since when they had been trodden only by occasional hunters or by boys seeking nuts. In the center of the grove stood the weed-hidden and decaying structure that had once been a dancing floor. Toward this, now, Bobby was heading at top speed. Yet by some queer mental twist he no longer plunged openly through the undergrowth, as does the normal forest-running collie. Into his gait and into his expression had come something stealthy. His feet made no sound. He ran close to earth and took advantage of every bit of cover to mask his progress from chance humans.

He himself did not realize why he did this, nor what change had come over him at sight of this old lair of his. His loyal heart still ached unspeakably for his lost master. Had Jamie appeared in the offing the dog would have rushed to him in an ecstasy of joy and would have followed him gleefully away from this fascinating wilderness, and even from the still more fascinating Lassie. But Jamie did not appear. And, next to Jamie, the dog loved this wild life he was returning to.

Lass by instinct began to copy his furtive gait and his caution. No longer did she frisk along as heedlessly as a child on a woodland holiday. She, too, sped through the undergrowth with hushed stealthiness, at the heels of her huge guide.

Presently they came to the platform. Bobby skirted it, sniffing and peering, till he found what he sought. And he halted in front of a ragged aperture in the rotted laths that formed the sides of the platform. This was the hole he had discovered in puppyhood, the hole leading into the low and leaf-strewn lair beneath the flooring.

Crouching with stomach to earth and pausing after each careful forward thrust he made his way under the platform. The place was as he had left it—dark, moldy, airless. The flooring above was a crumbling shell. Yet it still served as roof, even as the riffle of many years' leaves served as warm bedding.

Thus began a strange life, and one that sometimes almost made Bobby forget his grief at loss of Mackellar. Lass, under the guidance of her worshiped new mate, took to the wilderness with as much eagerness as if she had been born in it. And there the two dwelt as, aforetime, mated wolves had dwelt in these same forests.

On the first evening of their woodland life pangs of hunger began to rack them both as suppertime arrived with no supper to accompany it. Harking back to early days Bobby sallied forth to forage. Lass obediently trotted along beside him. At the end of a hundred yards he struck a fresh rabbit scent. Instantly the hunting lore of his youth returned to him. Noiselessly, with couchant body, he flitted along the track. In another fifty yards he checked his speed with a suddenness that all but made the close-following Lass collide with him.

She stood, puzzled and hesitant, and watched him creep forward like a cat for some little distance, then dart ahead with the whizzing speed of a bullet. As she caught up with him she saw he was pinning to earth a plump and kicking rabbit. Politely he shifted his grip on the prize, to allow her a chance to rend it with him.

That was their first meal in the wild, and for days thereafter they fared sumptuously. The hunting season was long past. From lack of molestation the rabbits had grown incautious. Bobby was a born tracker and with marvelous quickness Lass picked up the art of tracking and of stalking. The two waxed fatter from their feasting.

But in another month the rabbits for a mile or so around the lair seemed to have learned that the vicinity was not healthful for them, nor conducive to long life. And even as a rabbit-infested neighborhood becomes deserted soon after the opening of the hunting season, the once-populous stretch of Blake's Woods lost its long-eared population.

It became needful to range farther and farther afield in order to catch a single unwary rabbit. Bobby took this change philosophically and strove to add to the rations an occasional tracked partridge or a mouthful of baby quail. Lass hit on a less sportsmanly device.

The two did the bulk of their hunting by night, keeping close to the lair for the most part by day. In this respect as well as in a score of others they were throwing back to their wolf ancestors. The careless sauntering of some farmer or idler through the grove was enough to make them crouch to the ground, under the platform or under the nearest bit of cover, and lie there, moveless and tense, until the intruder had passed. Probably neither of them realized why they did this or why they returned in other ways to wolf traits.

This is the unsportsmanly device hit upon by Lass to gain food when rabbits waxed scarce: One night they had quartered the region for several miles in every direction without putting up a single rabbit or a catchable bird or squirrel. As Bobby stood irresolute Lass took the leadership into her own hands.

She cantered off with an air of definiteness in a direction whence a scent had caught her nostrils. Bobby, not understanding, nevertheless loped along at her side. In half a mile she slowed down at the edge of a farm clearing and with noiseless tread crept toward the half open door of a hen house. From within issued the odor that had drawn her thither—the smell of warm flesh and feathers.

Now Bobby's own first exploit in the wilds, as a puppy, had been the theft of a chicken. That had been while he was still his own god and before he had learned the laws of man and adoration for one man. Since then, again and again, he had seen puppies at Beldencroft scolded for chasing chickens.

On his own first return to civilization he had casually and skillfully bitten off the head of one of Mackellar's hens. And Jamie had told him sorrowfully, yet with much vehemence, how wicked and unworthy a deed it was. Jamie had instilled into Bobby's wise brain in that one lesson the fact that chickens belong to mankind and are not to be molested by dogs. On another day he had called Bobby back as the collie had started gleesomely after a lamb in a field, and had made him understand that lambs come under the same hands-off category as do fowls.

To-night as Lass wormed her way forward to the invitingly open hencoop door Bobby sprang in front of her. Urged by some impulse he was not able to comprehend or to resist he interposed his shaggy seventy-pound bulk between his hungry mate and the tempting prey. To Lass' vast annoyance and amaze he shouldered her gently back from the doorway and toward the fringe of forest. Thus it was that the two went supperless that night; because Bobby's mind, once having grasped the law, could not forget it or let him break it.

As if by way of reward, the very next evening came an astoundingly fine bit of luck to the pair. As they were issuing, famished, from the lair, at dusk, something came blundering and crashing through the bushes straight toward them. The wind was also blowing toward the dogs, and it told them this oncomer was no human. Wherefore instead of slinking back into their hiding place they stood inquiringly waiting its approach.

Through the undergrowth lurched an eighteen-month-old bull—fat, powerful, lumbering. From a farm three miles away

As Used on
Pedie Lotty Floors
KOVERFLOR
TRADE MARK
Tile-Like, But Laid With a Brush
WHERE floor-wear is hardest, is the place for KOVERFLOR—the floor covering in liquid form.
Laid over wood or cement, KOVERFLOR forms a beautiful surface, that withstands the roughest usage, and resists water, oil, lime, alkalis, etc. It seals the pores of cement and prevents crackling, crumbling, "dusting," and other objectionable characteristics.
KOVERFLOR is used in hotels, restaurants, schools, and other public buildings, as well as in kitchens, cellars, and generally throughout the home.
Use KOVERFLOR for floors of wood or cement, inside or outside.
KOVERFLOR comes in attractive colors. Its cost per square foot applied is small. Ask your paint or hardware dealer for KOVERFLOR — or send us his name and address and receive the KOVERFLOR Sample Book.
STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
Manufacturers of World-accepted Standards in Varnishes, Enamels, and Allied Specialties
443 Fourth Avenue, New York City
55 Stevenson Street
San Francisco, Cal.
506 Oakland Avenue, S.W.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Foreign Branches
London, Paris, Melbourne
STANDARD
COOPER-BELL CO.
Licensee and Western
Manufacturers of
Standard Varnish Works
Products
2600 Federal St., Chicago
ELASTICA
VARNISHES
For Every Architectural and Household Purpose
KWICKWORK
AUTO ENAMEL
Can be Applied One Day and the Car Used the Next
Satinette
ENAMEL
The Immaculate Enduring White
Enamel of Distinction

Truly Comfortable

If you think that you a[illegible]ng garters that are as comfortable as you ca[illegible] garters to be—try a pair of Pioneer-Brighto[illegible]Webs and learn what true garter comfort real[illegible]

Wide-Webs depend for [illegible]port, not on tightness, but on the happy combination of the weave and broad surface of the soft wide web. This means free circulation and free play for leg muscles.

They are adjustable. This means a perfect, comfortable fit from first to last. Ask for Pioneer-Brighton in the smart blue and orange box.

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

Single Grip—35c. and up
Double Grip—50c. and up

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For 44 years manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders
Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

he had strayed, after trampling and goring nearly to death the man who had tended him since birth—the man who deemed him still a harmless calf. His temper and his nerves stirred up by this attempt at slaughter, and goaded on by fear of the other farmhands who had swarmed forth with pitchforks and staves to beat him away from his prey, the young bull had taken to the woods.

Now in teaching Bobby the law Jamie Mackellar had said nothing about cattle, and at sight of this ton of food Bobby became all wolf. He crawled forward in an oblique course toward the enemy, Lass as ever close behind him. The bull either saw their moving bodies through the dusk or else got a whiff of their scent, for he halted, lowered his head and pawed the forest mold. The dogs halted, too, and crouched alertly, watching.

Then with no further warning the angry bullock charged. Through the impeding underbrush he tore down upon the two moveless dark forms. The dogs had never been in a fight of this sort. There was no chance for rehearsal or for any sort of prearranged plan of campaign. Therefore cruel old Mother Nature taught them what to do, even as she taught the first starving wolf a million years ago.

By common consent they drew apart from each other to avoid the rush. The bull—as ever is the way of bulls—charged with his eyes tight shut. As he hurtled past the spot he was aiming for, Bobby had him by the hind leg just above the hock and was grinding with all the strength and skill of his mighty jaws through tough hide and tender flesh, in quest of the tendon.

Lass, less wise, had sprung for the throat. Her white fangs cleft through loose-flapping folds of skin, to no lethal purpose. A single jerk of the bull's neck flung her aside with a handful of skin and hair between her teeth. At the same time an agonized fling of the bitten hind leg sent Bobby rolling over and over in the bushes, the breath knocked out of him. But at once he was up again.

The bull, maddened by his hurts, glared from one crouching tormentor to the other. Then shutting his eyes again, he charged Bobby. And now—Lass having learned something from her first failure—both dogs were at the leg tendons.

For a moment the three combatants thrashed madly about in the twilight. Then the bull was free for another charge. Five times he rushed with shut eyes at the elusive collies. Five times his legs were slashed and nipped in that industrious quest for the all-important tendon. Then heaving and staggering he ceased his charges and stared doubtfully at the two. He had had enough, more than enough. He was through. He took a step backward.

Instantly Lass was slashing at his sensitive nose, and keeping just out of reach of the terrible short horns and butting forehead. While she held him thus in momentary confused pause Bobby found the way to the tendon he sought. The task was much easier now that the foe was standing stock-still and braced.

The bull spun about to crush him, but he made only half of the desired turn. From some dismaying cause his right hind leg gave way most agonizingly under him and he plunged to earth with an impact that shook the bushes. Fiercely the two dogs drove for the swaying throat. The rest was slaughter.

Hungry as she was, Lassie lay down and panted heavily for a few minutes before beginning the feast. Bobby, his beautiful head on one side and his deep-set dark eyes alight with sympathy, stood near her, waiting.

Of late she tired much more easily than at first. Nor, except for short exertions, was she so swift and so wirily vigorous. Soon Lass got back her breath and the mates feasted long and ravenously.

If search was made for the strayed bullock that search did not extend so far as an undergrowth-choked section of Blake's Woods. And for long thereafter the larder of the runaway collies was replete with tender food. The supply would have lasted still longer had not the crows flocked to it by day. Bobby drove these off fifty times between sunrise and dusk, but as often they clamored back greedily to the banquet.

Then, on a morning, there was nothing left of the bullock but a skeleton on whose few remaining shreds of flesh the crows alighted unchallenged. They were unchallenged because Lochinvar Bobby was risking exposure by foraging far from the lair, and by broad daylight; and because Lass lay drowsily in a far corner of that lair with seven sleek mouse-colored puppies, no larger than squirrels, nestling close to her furry body.

It was for this new family that Bobby had deserted his regular nocturnal habits to scour the forests by sunlight. Monstrous proud and self-important was the big dog this day, and he hunted in rare good luck.

Rabbits are almost as silly as they are timid. Because, for so many days past, their collie foes had not pursued them, they seemed to imagine the dogs had departed from Blake's Woods or else that they had lost their taste for bunnies. Back to their old feeding grounds trooped numbers of the cottontails.

Bobby found one of them—a good big fellow at that—before he had quested for an hour. Back to the platform he bore it in triumph. Ignoring the noisy crows, as being far beneath his notice on so great a day, he crawled through the hole into the dark lair and laid his prize in front of Lass.

Then he sniffed in interested curiosity at the seven wriggling and squeaking babies. Their presence bewildered him through all his vague pride. Dimly he felt he must care for them and feed and guard them. The responsibility which is ever present with wolf fathers and practically never with dog sires was heavy upon him.

Thanks to the ill-founded confidence of the rabbit folk, foraging was easier; this for a week or so. Then once more the bunnies vanished, and to find one of them Bobby was forced to range several miles afield.

He hunted alone nowadays—or nowanights for Lass stayed at home, seldom wandering farther from the lair than the furlong-distant spring puddle that served the pair for a water hole.

There was no longer any fun for Lochinvar Bobby in these nights of hunting, for they carried him far, and more than once they carried him into real or fancied peril by delaying his return to the lair until well after sunrise. But it did not occur to him to shirk his new duties. Apart from his utter devotion to his mate—a devotion more common among highbred collies than most people realize—he had that odd sense of responsibility toward the pups. And this sense, as I have said, was all wolf.

It was sweet to crawl wearily into the den, on his return from a thirty-mile run, and to drop at Lass' feet the rabbit or partridge he had brought home. It was sweet to hear her tail beating glad welcome among the dried leaves of the nest when he drew near, and her little whimper of greeting as they touched noses. It was amusing, as the weeks passed on, to watch the clumsy antics of the puppies—as large now as rabbits—as they tumbled over him or over their mother or strove to play with one another after the manner of stiff-jointed patent toys.

Yes, if life meant new work it also meant strange new interests. And if again and again Bobby's heart was racked by longing for his lost master, yet his present ties held him back from returning to the haunts of men, now that Jamie had disappeared.

In the early springtime dusk the furry family would come out from the lair and chance an hour of fading daylight in the open, the sire and dam lying comfortably at ease amid the undergrowth while their babies gamboled awkwardly around them or essayed staggery little excursions for a few yards into the woods on either side.

Lass watched these exploring trips with real worry. Seldom did she allow them to continue for any distance before jumping to her feet and heading off the creeping wanderer and nosing it back into the family group. All her time and all her devotion were taken up nowadays by these fluffy babies of hers. She had scarce a thought for her once-idolized mate except when he brought food home. Nor would she follow him for a single mile from her precious pups.

Presently Bobby seemed to note this change of heart, and it saddened him. He was too big of soul to visit any resentment on the youngsters that had stolen Lass' devotion from him. Yet pathetically he strove to coax her to romps as of yore, and to the long forest rambles they had both enjoyed so keenly. And, failing, he began to brood. He lost the gay dash that had been his; he took to moping, which is as bad for a collie as for a human.

One night he set forth as usual on his long quest for food. He coursed the forest and

(Continued on Page 157)

Low cost power economically applied

The Dodge Heavy Oil Engine is a logical and important addition to the Dodge line.

It supplies the need for a simple prime mover using low grade fuel oils, exceptionally economical in operation and requiring no skilled supervision whatever.

The Dodge Heavy Oil Engine will put electric current on your switch board for a half a cent per K.W. for fuel or may be belted direct to any line shaft for group driving. It permits low insurance rates and may be located at any point in the plant where auxiliary power is needed.

The Dodge Heavy Oil Engine is backed by the 42 years of Dodge prestige and reputation and is built in strict accord with the single high standard of performance by which we measure the products we build—let us tell you about this remarkable and economical source of power.

The Reliable Roadbed for Power

Any millwright can erect a line of Dodge hanger bearings correctly—once in operation they can be relied upon for *years* of continuous service.

Regardless of what his individual preference for type may be, the man upon whom production depends can specify Dodge hanger bearings and know that there is no surer means of safeguarding his manufacturing facilities.

Dodge line or countershaft bearings maintain a uniform and unbroken film of oil between heavy shafting and the bearing surface. Bare contact between a shaft and its bearing means friction loss, wear and disalignment of the whole power roadbed.

Dodge Capillary Bearings depend upon the infallible law of capillary attraction to insure constant and unfailing lubrication—their depreciation value is less than 2% per year.

Dodge Ring Oiling Bearings are the standard of some of America's most successful shops. Their ability to withstand severe service, high speed, heavy overloads and excessive vibration is acknowledged by production engineers everywhere.

Dodge products, including bearings, pulleys, hangers, clutches, collars, etc., are carried in stock by over 700 Dodge, Oneida and Keystone dealers who can handle your orders on the immediate delivery basis. Buy from them—we prefer it.

Dodge Sales and Engineering Company

Mishawaka, Indiana, and Oneida, New York

Canadian Manufacturers, Dodge Mfg. Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto and Montreal

The Complete Power Plant
60-75 H. P. Dodge Heavy Oil Engine

DODGE

Power Transmission Machinery

Saving distribution costs—cutting out unnecessary expense at each handling—is the Certain-teed way of lowering the price you pay. Carload shipments to many local warehouses and distributors save freight. Concentration on rapid turnover products, with a reserve supply near at hand, means relief from the burden of overstocking—an economy for both dealer and consumer. These outstanding economies of distribution, plus the millions saved through enormous standardized production, enable you to buy Certain-teed products of highest quality at a worth while saving.

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Certain-teed

Certainty of Quality - Guaran*teed* Satisfaction

ASPHALT ROOFINGS
ASPHALT SHINGLES
PAINTS OF ALL KINDS
LINOLEUMS
FLOORTEX (ECONOMY FLOOR COVERING)
OIL CLOTH
TARRED FELT
VARNISHES
INSULATING PAPERS

(Continued from Page 154

the hills beyond for twenty miles, drawing blank at every covert except one, and missing his prey there by a hair's breadth when the bunny dived into a bowlder crack whither the dog could not follow. Tired and hungry, at gray dawn Bobby turned back toward the ten-mile-distant lair.

He had not loped a half mile when he was thrown violently on his side. This by reason of planting one careless hind foot on the flange of a well-hidden fox trap.

Of old Bobby would have caught the scent of this trap and would have detoured it. But long dwelling with humans had blunted in a measure the wolf instinct that had been his as a masterless puppy, and he had stepped straight into the masked snare. The steel jaws caught his foot slantingly. They drove through the skin and they held fast, but they did not break the bone or so much as cut a tendon.

Nevertheless, the spring would not release its hold in spite of all Bobby's plunges. Nor did the slender steel chain. Nor did the deep-driven stake to which it was fixed. The dog was a prisoner.

Daylight came up before he ceased his mad thrashing about. Then rose the sun and slipped high and higher in the skies. The morning was half spent before the farmhand who had set the trap remembered to visit it. To his incredulous dismay the yokel found a gigantic tawny-and-white collie stretched at full length at the chain's farthest span, panting for breath.

The man chirped to him. Bobby did not reward the salute by so much as a glance. He seemed too worn out to move. The man took an appraising look at him, figuring mentally on the possible reward for so magnificent a dog, if the brute were not already too far gone to revive. Then he bent to open the trap. Later it would be time to try to resuscitate its helpless victim.

As the steel jaws were pried free from the bleeding foot the inert Bobby came to life. Scarce had the edges cleared his paw when he was up. He sprang from the ground with lightning swiftness, and in practically the same motion he whirled across the short distance between the trap and the nearest line of bushes.

Into this shelter he slid as noiselessly as a ghost as the astonished farmhand made a belated rush at him. Still on pads of silence, oblivious of the pain and swelling in his torn foot, the collie sped at top speed across the miles of woodland that lay between himself and the lair.

A queer worry, a mystic instinct—scourged him on. Twice he sprang across brooks, but though he was parched for thirst he did not pause to drink. And ever, as he ran, that same mysterious terror waxed stronger and more and more agonizingly compelling.

At last he was in Blake's Woods. Then he was at the mouth of the lair. At sound of his approach seven falsetto voices raised a hunger chorus. But Lass' welcoming whimper was not among them. Lass was not there. Even before he stooped to peer in at the opening Bobby's scenting powers told him she was gone. The hungry puppies had crawled out of their nest and were sprawling about in the open.

For a moment Bobby stood there, his dark eyes clouded with misery. Then as ever his collie brain and resourcefulness came to his aid. Nostrils to ground he began to course. Instantly he picked up Lass' trail. It was fresh. A mongrel puppy could have followed it.

Here, not an hour ago, Lass had trotted. Her mate had not come home, her babies were hungry, and there was no one but herself to forage for them. Before she had run a quarter mile she had caught the scent of food. True, it was food from which Bobby had once driven her, but he was not here now to push her aside from it. And in any case, mother instinct was a billionfold stronger than obedience.

Out of the woods and straight to the nearest farm she went. The first outbuilding she came to was the chicken coop. It was the work of a moment for her to butt open the crazy door of it, and of another moment to drive her teeth into the fattest hen.

But as usual it proved easier to get into trouble than to get out of it. The chickens set up a most godless racket. A man came running from the adjacent barn just as the third fowl succumbed to Lass' pounce. Despite her futile efforts he grabbed the snarling collie by the nape of the neck and yanked her out of the coop.

The county law indemnifies a poultry owner for birds killed by stray dogs. Instead of braining Lass, as was his first impulse, the man shut her into an empty cornerib six feet aboveground and left her there until he could drive to the village and bring back with him the local constable as witness to the damage and to its perpetrator.

There in the dusty recesses of the crib, high on wooden posts with a tin pan at the top of each to keep out rats, the luckless collie ran from side to side, biting and scratching at the slats in furious attempts to get out. And there Lochinvar Bobby found her.

Bobby circled the crib, leaping high and seeking vainly to get a foothold on its sides. Lass whined plaintively, scratching at the thick slats and throwing herself at them in a frenzy of dread.

Then all at once Bobby ceased his frantically useless efforts. Again he stood moveless, seemingly deaf to his mate's whimpering cries. And at the climax of despair came his idea.

Man in dire extremity runs to his God for aid. To the dog all men are gods. That does not mean he worships them all or has any use for the majority of them. Still, they are gods and he knows it—infinitely wiser and stronger and more resourceful than himself. Thus it was that Lochinvar Bobby in his agony of fear for his brood turned to the only gods he knew of.

His personal god, Jamie Mackellar, was gone. But there were other gods, not strangers to him—gods for whom he had a mild liking, gods who had made much of him. These Beldencroft folk, rather than any strangers, would be likely to help him in his moment of stark need.

Without another backward look at the mate he was apparently deserting to her doom, Bobby went into action. Head down, feet flying, he flashed across the clearing, heading in a bee line for Midwestburg.

Jamie Mackellar at the end of eight weeks had been able to hobble about on a cane. As soon as he had come to complete consciousness, at Beldencroft, his first query had been for Bobby; and kennelmen were sent forth to hunt the city for the dog.

A policeman disbanded the hunt by telling one of the searchers that a big brown collie that morning had become confused in quest of a lost master in the thick of traffic at the Main and State Street crossing, and had been run over and killed by a motor car. The description seemed to fit Bobby, even to the mud-covered coat. Forgetting that scores of dogs, hunting their lost masters, are killed in that way, the kennelman went no further into the matter, but returned home and sent Jamie's fever soaring three degrees by telling him Bobby was run over and dead.

On a stiflingly hot noon in late June Jamie Mackellar was making his hobbling round of the kennels when a furry catapult hurled itself past the corner of the driveway and flung itself bodily upon him.

"Bobby!" blithered the dumfounded Jamie, in an ecstasy of incredulous rapture. "Bobby, lad!"

For an instant the deliriously happy man and the screamingly enraptured collie were all over each other. Kennelmen came running up. One of them telephoned the main house and Rufus G. Belden came hurrying down in person to verify the miracle.

"Bobby!" Mackellar was yelling as he squeezed the breath out of the squirming vibrant maniac that galloped hysterically about him, flinging itself again and again on his chest. "Bobby, boy, is it the wraith of you or did you lie when you said you were killed? Oh, but it's new life to see your worthless old self again! It —— What ails your poor foot, there, Bobby? It's all cut! I ——"

It was then that Bobby recovered from the mad delight of finding his supposedly vanished master, and remembered why he had come to Beldencroft. In an instant his wild exuberance was gone, gone so suddenly that Jamie broke off, astonished, in his own incoherent words of welcome.

Seizing Mackellar by the coat hem the dog braced himself and tugged. Then he let go and ran a short distance toward the highroad, looking back appealingly and making the air echo with his frantic barks.

As all dog men know, this behavior means but one thing. Jamie Mackellar not only knew dogs in general but he knew Bobby in particular. He knew that in the

THE *Gracile* DRAPE AND BURSON GRACE

BY *Natalie Norris*

THE penchant for gracile drapery raps for the attention of Madame and Mademoiselle this season and, whether the occasion speak for the evening gown or the fringed sport skirt, more attention than ever must be paid to the selection of stockings.

From behind the swirling Grecian drapery trim ankles constantly play peepand hide, and what is more annoying to their owner than to know that their slim grace is marred by unsightly, crooked stocking seams?

Long before Burson discovered the evolutionizing idea for knitting shapely hosiery, stocking makers knitted hosiery flat—making allowance for the contour of the ankle—then sewed the product of their looms with a seam up the back.

Next came the "tubular" hosiery, a pipe of knitted fabric which practically ignored the ankle. Now, some of these ordinary, seamless stockings, with just as many needles to the ankle as the leg—are made with a mock seam up the back, attempting to imitate real fashioned hosiery. Often the latter is difficult to detect until the hosiery returns from the laundry shy of its "pressed-in" shape.

"Neatness for drapery's sake—faultlessly neat" is the whisper which circles the new vogue to us from the salons of Paris.

BURSON is the correct and final word in the dress of trim ankles—whether your demand be for silk, lisle, mercerized, cotton or heathers.

BURSON means full-fashioned hosiery, *without seams*, giving the slim-ankled effect.

BURSON HOSIERY has nothing to fear from a *tubbing*—or the laundry. It is comfortable to wear. It remains faithful in its promise to wear long—and it retains its live elasticity and knit-in shape as long as you wear it.

Do ask to see it, and you will want to take a box home.

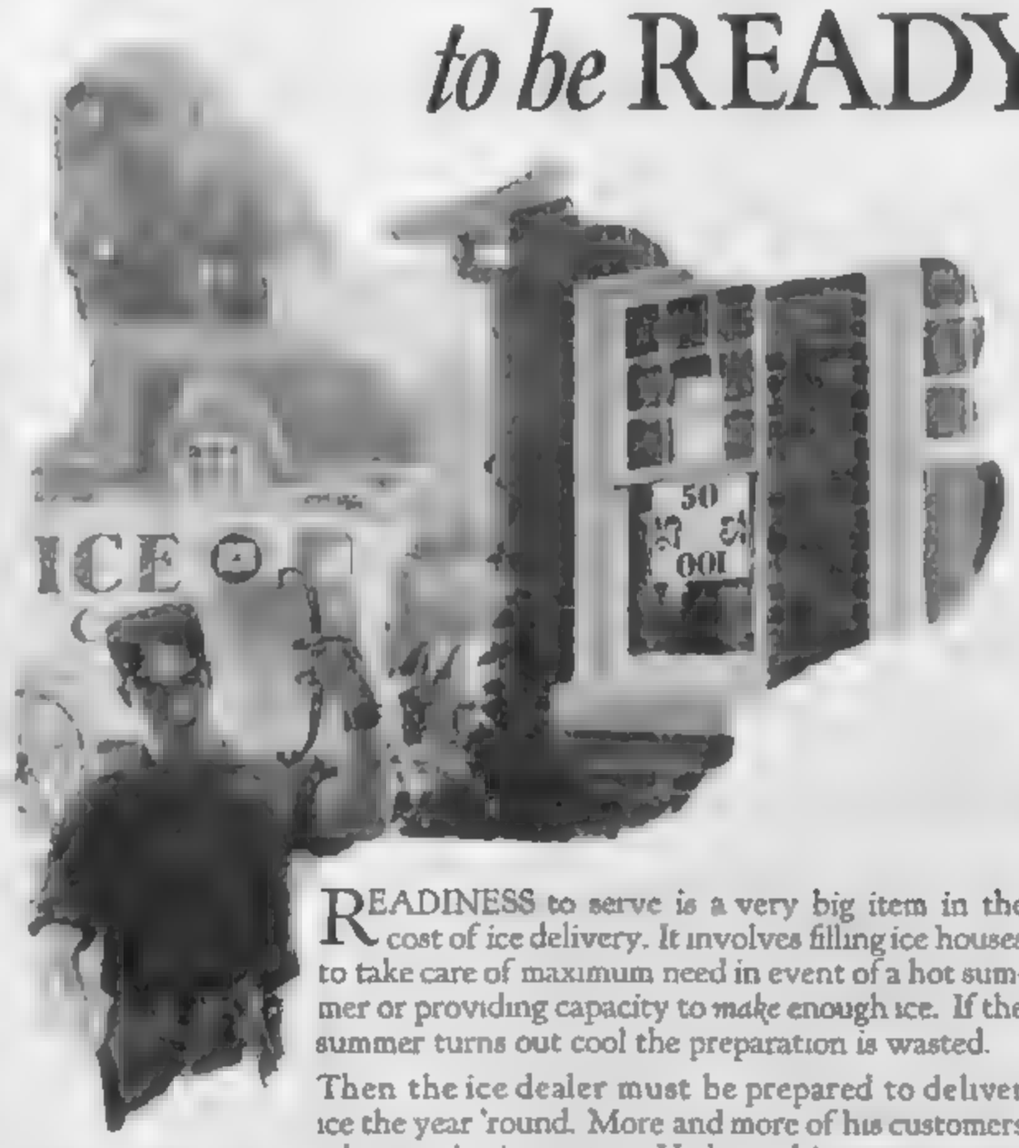
COTTON
LISLE
SILK
MERCERIZED

BURSON
Fashioned Hose

SPORTS
SILKS
AND
HEATHERS

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

What It Costs the Ice Dealer to be READY



READINESS to serve is a very big item in the cost of ice delivery. It involves filling ice houses to take care of maximum need in event of a hot summer or providing capacity to *make* enough ice. If the summer turns out cool the preparation is wasted.

Then the ice dealer must be prepared to deliver ice the year 'round. More and more of his customers take *some* ice in winter. He keeps his wagons going to deliver it *as needed*. That is a heavy expense. The tonnage is too light to pay for his overhead; so in winter the ice dealer always loses money.

In the heat of summer it takes a lot of wagons and drivers to take care of rush demand. When people need ice, they need it immediately. Prompt service is expensive.

The making or harvesting of ice is not the main expense—its cost is a fraction of the total price charged the consumer. Delivering ice and being ready to deliver it as needed often eats up one-half of every dollar you pay to the ice dealer.

This emblem **your protection**

It is the official badge of honor awarded to members of the National Association of Ice Industries who live up to its high standards of service to the public and the pledge required of them to give you

Pure Ice · Careful Weight · Good Service

The National Association of Ice Industries is organized to improve ice delivery, to extend the uses of ice, inform the public about proper refrigeration of food in the home, suggest ways and means of economizing ice, saving food and protecting health. The housewife should see to it that her ice dealer's wagon bears this emblem.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
163 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEPEND ON ICE IN ALL WEATHER

very minute of their reunion Lochinvar Bobby would never have sought thus to make his master follow him away except for some tremendously vital reason. And every line of the collie's body, every intonation of his frenziedly pleading bark spoke of fearful need. Jamie limped after him. The dog at his master's first step galloped up the drive to the gates and turned again to bark entreaty.

"What's the matter?" asked Rufus G., blinking perplexedly at the eager dog and at the limpingly following Mackellar.

"He wants me to go somewhere with him, sir," called back Jamie over his shoulder. "And he wants it mighty bad! See, he's starting off down the turnpike. With a poor cut foot, at that!"

"And you're going to strain that bum leg of yours by chasing after a dog just because he wants you to take him for a walk?" scoffed Belden.

"If you'd get a look at those eyes of his, sir, or if you'd try to read his bark you'd know it was something bigger'n that," called back Jamie. "Bobby's never yet played the fool or made a fool of me. He needs me. I don't know why. But I'm going."

Belden grunted. Then, as Mackellar started down the road after the hastening Bobby, the great Rufus G. gave an order to one of the men. Two minutes later a touring car came to a halt behind the plodding Jamie.

"Here!" ordered Rufus G. from the tonneau. "Hop in. If you're going to be idiot enough to follow that beast across the continent you may as well do it without putting your leg out of business."

Jamie obeyed. Bobby had paused worriedly. Then he had run on for a few more tentative steps. As the car followed he understood. And no longer troubling to slacken his pace or to look back appealingly he set forth at a sweeping run.

Half an hour later the car stopped in a farm dooryard. The place was deserted, the farmer having taken his wife along on his drive to the village.

Bobby did not wait for his excited master or for the openly guying Rufus G. to get out of the car. Along the dooryard he sped, coming to a halt at the foot of a corncrib. Around this he galloped, whining. He tried to climb the six-foot ladder to its door, but he fell back. From the crib's interior came an answering whimper.

At sound of his mate's call Bobby flashed back to the car, whence Mackellar was descending, and caught Jamie again by the coat.

"He's got something in that corncrib he wants to show us," ventured Belden, seeking to mask his aroused interest. "A cat he's treed there, most likely. Or a skunk. He ——"

"No, sir," denied Jamie, mounting the ladder and peeping through the slat openings. "A collie."

He lifted the crib's door latch to get a better view of the captive. Lass saved him the trouble of opening the door, for she flung herself against it and catapulted out into space, almost knocking Mackellar from the ladder.

Striking ground as lightly as a panther Lass scarce waited to gather herself up before starting off across the landscape like a golden streak. She did not give Bobby so much as a glance as she whizzed past him. Only once in her flight did she slacken speed. That was when her flying feet bore her past the hencoop. The three slain fowls had been laid in a row on the ground outside the coop, for the constable to see. Barely checking her stride Lass lowered her head and snatched up one of these hens as she ran. Then she was off with the speed of wind for Blake's Woods.

Bobby had started after her as she began her race, but after a hundred yards he hesitated and came to an irresolute stop. He looked back at his master, his deep-set eyes abrim with appeal. Then he looked after his worshiped mate and took a step or two to follow her. But of a sudden he paused again, with a low cry whose pain went even to the heart of the wondering Belden.

With something ridiculously akin to a sob in his furry throat the great dog turned and walked slowly back to where Mackellar stood. There, shaking as if with a chill, Lochinvar Bobby laid himself down, his classic head across Jamie's boot.

He had made his choice, the choice that threatened to tear the heartstrings out of him. Man had conquered. Bobby was turning his back on his loved mate and on his brood and forsaking everything his wolf nature craved, for the sake of the man who was his god.

There he lay, quivering, and with that strange sobbing sound in his throat, his head athwart Jamie's muddy boot, his tear-filled dark eyes lifted to Mackellar's face in sorrowful adoration.

There was a pause. Even the voluble Rufus G. could not think of anything funny to say.

Then Jamie cleared his throat and said, "I—I think I understand, sir. I think I get it all. I—I know Bobby, you see. And I know a bit about collies at large. Likewise I remember the platform where Bobby used to live. And I'm going there. Bobby, boy, 'tis a fearsome thing to see a creature turn from its mate to its god! A fearsome thing, Bobby, lad; be the creature nothing but a dog! How many humans would have the religion to do it, d'ye spier? How many? But ye'll not have to make the choice, I'm thinking, Bobby. Not if I'm right in guessing what we'll find under yon platform. Ye're luckier, that way, Bobby, than a lot of humans. Or—or, aiblins, ye're not. Who but God knows? Come along!"

He laid a five-dollar bill beside the two remaining dead chickens. Then he set forth on his quest.

"Where are you going?" demanded Rufus G. as Jamie stumped off with Bobby beside him.

"Up yonder into the woods a piece, sir," said Jamie. "Don't bother to follow if it's too hard sledding for the car. I'll ——"

"Shut up!" ordered Belden with the exquisite courtesy of his kind. "I'm playing this hand out. Though it makes no manner of sense to me, any of it. Wait till Peters brings up the car. I'm with you."

Striking the rutted and overgrown old picnic road the car bumped its way into Blake's Woods. Bobby was cuddled close against Jamie's side in the tonneau. The dog kept staring up at his master with growing excitement as Mackellar gave directions to the disgruntled chauffeur.

At a turn in the underbrush Jamie jumped up, pointing eagerly and shouting, "I was right, Bobby, lad! I was right! See! And your mate goes with your bairns to Beldencroft too. I'll buy her if her owner ever shows up. See, sir!"

He was gesturing toward a gap in the bushes where showed a bit of the decaying platform, with a ragged hole in its side. At the mouth of this hole lay Lassie, her seven babies crowding around her furry sides, as very daintily she tore apart a large and obese hen.

Bobby awoke the echoes with a thunder of ecstatic barks.

"H'm!" mused Rufus G. in another ten minutes as he and Jamie loaded the pups into the tonneau, along with their effusively happy parents. "Talk about Scotch thrift! Here you lose Bobby for four months, and you get him back with 700 per cent interest—800 per cent, counting his mate. Lord, but I wish I could lose a block of railroad bonds that way for four months!"

$15

$15.50 West of 100th Meridian

Ask for the Speedometer with the color dials.

This new model speedometer incorporates an additional device which keeps an automatic ever visible lubrication record for your car. Because of our immense production facilities we can offer it to the trade at not a penny more than the old model. It sells at $15.00 and will save the Ford Owner many times that amount.

A lubrication chart is furnished with each speedometer.

"Look Jones, there's that new Stewart Speedometer."

"Say! That's a fine idea. I'm going to find out more about it."

* * *

"This is the new Stewart Speedometer, for Fords, Mr. Jones. Here's what the color dials will do for you. You've never before been able to get definite information on when to oil and grease the various parts of your car. The color dials automatically give you this information. They act as a mechanical book-keeper.

"There are five colors which appear at certain mileages in the season mileage odometer. Every time one of these colors turns up, look at the lubrication chart and it tells you just where oil and grease are needed. For instance: a red dial will appear every 1000 miles. Let's look at the chart. It tells you to change the oil—to grease the differential. It tells you how to do this. And the diagram shows where these oil and grease points are.

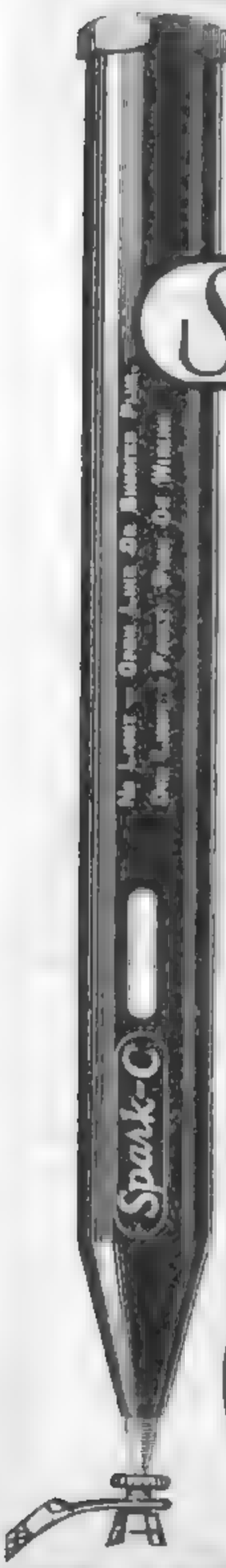
"It is not necessary to keep a record of any kind. The colors cannot possibly fail to turn up at the proper mileage. You can forget all about oiling and greasing until the color dials tell you it is absolutely necessary. All unnecessary lifting up of floor boards or getting under the car to ascertain if you need oil or grease is eliminated.

"You want to keep your car in A1 condition. To cut down your repair bills due to lack of lubrication. To increase the life of your car. To obtain a good trade-in price. The color dials do all this for you."

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart
SPEEDOMETERS

TELLS YOU WHEN TO LUBRICATE · TELLS YOU YOUR SPEED · RECORDS TOTAL MILEAGE



Spark-C
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Ignition Tester

Sees all Knows all Tells all
about your ignition

Price
$1.50
in the United States

Number two is out!

AND if one cylinder in a gas engine does not explode, there is a similar effect. The other cylinders must fight against the missing one. They lose the power that it should give and must burn up some of their own power to carry the load of the dead cylinder with its compressed (and wasted) gas.

One cylinder missing irregularly is difficult to detect by screwdriver or open cut-out methods. It took an expert to find it before the Westinghouse Ignition Tester—Spark-C—was invented.

Now anyone, amateur or expert, can find ignition troubles almost instantly. All you have to do is place the point of the Tester against each spark plug and read in the "window" of Spark-C whether or not the plug is firing properly.

Spark-C Ignition Tester is easy to use, clean, safe, efficient. It will last indefinitely.

If you have a car, a motor boat, an airplane or stationary gas engine, buy a Westinghouse Ignition Tester—Spark-C. Check up the ignition system now and periodically. It will help to give you the full power of your engine and save you considerable unfired gas.

Your automotive dealer or garageman has a stock of Spark-C or can get them from our nearest district sales office.

Westinghouse Lamp Company

Executive Offices: 165 Broadway, New York
District Sales Offices in Principal Cities

W
Spark-C

Westinghouse

RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 23)

"Isn't she beautiful to-night!" frothed Mrs. Fernis, looking after her. "I never saw her in that type of frock before, did you? It makes her look so girlish—so demure."

Perhaps because of the failure of her effort to converse with Delaney she looked at Parrish.

He had remarked the gown. It was the "sympathetic" shell-pink gown she had ordered on the day he met her at the dressmaker's. He did not mention that, however.

Delaney, too, was gazing after Rita. Now he spoke.

"Yes," said he, almost as if speaking to himself, "it's beautiful."

Mrs. Fernis had evidently gathered that praise from Delaney was praise indeed, for when Rita returned she said to her, "Mr. Delaney has been admiring your dress."

"Really?" She looked at him. "Have you?"

"Yes."

"Then," she said half jestingly, "this is a red-letter day for me. I had about abandoned hope of ever extorting a compliment from you."

Delaney flushed and looked confused. After a moment's hesitation he said gravely: "Why, surely you know I admire you very much."

Though he had spoken before all three of them, and though apparently he had made only a conventional remark, Parrish had a curious feeling as of having overheard something he was not meant to hear. He felt a little bit embarrassed; and so, evidently, did Mrs. Fernis, for with the manner of one who has by accident intruded she turned hastily to Parrish, saying: "I'm simply famished, aren't you? Let's go and get some supper."

As they moved together toward the dining room she asked:

"Doesn't he strike you as being a very singular young man?"

For once he found himself in full accord with her.

"He strikes me as being all of that," said he.

XXVIII

AFTER supper, when all were in the drawing-room again, Delaney played a suite of three compositions called In a Picture Gallery, which Rita announced he had just completed. In it he attempted a musical expression of the emotions created by three paintings. The first represented one of Monet's canvases—water lilies in the painter's garden at Giverny; the second, a portrait by Whistler; the third, a Spanish market place by Lawson. The music, like the paintings portrayed, was impressionistic; Parrish did not think much of it, and he was astonished when the musicians gathered around Delaney and congratulated him with an enthusiasm apparently quite genuine.

Rita seemed much pleased.

"Now let me sing you one of his new songs," she said, and immediately the room became quiet.

Parrish liked the song better than the piano composition; it had a melody, and the words—an old poem by Samuel Lover—were humorous:

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry ——

and after a rejection by Mary of a like suggestion in regard to her father:

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel,
Sweet Mary?" says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you I see;
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask me!"

As an encore Rita sang Delaney's arrangement of Bonnie Doon, but Parrish was aware of the song only as a background for his thoughts.

So that Sweet Mary song was new, eh? He had noticed music manuscript on the piano, yet neither of them had used it. Rita knew the words and music by heart. How new was the song? How long had it taken her to learn it? Of course she was a quick study, but just when had she learned it? He wished he knew just when, and just how long it had taken. Delaney had come late; that showed they hadn't rehearsed this evening, anyway. When, then? Somehow he didn't like the idea of their rehearsing there together, alone. The first thing Rita knew, Delaney would begin to misunderstand her interest in his music. After all, he was just a piano tuner; he had no advantages, no breeding. And he read the Russians—the rotten Russians!

He wondered if Delaney had been in town ever since that night he had seen him outside the opera house; it looked that way. He had said in Atlantic City that he couldn't afford to come to New York at all; but he had come; and now apparently he was hanging around. Had the music publishers and the Discaphone people advanced him money? Were they in the habit of advancing money to unknown composers? He didn't believe so; young composers were traditionally poor; if funds had been advanced it must have been because of Rita's influence. It was not proper for a woman to use her influence in that way for a man. Not that sort of man, anyway. He would have to speak to her about it to-night, when the guests had gone.

After singing, Rita summoned Schoen to exhibit to Paldowski, Frémecourt and some of the others his tricks at the piano with an orange and a hairbrush, and he in turn was followed by Wildenstein, who played his own elaboration of a Strauss waltz.

"He is very vain of playing the piano so well in addition to conducting," Mrs. Fernis whispered to Parrish. She seemed to set great store by these little titbits of gossip about the musical celebrities.

Already some of the guests had left, and now as it was nearly one o'clock a more general exodus began. Soon only Parrish, Mrs. Fernis, Frémecourt and Delaney remained. Frémecourt was a notorious night owl and Mrs. Fernis was almost as notorious a hanger-on.

Leaving the others gathered around the piano, where Frémecourt was humming Bonnie Doon, Rita drew Parrish aside.

"I haven't seen you in days," she said, "and to-night I'd counted on a little visit with you, but"—she gave her shrug—"you see how it has been?" She ran on: "Aside from that, I do think the party has been a success, don't you? I mean, it's done Delaney good—they liked him—don't you think so?"

"They seemed to," he replied magnanimously. "Does he expect to be in New York long?"

"Yes, he's really getting launched. Liebmann is publishing Bonnie Doon, you know, and he said to-night that he would bring out Sweet Mary and In a Picture Gallery."

"That's all right," Parrish returned, "but what I'm wondering is: How can Delaney afford to stick around New York all this time? You know in Atlantic City he told us ——"

"Oh, it's dear of you to be worrying about that!" she put in, laying her hand with what seemed to be an impulsive gesture upon his arm, and raising her eyes, warm with gratitude to his. "Thanks, just the same, though—it's all been fixed."

"So I judged," said he.

"It isn't as if it were only sheet music," Rita continued. "There's the Discaphone. There'll be lots of money for him in that when he gets started. I'm going to sing Sweet Mary for them to-morrow, and next week I'm ——"

"Of course," he interrupted, "you've done wonders for him. That goes without saying. If it weren't for you he'd still be going around Atlantic City in his old checked cap—tuning pianos. No question about that. Probably all the rest of his life. But, Rita, there's another side of this thing, and you ——"

She looked quickly at the others.

"Sh-h!" she warned. "Come over here." Again laying her hand upon his sleeve she drew him farther from the group at the piano. Then lowering her voice to a confidential tone: "There's something I want you to do for me, dear. You can help me a lot if you will."

Her gaze was earnest and appealing. He nodded.

"Frémecourt will simply never go home," she whispered, "nor Grace Fernis. I'm always having to send those two away. I must get them out pretty soon. I have to practice those songs, and ——"

Send 25¢

and your dealer's name
for this quarter-pound trial
Box of Apollo Chocolates

UNLESS YOU have eaten Apollo Chocolates you cannot even guess at how good they are. Unless your dealer carries them you have no opportunity of finding out.

We have therefore selected some Apollo pieces—all different—which we think you will like and packed them in a special box for your approval.

This acquaintance box will, we believe, give you a new idea of candy excellence. Send for it and see if we are not right—just a quarter in an envelope with your dealer's name and your own.

APOLLO CHOCOLATES

They're different

E. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS

The Inside Counter Pocket Saves the Price of the Shoes

The calfskin inside counter pocket found in "Foot-Fitters" saves many pairs of socks, which with ordinary shoes wear out at the heel due to constant rubbing on the duck lining. This "sock-saver" also prevents blistering at the heel and makes the shoes easier to slip on.

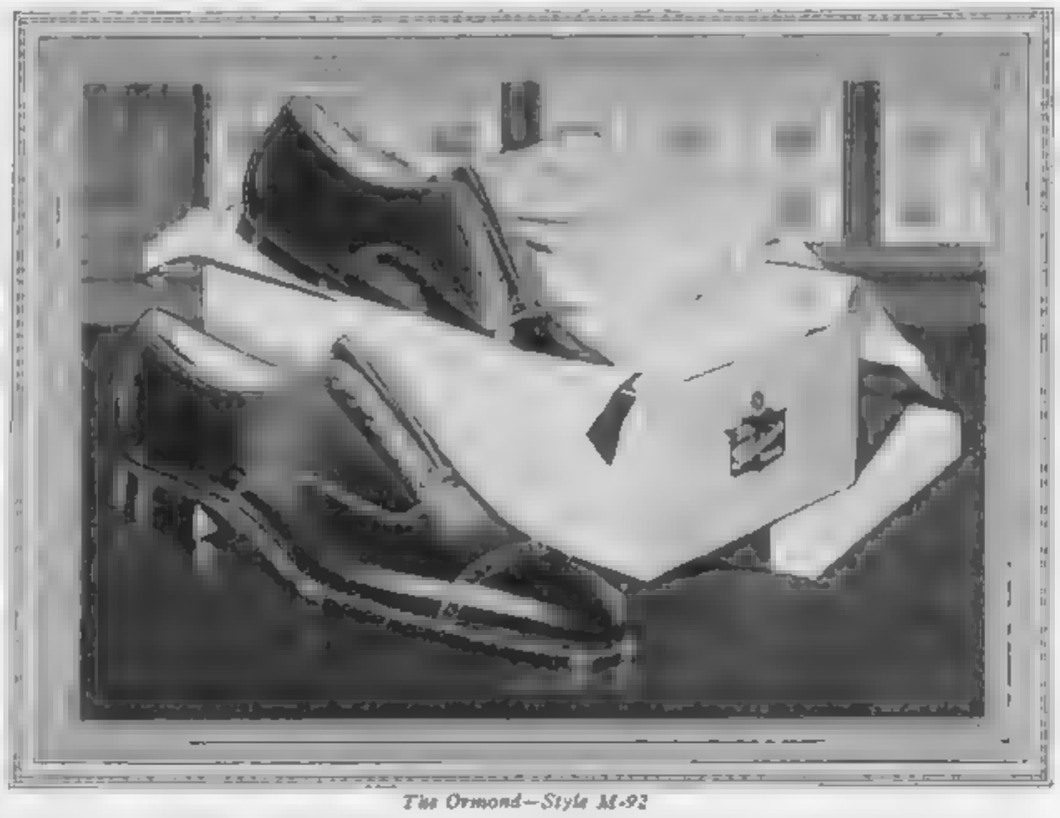
Figuring the many months that a pair of "Foot-Fitters" will serve you, the inside counter pocket will more than save the price of the shoes by protecting your socks from wear.

There are six other points of supremacy which you can only buy in Edmonds "Foot-Fitter" Shoes—seven points in all which makes these reasonably priced shoes especially worthy of your consideration. Ask the "Foot-Fitter" dealer in your town to show you these shoes in either black or rich mahogany calf. He can prove that "Foot-Fitters" are better than we claim. If you have any difficulty in locating "Foot-Fitters" in your city, write to us.

EDMONDS SHOE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Edmonds "FOOT-FITTER" shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE



The Ormond—Style M-92

MONEY'S WORTH—or just a pair of shoes for your money? The difference is in the number of days' wear and the satisfaction you get. Buy Florsheim Shoes and be sure of value for what you pay. No shoe as good can sell for less.

Florsheim Low Shoes are Skeleton Lined and Non-slip—they fit the ankle and hug the heel.

The Florsheim Shoe, $10—A few styles, $11 and $12

Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers *Chicago*

For the man Florsheim SHOE *who cares*

Tom Wye

KNIT JACKET

"It's a Tom Wye"

Enjoy the open road in a Tom Wye Knit Jacket. It gives all the comfort desired without the bulkiness of a top coat, and can be carried in the side pocket of your automobile. It is the ideal jacket for sports and general utility. Perfectly tailored; finely knitted; plain colors or Scotch heathers.

For sale by most good dealers

TOM WYE, Incorporated

Winchendon, Mass.

He broke in with "You mean alone?"

"No, of course not. With Delaney."

He stared at her.

"Let me get this right. You mean—what you want me to do—you want me to go—is that it—and take them, and leave you with Delaney?"

She assented.

"Oh, you do!" he said roughly, his rage mounting. "You do, do you? Well, you guess again!" She looked at him fixedly without speaking while he continued in a tone poisonously sarcastic: "No, my dear, you've got it wrong this time! I'm not the one who's going. It's your little friend Delaney. Do you see? And what's more ——" His voice was rising.

"Don't make a row!" she broke in sharply. "Don't you see they're listening!"

He glanced toward the piano, catching Mrs. Fernis' eyes fixed upon them. Hastily she looked away.

"What do I care!" he exclaimed. "If you don't want them to listen get them out! There are some things you and I are going to settle right here, to-night. I'm going to have a talk with you now if it's my last!"

"All right!" she flashed, "on *that* basis ——" And leaving him abruptly she moved toward the others.

Mrs. Fernis, however, met her halfway.

"Rita, dear," she announced, "Frémecourt and I have just been saying we must go. It's getting scandalously late."

Quickly Rita walked across the room and spoke to Delaney.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but we'll have to put off practicing the songs. Come to-morrow morning about ten o'clock, will you?"

Standing at some distance from the door Parrish exchanged bows and good nights with the three. As he watched Delaney go he thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and planted his feet more firmly on the rug, trying half consciously to assume the posture of a host. It gave him a sense of triumph.

Ushering them out Rita pressed a push button near the door. Simultaneously a bell sounded faintly from a distant part of the house. Parrish heard her clear voice bidding them good night. From where he stood he could see her leaning over the balustrade looking after them. Presently he heard the soft metallic sound of the front door closing.

Rita called down to the butler, "Pierre!"

"Mademoiselle?" He came running up.

"*Laissez la lumière là-bas.*" And in English she added: "Monsieur will be going presently. I'll ring."

"*Bien, mademoiselle. Merci.*" He descended toward the lower hall.

"If it was as a precaution that you told Pierre to sit up," Parrish said with a contemptuous little laugh, "it was quite unnecessary. I wish I were the kind of man who can take a woman and drag her around by the hair. It's what you need! Evidently you know it too. But you can set your mind at rest—you won't have to ring for help."

She, too, laughed.

"Oh, you're Anglo-Saxon," she retorted lightly. "I wasn't worrying. It's a little courtesy, that's all. Doesn't it seem fitting that I should have you shown out with due ceremony when probably you'll be leaving for the last time?"

The flippancy hurt him as no display of anger could have.

"So," he said, "that's all this whole thing has meant to you, is it?" She was at the other end of the room; he took a few steps toward her. "If my going doesn't mean any more than that to you I might as well go now."

"I was only striking back," she said quickly. "Don't let's go on like this. Let's sit down and talk things over." She crossed, rang the bell again, and returning took a chair, indicating to him a place upon a near-by couch.

He sat in silence until Pierre reappeared.

"You were up late last night," Rita said to him. "I will see monsieur to the door."

"I thank mademoiselle." He bowed and retired. Parrish listened to the sound of his footfalls on the staircase.

"Well?" she invited.

"Do you think there's no end to what I can stand," he asked her, "or is it that you just don't care?"

"Certainly I care. Do you think if I weren't fond of you I'd be here now?"

"Oh, I suppose you are 'fond of me,'" he returned dryly. "I think one may fairly assume that much. It seems strange now that I didn't see all along that with you it was nothing more than fondness. Looking back, everything has pointed that way. But I just couldn't see it—or wouldn't. Naturally, I didn't want to see it, caring for you as I do. Oh, what a fatuous idiot I've been!"

"Caring for me as you do?" she echoed. "And just how much do you think you do care?"

The implication of doubt as to the depth of his feeling for a moment stupefied him.

"If I haven't shown you," he answered, "I guess there's no way for me to tell you now."

"But," she demanded quickly, "if a man loves a woman very deeply doesn't he ask her to marry him?"

Marriage! Was that it, then? Was that what she had been thinking of all this time?

Here was a situation! He had never explained to Rita, as he had to Alice, that he was not a marrying man. The topic had never suggested itself and he had never thought of bringing it up. It had not seemed necessary. Rita was such a different type. But women! You never could tell about a woman!

Her eyes were fixed upon his face.

"You mean," he said slowly, "you mean that—you—want—me—to marry—you?"

"No," she answered, speaking quite as slowly as he, and looking at him with a comical solemnity which he recognized for a burlesque of his own expression, "I don't mean—anything—of—the—kind."

He felt the hot blood in his face.

"Oh," he said, "then this is just a debating society!"

At once she became earnest.

"No, it's not," she answered, "and I shouldn't have done that. I can see how my question about marriage misled you. I asked it because I wanted to show you that you aren't so deeply in love with me as you may have thought yourself."

"Well, it doesn't show me anything of the kind," said he. "The reason I've not asked you to marry me is the same reason I've not asked anybody else. I intend to remain a bachelor. I've never intended to marry."

At that she smiled a little.

"There, at all events," she told him, "we are perfectly in accord. I don't blame you for wanting to remain a bachelor. I wouldn't marry the most fascinating man alive. In my case of course it is more than just an inclination. Opera singers ought not to marry—the women anyway. You can't serve God and mammon, and you can't serve your art and hot rolls for breakfast."

"A lot of them *are* married, though," said he.

"Yes, and I know just two who are really happy. They're the exceptions that prove the rule. But look at Prenslauer—her career is ruined; she lost her voice when she had her last baby. And some of the others have either got divorces or accepted their husbands' love affairs."

There had been growing upon him a disturbing sense of having been led, against his will, into an abstract discussion. He had not stayed here to talk of Prenslauer's baby or the troubles of singers with their husbands.

"This is all very interesting," he said, rising and taking a few restless steps, "but it's not getting us anywhere."

"Well, then," she replied amiably enough, "what is it you want?"

He stopped walking and looked down at her.

"I want to know exactly where I stand with you," said he.

Her eyes met his.

"That's just what I've been wondering," she said.

"You don't know?"

"I thought I knew, but ——"

"Evidently!" he put in.

"—— but there's such a difference between loving and being in love."

"Yes," he retorted, "and there's a difference between loving and hating. I ought to know! But that isn't getting us anywhere either."

"Being in love gets *me* somewhere," she insisted. "If one is not in love life is empty as an unfurnished house. I don't believe anybody who is not in love is really happy. The day I met you I was lonely—you attracted me. I was longing to be in love again. The day was like spring, if you remember."

(Continued on Page 164)

After 50,000 Miles,
What will your car be worth?

It's easy to figure: take the used car value at that time and deduct cost of renewal. That gives you the real value.

REGARDLESS of loose statements of everlasting newness, every experienced car owner knows:

there comes a time when a motor *must* be rebuilt—usually after 20,000 to 25,000 miles. A nation-wide inquiry shows the cost to be $450 to $800, and two or three weeks' time.

Those are the facts and figures—no one can conceal nor deny them.

But Marmon costs are lower

Up to 35,000, 50,000 miles and higher, without motor rebuilding—that's how the sturdy Marmon doubles the average, with reasonable care.

$265 for motor rebuilding—not double or triple—that's Marmon economy. And you get your Marmon back within four days—*not* two or three weeks.

The Reason: Six Cylinder Simplicity

When great authorities in any particular art agree on a single standard, isn't it reasonable to accept that practice as sound? It is no mere coincidence that all great engineers of international repute have agreed upon the most efficient type of automobile motor.

Rolls-Royce of England, Renault of France, Mercedes of Germany, Fiat of Italy, Hispano-Suiza of Spain, Marmon and other leading fine cars of the U. S. A.—*all have six cylinder motors.*

And of them all, Marmon is the simplest and the most accessible. Marmon engineers, when they conceived this high-efficiency six cylinder motor and this sturdy chassis, anticipated the inevitable trend towards mileage cost being more important than first cost.

Heaviest of all in vital parts

The simplicity of Marmon design, the accessibility, and the inherent sturdiness enables the Marmon to offer Standardized Service and its economies. Throughout, every essential part is heavier than usual. For example, the rugged Marmon crankshaft weighs 110 pounds, the heaviest of all. In a comparable six, the crankshaft weighs but 77 pounds, and in a well known eight, only 40 pounds.

Vibration is completely eliminated in the Marmon—no car is so perfectly balanced throughout. No car is built with greater precision.

Get the facts about Standardized Service

The low cost of only $265* for rebuilding a Marmon motor is offered in contract form by distributors to purchasers of new Marmons. It includes labor and replacement of all worn parts (except crankshaft bearings, which up to now have shown no wear; many have run over 60,000 miles).

Motor rebuilding is but one of the 16 average service operations, constituting 85% of all maintenance.

We describe Standardized Service in a book, "Modern Transportation Costs," and present it gratis to all who mail the coupon. Thousands have sent for it. Every car owner should read it.

Learn how Marmon distributors have reduced service to a fixed cost basis. They offer new low prices. They end all guess-work on upkeep costs.

MARMON
The Foremost Fine Car

*Price at Factory, Coupé, 10% additional

Mail Now To NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY, Indianapolis

this coupon for the most interesting booklet you have ever read on the subject of automobile maintenance economies. It shows why we are able to make this revolutionary announcement and why the Marmon is first to adopt Standardized Service. The booklet is sent free to all who ask. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it.

GENTLEMEN: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

CORRECT! Even to her umbrella.

India umbrellas are smart. Wonderfully smart. Their jaunty shape has a useful side too. It means a smaller umbrella when closed—a bigger spread when open. It leaves your vision unobscured. And you *can't* turn an India inside-out! Think what that means on a windy, rainy day.

For good measure, there are ten ribs instead of eight. At best dealers' everywhere.

ROSE BROTHERS COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa.

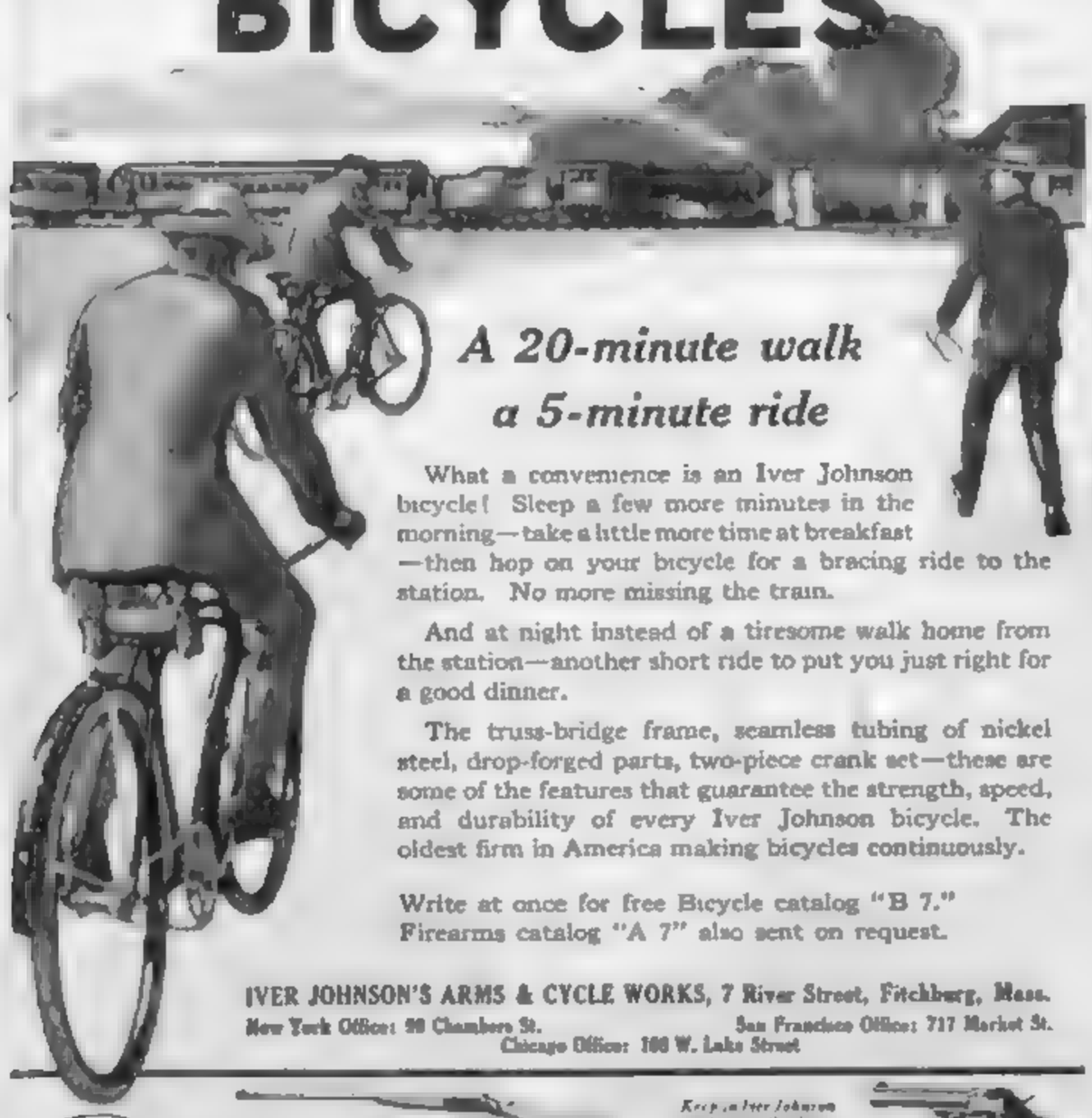
India Umbrella

Guaranteed

"The little umbrella with the big spread."

Indias for men — Folding Indias for travelers

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES



A 20-minute walk
a 5-minute ride

What a convenience is an Iver Johnson bicycle! Sleep a few more minutes in the morning—take a little more time at breakfast—then hop on your bicycle for a bracing ride to the station. No more missing the train.

And at night instead of a tiresome walk home from the station—another short ride to put you just right for a good dinner.

The truss-bridge frame, seamless tubing of nickel steel, drop-forged parts, two-piece crank set—these are some of the features that guarantee the strength, speed, and durability of every Iver Johnson bicycle. The oldest firm in America making bicycles continuously.

Write at once for free Bicycle catalog "B 7." Firearms catalog "A 7" also sent on request.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 7 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 99 Chambers St. San Francisco Office: 717 Market St.
Chicago Office: 108 W. Lake Street

Ask your dealer to show you an Iver Johnson single-barrel shotgun. Accurate, dependable, moderately priced

Keep an Iver Johnson revolver in the home for self-protection. It's accident-proof, you can Hammer the Hammer. Quick, accurate, safe

(Continued from Page 162)

"Do I!" he murmured with reminiscent fervor, and after a deep sigh resumed: "Then what you mean is—you were longing to fall in love with me—or with somebody—and now you're wondering whether you really did or not."

"That's a crude way of putting it," said she; "but love means more to me than it does to some people."

He seated himself near her, leaning forward, and was about to speak when in a reflective tone she supplemented: "When I'm in love I sing better."

The words struck him like a blow.

"My God!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Talking of love as if it were a gargle!"

Rita burst out laughing.

"Well, anyway," she declared, "I love you for that!"

"But that isn't what I want to be loved for," he protested. "And I don't want intermittent love—one day on a pinnacle, next day in the ditch. I'm worn out with your eternal changeableness. It's nearly killing me! This thing is going to be definitely settled to-night! I'd rather ——"

"There you are!" she broke in. "That's just it! That's going to help me to explain to you. Do you remember on the way to Atlantic City you were talking about wanting to understand me, wanting to know all about me, wanting to make a portrait of me, as you put it? You kept talking about getting the portrait finished. Well, what happens when a portrait is finished? The painter has learned all he can about his subject. His job is done. The portrait is framed and hung upon a wall"—she waved her hand toward her own portrait above the mantelpiece—"to gather dust. With a love affair it is the same. It is the development that is interesting—the gradual finding out. When that is over most love affairs are done. Not great ones, of course—but there aren't many great ones.

"You'd think," she continued, "that almost anyone would understand a thing like that, but men seldom do. In love they go by instinct, and their instinct is wrong. They hunt love as naturalists hunt butterflies. They don't see the beauty of freedom and movement. They want to catch the butterfly, run a needle through it and mount it on a cork where they can investigate it microscopically. But by that time the butterfly is dead."

"If you mean that a man wants to be sure of the woman he loves," said Parrish, "of course he does! That's the point: I've never been sure of you. I guess there must be a hole in my butterfly net!"

"Or perhaps the mesh isn't fine enough," said she, smiling.

At that he became angry again.

"Oh, this butterfly talk!" he exclaimed. "Generalities! What I want to know is—is there any use in my trying to go on, or am I through?"

"And that's what I've been endeavoring to tell you," she gave him back. "I know you want to pin me down, and I won't be pinned down. Love isn't an exact science; it's a fine art." And before he could break in she added: "And to be entirely frank—if you want me to be frank ——"

"Yes, yes," he urged.

"Well, I am afraid you are not an artist. In love, at least, you lack the light touch."

Again he felt an impact as of a heavy fist. Of all conceivable charges, that was the last he had ever expected to hear made against him. And by a woman! She had the effrontery to say he lacked the light touch in love!—he to whom men friends had so often come for advice in these matters; who had always handled situations of this kind so deftly; who, without being merciless, managed women; who, in his love affairs, had with invariable skill charted his course between the Scylla of loneliness and the Charybdis of responsibility! Preposterous! She was deliberately trying to confuse him. But she couldn't do it! He knew what had caused all the trouble. He had been feeling it all along, and now somehow he knew it. And he would tell her too!

"It hasn't anything to do with a light touch," he said; "it hasn't anything to do with me. It's Delaney! Ever since you first saw that whelp you've been different."

"Well," she returned, unperturbed, "what have you got against Delaney?"

"I hadn't planned to stay long enough to tell you," he answered bitterly, "but I'll tell you one thing I've got against him: He's not a gentleman."

"Perhaps not—as you mean it," she conceded without rancor. "I guess at that rate I'm not a lady either. But Delaney is a good deal more than a gentleman. He's an artist."

"Am I to infer that an artist cannot be a gentleman?" His tone was triumphant.

"It has been known to happen," said she laconically.

"Anyway, his being an artist can hardly make him a novelty to you," he said. "Certainly you know plenty of them. And as an artist he's not in your class."

"There you're wrong," she answered. "He is more truly an artist than I am. In the first place he creates instead of reproducing; and in the second he loves music purely for itself. I love it partly for what it can do for me."

"All right," he said; "granted you admire him. But you don't have to get sentimental about him, do you?"

"No, I don't have to, and I don't say I am sentimental about him; but if one must analyze, it might be interesting to have a man like that care for one even more than for his music."

"Yes, and you've been trying to make him care!" he charged.

"If I have, the effort has not been highly successful."

"You just fall in love with him," he prophesied vindictively, "and you'll get yours! He's a lot younger than you are. You can't hold him."

"I'm a good gambler."

"Maybe you are," he retorted; "but if you can hold him it will be the first case of that kind I've run across. I've seen dozens of them—where the woman was older—and I've never known it to fail. In the end he'll fall in love with some little girl young enough to be your daughter, and where will you be then?"

"Playing tragic rôles as I never did before. I shouldn't wonder if that sort of bump would be good for me."

He sank back on the couch, his eyes staring unseeing across the room, his mind filled with a whirling misery. Presently she stirred a little in her chair, and he became aware of her again. She did look younger in that dress—almost girlish—grotesquely girlish for one capable of such a shocking stream of bizarre sophistications.

Slowly he rose and stood before her.

"Just like surgery—this—for me," he said, and smiled.

And as he smiled the dryness of his lips against his teeth was painful. His whole mouth was dry. When he opened it again to speak his tongue made a little clicking sound against the roof of his mouth, which vaguely irritated him.

"Diagnosis—that's what I wanted. Now I know. It's better to know. Well, I'm ready to be wheeled out."

With that he swung around and made his way toward the door on legs that felt weak and numb. He heard her make a little sound of pity—he didn't want her pity! Then her swift steps coming after him—he didn't want her following him!

"Don't come," he said without turning. "I'll let myself out."

But she kept coming. He heard her behind him on the stairs. In the lower hall he almost ran to get his coat from the chest where it was lying. He did not pause to put it on, but threw it over his arm and, seizing his hat and cane, made for the door.

She was back of him; he felt her pulling at his coat. "Let me help you on with it," he heard her say. Why didn't she stay upstairs as he told her to? She ought to know he wouldn't want her looking at him when he was like this!

As he reached for the doorknob she laid a detaining hand upon his outstretched arm. He dropped his arm abruptly and turned upon her.

"You leave me alone!" he heard himself say, and as she stepped back, looking startled, he realized that he had made a threatening gesture with his cane.

She was saying something as he shut the door behind him.

XXIX

FOR the next few days Parrish was like a man drugged. He felt light-headed, and as he went about was continually on his guard against revealing it. But he made the office every day. Several times he was aware of Bement's surreptitious scrutiny, and it annoyed him. What if he was not looking very well? Was that anybody else's business as long as he attended to his job?

He was a little bit surprised that the pain was not greater. Though incessant, it was dull. Perhaps it would be worse when this drugged feeling wore off. His chief sensation was that of being crippled and not yet

accustomed to it; of greatly missing some important portion of his body which had been removed. His heart still was inside him; he could feel it pounding heavily; but he could not eat, and there were times when he feared to breathe deeply lest it bring on the sharp pain.

But presently there came a day when he began to understand a little and, as recuperation advanced, to gather comfort from a wan philosophy.

Well, at all events, it was over. This surgery had from the first been inevitable. Ultimately, no doubt, he would be better for it; in one way, even, he was better now—the uncertainty was gone. At last he could sleep.

As his mind cleared he found himself thinking of Alice. Not once during what now seemed to him to have been a period of illness through which he had passed had he heard from her; and now instead of attributing her silence to the condition of her sister's health or to annoyance with him because he had so long delayed writing to her, he began to be honest with himself and to search for deeper causes.

Could she have heard some rumor of what had been going on? At first that seemed to him hardly probable. She was far away, out of touch with New York and unacquainted with the people with whom he had lately been associating. And even those people, he liked to think, had for the most part been unaware of his affair with Rita. Busini had evidently suspected something, and perhaps the ubiquitous Mrs. Fernis had also, but he hardly thought there had been general gossip. Of course there was Atlantic City, but on that trip he had seen no one he knew. The people he knew would not be likely to go to that hotel.

The only friend of Alice's he had met since she left was Clara Proctor—at the Midnight Frolic—and then he had been with Bement. Clara, to be sure, had all but cut him.

That still puzzled him a little. But he and Clara never had liked each other. She was always trying to come between him and Alice; trying to inoculate Alice with her own cynicism concerning men, advising her to drop him because he didn't mean to marry.

As he thought of that there came to him the first glimmer of mirth—grim mirth—that he had known since Rita's door closed behind him. He had disliked Clara for interfering, but she was right: Alice should have dropped him; from a strategic standpoint it would have been the thing to do. But Alice hadn't any strategy.

Strategy was not very well distributed among women; some had none; others too much. Real fineness didn't count as it ought to in relations between men and women. Fine women, like Alice, lacking strategy or scorning to use it, so often lost out, while women who were cold-hearted and unscrupulous got everything their own way. Perhaps the fine ones could get some satisfaction out of knowing they were square and honest, but that seemed cold comfort.

Women! Why were people always generalizing about women? Such a stupid thing to do! Generalizations were stupid anyway. How true the epigram of the witty Frenchman who declared: "All generalizations are false—including this one!" When men generalized about women they were in reality describing not women, but their own reactions to some certain woman. If a man proclaimed women selfish, heartless, cruel, it was a safe conclusion that the woman he cared for had ill-used him; and if upon the other hand according to him they were patient, loving and forgiving, the woman he cared for was generous and kind.

During these days he reflected a great deal about women.

How helpless the average man against a woman pretty and unscrupulous! To a man it was well-nigh inconceivable that a woman's soul might not be so lovely as her face—that is, until she proved it to him. Given a beautiful face, his romantic fancy would endow her with every admirable and endearing quality of character. Strange, too, that beauty and charm—or lure—qualities having not the slightest bearing upon worth—should be the two great magnets of the love attraction. That meant that the qualities to attract were not the qualities to hold love. Something wrong there. If things were right with love, men would from the beginning be drawn to women by their sweetness, their fair-mindedness, their capability, their loyalty, in short, their fineness, instead of learning later to appreciate those qualities if lucky enough to find them. Yet under the distorted laws governing the love attraction all those qualities—the qualities of a good wife—might often be found in women who, for lack of attributes superficially attractive, were almost certainly predestined to a state of spinsterhood.

The whole thing was a mess!

Take his own case: How horrible to realize that he had so easily been drawn away from what was beautiful and fine by what was beautiful but not fine; how horrible that he could cast aside Alice's unselfish, unchanging love, for something spasmodic, spurious; and how horrible that the loss of that brief meretricious love could plunge him into a wretched state in which, though lonely, he avoided people, returning each evening to his apartment like a sick dog crawling into its kennel.

Sitting by the fire in his living room one night, unable to interest himself in books or magazines, he tried to analyze his situation. Rita's photograph still stood upon the mantelpiece; for several days its presence there had been disturbing him, but as if for want of energy to move it he had allowed it to remain. There, at all events, was something he was able to correct. He rose, took down the picture, and removed it from the silver frame.

His wretchedness was not a wretchedness of longing for Rita. He treasured no dream, however shadowy, of a renewal. He had put her—or she had put herself—definitely out of his life. Her destruction of his illusions, her blows upon his self-respect, made him detest her. If in the loss of her he missed anything it was a Rita he had imagined, a Rita who did not exist.

He looked at the photograph in his hands. She was beautiful with the beauty of a blue-ribbon cob exhibiting its gaits at a horse show, proud, sleek and sure. Self-confident, self-centered, self-satisfied, the expression of her face in the picture irritated him.

Suddenly, violently, almost as if slashing at her, he tore the photograph. He had aimed at the face, but by a narrow margin missed it. He tore again. This time the paper broke in a ragged line passing through one eye, across the nose and down the cheek. He threw the bits of the torn picture at the fire, but they hit the screen and fell back upon the hearth; he found it not unpleasant to scuff them into the hot ashes with the sole of his shoe. The silver frame he put away. He could give it to the cleaning woman.

But now in this morass of misery he did long for Alice. His longing for her was like his longing for his mother when as a boy he became ill away from home. There had always been that mother quality in Alice, that eternal watchfulness for his well-being; she was always thinking of him, worrying about him, afraid he would get tired or take cold. He thought with a strong nostalgia of the big comfortable chair in her apartment and the smoker's stand beside it; his chair, his stand, she called them.

And their tastes were so congenial—she always wanted to do what he wanted to; in restaurants she was delighted with what he ordered, and after dinner it was for him to decide what they should do—whether they should go to the theater or back to her apartment, where he could be comfortable and smoke while they talked.

How he wished she were at her apartment now! It would be so comforting to go to her; she was so understanding when one was downhearted. When the market was at its worst, after the war, and brokerage houses were failing, he could always get encouragement from her. And that time he had the grippe—she came to see him every day. How well he remembered the way she used to fix his pillows; she did it better than the nurse.

Trifling things always pleased her so. When he gave her some little present she did not thank him only once; with her a present seemed to renew itself over and over, and she would speak of it again and again. She remembered everything: not only birthdays but the most trifling anniversaries.

That reminded him—he had been meaning to get a present for her birthday. Her birthday would be coming pretty soon. Let's see, when was it? It came in the middle of March—March fourteenth. And to-day was—March fourteenth! Her birthday was to-day—and to-day was nearly over!

He hastened to the telephone and put in a call for Alice. It was only a little after ten o'clock. That meant nine in Cleveland.

The responsibility of fame

1800 Service Stations are Westinghouse Battery and render Westinghouse Attention—a superior service created by Westinghouse for YOUR battery, regardless of make. Get acquainted!

Give your radio set the advantage of "A" or "B" WESTINGHOUSE RADIO BATTERIES

NIGHT—miles from town—a fellow motorist with a "dead" battery—you with brightly glowing lights, snappy ignition and the complacency that comes from the assurance that all's well. In the distance a speeding train, controlled by Westinghouse-built air brakes and automatic signals, to remind you of the responsibility placed upon the name and organization of Westinghouse. That's when you fully appreciate the thorough dependability of your Westinghouse Battery! That's when you can better understand why Westinghouse Batteries must be of one quality—the best Westinghouse can build; and why Westinghouse Batteries can and do carry a guarantee new in features and unexceeded in liberality.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

BOYS! *Read this advertisement*

This is a whale of a good gun!

It FLASHES when you shoot it
It looks like a real automatic
It is absolutely harmless

BOYS, this is a great gun. A big, red flash jumps from the barrel every time you pull the trigger. You see the smoke. Yet these flashes are absolutely harmless. Shoot the Ronson Repeater anywhere in perfect safety.

It looks and grips like a real automatic revolver. It has the same gun-metal finish and is made of pressed steel. You don't have to cock it—just pull the trigger. You get 5000 flashes without reloading.

Get a Ronson Repeater today. If your dealer cannot supply you, use the attached coupon, and mention your dealer's name. Write at once.

THE ART METAL WORKS
7 Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
For 35 years Makers of High Grade Metal Novelties
We cordially invite jobbers and dealers to write us immediately.

The RONSON REPEATER

Trade-mark registered. *Patented in U. S. A. and abroad*

This wonderful gun costs only **25¢**

Also made in polished nickel plate at 50c. Both are higher in the West and Canada

RONSON REDSKIN RELOADS
1000 Shots for One Cent
Buy several extra red reloads when you get your Ronson Repeater. Every reload gives you 5000 shots. Price 5 cents each, higher in the West and Canada.

Cut out this coupon

THE ART METAL WORKS
7 ARONSON SQUARE, NEWARK, N. J.
Enclosed find 25 cents in coin or stamps, for which send me one Ronson Repeater, gun metal finish, loaded for 5000 flashes. (Enclose 10 cents extra if you live west of Chicago or in Canada.)
My name is _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
My dealer's name is _____
Street _____

MACGREGOR

Radite *Won't-Rust* Irons Retain Perfect Balance

IT isn't only that you can play these clubs in the worst kind of rain, wet, sleet or slush without danger of rusting—but there is a very practical golfing reason in their favor.

Constant buffing on the emery wheel to keep your irons shined up is bound gradually to wear away the metal enough so as to change in time the weight of the clubs as well as the balance, feel and actual resilience.

Yet with these Radite Irons your Pro need only to wipe them off after each round to keep them in the finest possible shape—shiny and sound. Not only is this a lot easier and more satisfactory for the Pro—but it is better for the clubs, for their original balance and weight are not changed even in the slightest.

Locker dampness—wet course—sea air—nothing affects Radite Irons. They always retain the same perfect balance. Ask your Pro or Dealer about them and let us send you descriptive catalog and further information.

The Crawford, MacGregor & Canby Co.
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

Make Records With MACGREGORS

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

Here's Style as Well as Comfort

GOOD looking, isn't it? You could even use this garment for a lounge suit on hot summer evenings.

It's the latest *Brighton-Carlsbad Pajunion*, a one-piece pajama that thousands of men know for real, relaxing comfort. Note the button and tab at the ankle to keep trouser leg down. There are a lot of little comfort features like this you'll find only in Brighton-Carlsbad.

Smart and modish, like all Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear, yet generously cut for comfort. The armholes are roomy, sleeves loose and easy, no cramping across chest, and plenty of seat room.

Whether you wish a plain old-fashioned nightgown or an oriental-looking pajama, there's a Brighton-Carlsbad to suit your fancy. Silks from China or soft native cloths—there are hundreds of patterns to select from.

Ask For Them By Name

Tell your dealer you want the genuine "*Brighton Carlsbad*." It's worth insisting on for the sleeping satisfaction.

Our "Nightie Book," sent free, tells about our entire line for all the family

H. B. Glover Company
Dept. 5 Dubuque, Iowa
Makers of Brighton-Carlsbad Flannette Nightwear

How fortunate, how very fortunate, that he had thought of it in time!

While waiting in the library for the call to be put through he paced the rug, following the pattern with his feet. There was a place in the corner where he had to take a short step or else go over into the border. In the back of his mind was an incoherent wish that the rug had been a little shorter or a little longer, to match the length of his stride.

The knowledge that he was so soon to hear her voice made him happy in spite of his apprehension as to what her attitude would be. Again he speculated on the cause of her silence. Suppose she had in some way found out about Rita—what would she say, and what could he say? However, he did not believe that was it. It seemed far more likely that she was hurt by his neglect. But he wished he knew. It would be so much easier to commence talking with her if he knew. Why didn't the operator get her? Long-distance service ought to be prompt at this time of night. He was moving toward the telephone with the intention of asking for a report on his call, when the bell began to ring.

"All ready with Cleveland," said the operator.

"Hello—hello—hello," he called.

"Just a minute, please."

He waited. There came a little click and a soft electric hum upon the wire.

"Hello," he said again.

Then he heard Alice's voice, faint and far away.

"Hello—Alice. This is Dick." He paused; then as she did not answer he asked, "Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I called up to wish you a happy birthday. I couldn't get your present off to you in time. I was wondering whether I'd better send it or hold it here until you get back. I suppose you will be coming back pretty soon, won't you?"

"I don't know."

"Why not? Is your sister no better?"

"She's much better, thank you."

"Is she back from Lake Placid yet?"

"We expect her next week."

"That's fine! And after that you'll be coming home?"

"I don't know," she said again, and there was something ominous to him about the repetition.

"But I want to know," he persisted. "You must have some idea when you'll be coming."

"I haven't made up my mind."

"Alice," he said, "I miss you awfully. You haven't even written to me. I know it's my fault—I ought to have written to you—but I was horribly busy just after you went away; I kept putting off writing from day to day, and after a while I felt so guilty about it I didn't know how to begin. And I haven't been feeling well. And last week I was called on the jury—I had a devil of a time getting off. I've been sitting here alone all evening, thinking about you. Came home tired out. Last night I was home, too—and the night before—thinking about you. I'd give anything to see you. I do wish you were home."

He was not satisfied with what he had been saying; he felt that it did not sound genuine; he was throwing in words desperately, as if they had been bags of sand intended to stop leaks in a dike. Strangely the flood he feared was not a flood of reproaches but of silence; and now as he waited, giving her a chance to answer, the silence began seeping through again, forcing him to throw in more words.

"Hello! Alice!"

"Yes?"

He hastened on: "I'm wretched about the way I've treated you! I know I've made you unhappy, and that makes me unhappy. Can't you say something to comfort me?"

Again that awful silence.

"Alice! Are you there?"

"Yes."

Some quality in her voice—he did not know just what—told him now that she was weeping.

"Can't you just say something to me?"

The electric singing of the wire suddenly stopped.

"Alice!"

No answer.

He worked the hook up and down and when the operator responded made nervous inquiries of her.

"Hold the wire, please." A curious little sound came through the receiver, telling him that the operator, like a disembodied spirit, was flying through the night to Cleveland to find out what was wrong; a moment later he heard her disembodied voice.

"The party disconnected," she informed him.

His first impulse was to call Alice again, but he abandoned the thought; there was no reason to suppose that further communication with her by telephone would be more satisfactory than the one-sided conversation just ended.

She had been crying. He was almost certain of it. Was it because she did not wish him to detect it that she had hung up the receiver—or was it a dismissal? Her silences, her short replies, lent color to the latter theory. She had never treated him like that before. If only she had reproached him instead of being silent; that would have shown him where he stood; as things were, he knew no more than if he had not called her up at all.

What if he had lost her! Now for the first time he fully envisaged that possibility. He had relied upon her gentleness, her devotion, her forgiveness. Had he relied too much? Ruthlessly he had traded on her finest qualities, treating her as he would not have dared to treat a woman of coarser fiber. His ethics had been the ethics of the jungle. He had been considerate of Rita because he was afraid of her, and inconsiderate of Alice because of her he was not afraid. Why—the thought struck him like a thunderbolt—he had treated Alice as Rita had treated him!

Would he forgive Rita? Never! Would Alice forgive him? She must forgive him! He must find some way to make her forgive him. He deserved to lose her, but he could not bear to.

In the past he had been more aware of her need of him than of his need of her, but now their positions were reversed. He could not go on without her. He must win her back. He must see her. He would go at once to Cleveland.

Consulting a time-table he found that a train left for Buffalo at 11:10. He could just make it. By changing cars at Buffalo to-morrow morning he could reach Cleveland in the early afternoon.

Through the pantry door he shouted to Ito, then ran to his own room and began collecting the things he wanted packed. When the servant came he left the filling of the bag to him and telephoned for a taxi. In fifteen minutes he was on his way to the station, in half an hour he was on the train, and when a little later he retired for the night the train was roaring along beside the Hudson River. But he could not see the river. There are no windows in an upper berth.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Gifts to go with the Diploma

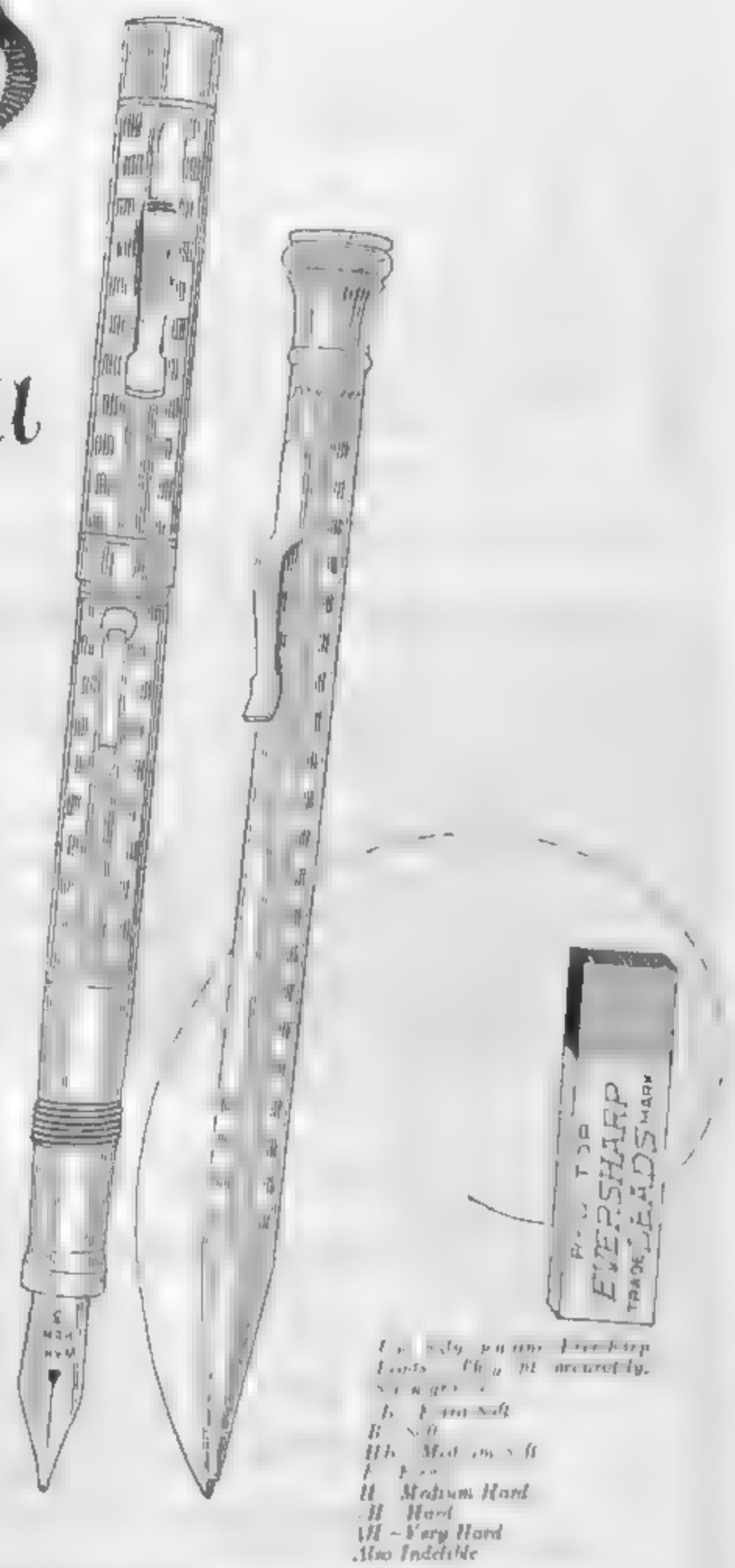
Hand in hand with the certificate of ability should go Eversharp and Wahl Pen to help that ability make its mark.

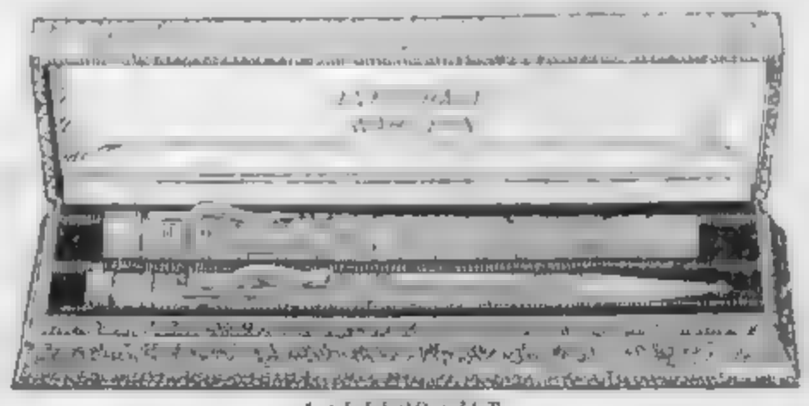
Pencil sharpening, pencil waste are out of tune with modern teachings of efficiency. Everybody everywhere uses Eversharp. It becomes a part of you, induces clear thinking and that saving "jot-it-down" habit.

No other pencil can be like Eversharp; it has the exclusive tip in which the lead cannot slip; it works with exquisite precision. Many styles in gold, silver and enamel, priced from 65c to $65.

Wahl Pen, with the all-metal barrel that holds more ink, matches Eversharp in efficiency and design. 62 styles of pen points. Sold everywhere.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO





A SURE GIFT
For the graduate a Wahl Writing Set — an Eversharp and Wahl Pen to match in a neat, select-lined gift box.

EVERSHARP
matched by
WAHL PEN

MONARCH COFFEE
MONARCH SWEET PICKLES
MONARCH SALAD DRESSING
MONARCH CATSUP *and other*
MONARCH FOOD PRODUCTS

Salesmen Wanted

MORE than 2,000,000 pounds of MONARCH COFFEE were sold by 200 salesmen of the Chicago House of Reid, Murdoch & Co. in one month recently. A newspaper man asked a leading retailer why MONARCH COFFEE sales were so large and the grocer replied, "Simply because its drinking qualities please, and there's none better obtainable at any price."

Desirable territory is open in New England and Atlantic Coast States in which we will place salesmen. It long has been our policy to make additions to our organization from the ranks of retail clerks. We want men under 35 years with records of success in grocery stores. To such we offer an opportunity to make a worth-while connection where you will enjoy a wide field of endeavor and a splendid prospect for development.

We require references from present employers. We want capable, ambitious, energetic men, and if you are looking for a future with great possibilities, come and see us. Only applications in person considered.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1855
882 Third Ave. (Bush Terminal), Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO RETAIL MERCHANTS: Because of our organization, the cutting of overhead expenses and [illegible] MONARCH COFFEE has a price advantage to the retailer [illegible] We believe the retail grocer to be the most economical and [illegible] of food products. We respectfully invite fresh retail grocers in [illegible] to handle MONARCH COFFEE by sale or agency. Put a little effort on to-day and [illegible] and we will be pleased to [illegible] Our MONARCH COFFEE is never sold in bulk. We quote [illegible] to retail merchants and that is the lowest market price. In territory east of Pittsburgh, address as above. West of Pittsburgh, address,

Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark St. Bridge, Chicago, Ill.

In Tacoma, Wash.
Many big concerns such as the National Bank of Tacoma—are enthusiastic users of our loose leaf and steel filing equipment.

SIMPLE methods and simple equipment cut office costs. We can show you the methods and suggest the equipment: thirty-three years experience.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Service offices in 52 Cities - General offices Benton Harbor, Mich.
In Canada — Copeland Chatterson Ltd., Brampton, Ontario

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment

SELLING TO A CROWD—THE AUCTIONEER

(Continued from Page 18)

into this picture, the desire to own the pigs is created, and by skillful handling of competing bidders price is lost sight of in the returns to be gained from the investment.

As he knows his goods, so the auctioneer must know his customers. He appears to be standing in his pulpit and urging the crowd to bid. Actually he is selling to individuals.

"Any schoolboy can stand up and call for bids and get two-thirds the value of an article," says one veteran, "but it takes a salesman to get that other third. To be a good auctioneer you must study and read human nature. No two bidders are alike. One is suspicious or has set a mental limit to the price he will pay for something he really wants; humor him. Another fancies that he is a shrewd buyer; compliment him on his judgment. Another will not take a dare; wave a red flag at him by pointing out his competitor. Others like the limelight and want to be pointed out as heroes when they make a purchase. Still others are timid and bid best when they think they are lost in the crowd—that the auctioneer is not personally soliciting their bids."

Another skillful auction salesman works on the assumption that most bidders like to remain hidden in the crowd, though he admits that other men get just as good results by playing upon individuals. His method seems to work best for him. A good many folks come to an auction thoroughly persuaded beforehand that the auctioneer is tricky, that the stuff to be sold has some hidden defect, and that bidding is stimulated by cappers. This belief that auctioneers use confederates to make fictitious bids is still common, but men who sell at auction day by day, year in and year out, say that crooked bidding is almost wholly confined to crooked grind-shop auctions.

Just as merchandise purchased by the individual customer in a man-to-man sale must be satisfactory if the sale is to hold and the purchaser turned into a regular customer, so the square auctioneer is genuinely anxious that successful bidders be satisfied. Then they will attend future sales and buy again. Very often, though traveling from town to town, he works in the same territory, and must create and maintain a reputation in fair dealing with people who buy at his sales as well as with those who hire him to sell property.

"I like the suspicious fellow; he makes the best buyer when properly handled," says one auctioneer. "Ignore his presence, talk away from him, let him see that you really do not care whether he bids or not, that he doesn't matter, because stuff is selling so cheaply or briskly. Presently he will bid in something cheap himself, decide you are square, and be a good customer thereafter."

A Contest of Wits

"It is not necessary to use cappers or trickery in honest auction selling. But what is honest auction selling? Is there such a thing as an honest crowd? The sale is a contest of wits between the crowd and the auctioneer. Of the two, in most cases, the auctioneer is more honest than the bidder. At every sale two or three persons conspire to buy a certain article at an absurdly low price, which they agree upon in advance. They reason that the auctioneer has to sell on the second bid, wait until the crowd is small, and then one bids a dollar for a twenty-five-dollar article, and another raises him a quarter, and gets it. Is that honest? Bidders think so—if it works. But the auctioneer is responsible to the man for whom he is selling. If enough such trickery by bidders were permitted average prices on the whole sale would not be satisfactory. So auctioneers have ways of protecting themselves. Sometimes cappers have been used to bid in articles that do not bring adequate bids, but the trained auctioneer can pick an imaginary bid out of the air just as easily, drop his hammer and say 'Sold to A. B.,' which is equivalent to bidding in the article for the owner. Imaginary bids are often picked out of the air in starting the sale, to give an appearance of briskness or to speed up the sale when it lags."

The auctioneer who makes a fuss conspicuously over a chipped pickle dish that somebody bids in for ten cents can be blind to the moth holes in an Oriental rug sold for a hundred dollars. If the purchaser complains he promptly says, "If you are dissatisfied, sir, we will put the rug up and sell it again." Nine times in ten the purchaser protests, "No, no! I'm satisfied. I'll keep it!"

Some auctioneers like the dissatisfied purchaser. They say that every knocker at an auction sale is really a booster. The dissatisfied customer buys again to get even or he growls about the way he has been treated, and people who listen to his grievance conclude that he lacks shrewdness

They are smart themselves; no auctioneer could fool them! And confident in their own shrewdness they turn from the grumbler to the sale.

The Auctioneer's Technic

The old-time auctioneer often ridiculed or bullied the bidder, holding him up to the laughter or contempt of the crowd as a cheap skate trying to get things for nothing. But the skillful auction salesman of to-day considers that as bad tactics as it is bad manners—there are more courteous and effective ways of stiffening bids. The old-time auctioneer, too, was often a jolly soul and kept his crowd in good humor by witty remarks and jokes, sometimes directed at persons in the crowd and again at the articles being sold. The present-day auction salesman uses wit and laughter to only a limited degree, and in its proper place for a definite purpose. If the crowd is small he may joke until it grows larger. If it is a solemn timid crowd he will cheer it up with a few jokes. Or in putting up a new article after heated bidding he may relieve tension by cracking a joke. A crowd may grow stale during an auction lasting several hours, and then the joke helps too. But laughter sells nothing. The moment good humor has been restored and bidding begins again the salesman must be serious. With a keen buying crowd jokes are a distraction.

Cheap wit or sarcasm at the expense of persons in the crowd is too expensive to be indulged in. The skillful auctioneer gets his laugh by making fun of the merchandise. Putting up a well-known piece of farm machinery he says, "You all know the Blank reaper—made out of old barbed wire and fence rails, liable to fall to pieces the first time you move it. This is the poorest Blank reaper ever made, and I am going to give it away for somebody to break up for kindling and old wire. The owner doesn't want it; he thinks it's no good. I don't want it, and I know you don't want it. I want to give it away; don't bid too fast or too much!"

The experienced salesman selling to an individual customer knows when the time has come for action, and directs all his energy to quickly closing the deal. Many salesmen say that they know this by instinct.

The auctioneer, too, develops a sort of sixth sense, by which he knows when the last offer has been made by a bidder. The tones of bidders' voices carry a world of information to the auctioneer. Something tells him when they have reached the highest amount that can be secured for the article under the hammer. Sometimes two bidders carry the price above reason, in competition or because there is personal feeling between them. A good auctioneer is quick to see that, and set one against another, saying, "Don't let him bluff you; you can pay as much as he can; make him pay for it!"

One well-known real-estate auctioneer says that bidding is like stretching a rubber band. If stretched too far it snaps, but if relaxed before the breaking point it can be stretched again and again. Bids create a sort of tension as they increase, and the wise auctioneer knows when the breaking point is being approached and eases the strain upon his audience by some amusing remark: "That gentleman in the red tie—what do I hear from you?" The audience giggles, relaxes and rests a moment—but only for a moment, because if

the diversion is too great, bidding interest is destroyed.

"The closing point in most auction sales is really a very fine balance of opinion about values," says a country auctioneer who has sold many breeding animals for good prices. "You will hear men say that no bull is worth twenty thousand dollars. There are four kinds of people who buy fine bulls. The farmer who raises meat animals can afford to pay one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars for a bull. The common breeder from whom he buys such an animal can pay four hundred to eight hundred dollars. The medium breeder who raises bulls good enough to improve the common breeder's herd can afford to pay three thousand to five thousand dollars. Finally, the top breeder with a reputation for the best, selling to the medium breeder, can afford to pay twenty thousand dollars for a bull or as much more as a particular bull is worth to him in results. Now suppose ten farmers or breeders attend an auction sale. Each brings his own ideas of the value to him of the bulls to be sold. The auctioneer knows the bulls, and has his idea of their value to those prospective bidders. It is his business, naturally, to see more value—real value, mind—than they do, and point it out to them. Well, the bidding begins. One man's idea of value is pitted against another man's, corrected by the auctioneer's idea of value, and the price goes up, up, up, until it reaches the value to the man who can get the most value out of his purchase. If it goes above that there will be dissatisfaction, and if it stops short the auctioneer hasn't secured the best results for the seller."

A Town Under the Hammer

How an auction sale settles values was shown some months ago in "the world's greatest real-estate auction," when more than fifteen hundred houses in a war-built shipyard town were sold for the Government. The property was first offered at private sale, but the highest price obtainable was about two million dollars. So auction sale was decided upon. Immediately there was propaganda against the auction—rumors that the houses were badly built, had wet cellars, and so forth. The auctioneer who got the job came from another locality. There was propaganda against him as imported. When the auctioneer opened the sale he faced a crowd made up of people who thought the houses they were living in would be sold over their heads at prices greater than they could pay; also, of people who wanted to get houses below their real value. They brought along enough sympathizers to crowd the auditorium and smash windows and doors. When the auctioneer began he was jeered every time he offered a house for sale. But he persisted, telling the crowd how foolish it was to think that it could get the better of the United States Government by any such tactics, and after an hour of turbulence there was a queer change.

Houses were sold under the hammer, and sold at reasonable prices. The crowd saw people getting bargains. Hostility changed to acquisitiveness. People bid, and bought, and cheered the auctioneer every time the hammer fell. In one final rally those who were most hostile tried to heckle the auctioneer, whereupon he asked why, if they had the interests of poor people so much at heart, they didn't raise a fund and help some of them buy in their homes. Later, when a widow with several children lacked money to keep her home, the auctioneer raised a fund himself. Prices steadily grew better but were reasonable to the end. The Government got nearly twice as much for the whole property as had been offered privately—and when the sale ended the auctioneer was given a great demonstration.

Sales of farm property are the greatest single auction activity. Therefore the auctioneer's suggestions to country people who are selling out should be interesting:

Spring is a good season to auction off farm stuff—from February to April. Livestock has wintered far enough to show condition, and farmers who sold livestock the past fall for lack of feed to carry it through the winter are looking for animals. New people from other sections usually come into a neighborhood and start farming in the spring, and need implements and livestock. October and November are also considered good months in some parts of the country, as livestock is in good condition, where later, in winter, it will look rough. Mondays, Saturdays and public holidays should be avoided.

Farm property put in the show window will bring more money than if sold without method. Tools and implements should be cleaned, broken parts replaced, and be touched up with paint, harness oiled and mended. Property of the same kind, like implements and furniture, should be brought together and arranged for easy inspection, and livestock tied or penned near it; if property is scattered the crowd will straggle, and the auctioneer have difficulty in keeping it interested. Finally, it is important to have a good lunch. After several hours of selling people grow hungry and lose interest. Good nature and bidding are restored by lunch. It need not be elaborate—plenty of hot coffee with sandwiches will do. In other days liquor was often served at country auctions, but auctioneers are all prohibitionists in this respect. Liquor will make a man bid, they say, but he cannot be held to his bargain. Liquor often made him troublesome, interrupting the sale and diverting the crowd's attention.

Auction selling for one kind of goods might not do for another. Farm property is sold one way, city real estate another, raw furs or art goods in still other ways. Generally the auction methods are shaped by the buyers' knowledge of values. The crowd that comes to see the furnishings of an exclusive city mansion sold off in liquidating an estate will be made up of a dozen dealers who closely gauge the value of whatever they bid upon, with a hundred or more persons, often drawn by curiosity, who have very sketchy ideas of value. Drawn into the bidding they often pay much more than things are worth, though some bargains are always picked up. This is also true of sales where books, paintings and other fine things are sold. The dealer is there with his canny appraisals, but people with vague ideas of value outnumber him, and as they are often collectors in rivalry for some exclusive article, bidding may run high.

Some years ago a state librarian sent an agent to an auction sale of rare books, with instructions to bid on thirty-odd items up to certain prices. Not a single item was secured, for other bidders paid more than the librarian could afford, the aggregate being nearly six hundred dollars. Thereupon the librarian sought the same books at private sale, and within a few weeks got them all for less than two hundred dollars.

The Electrical Bidding Device

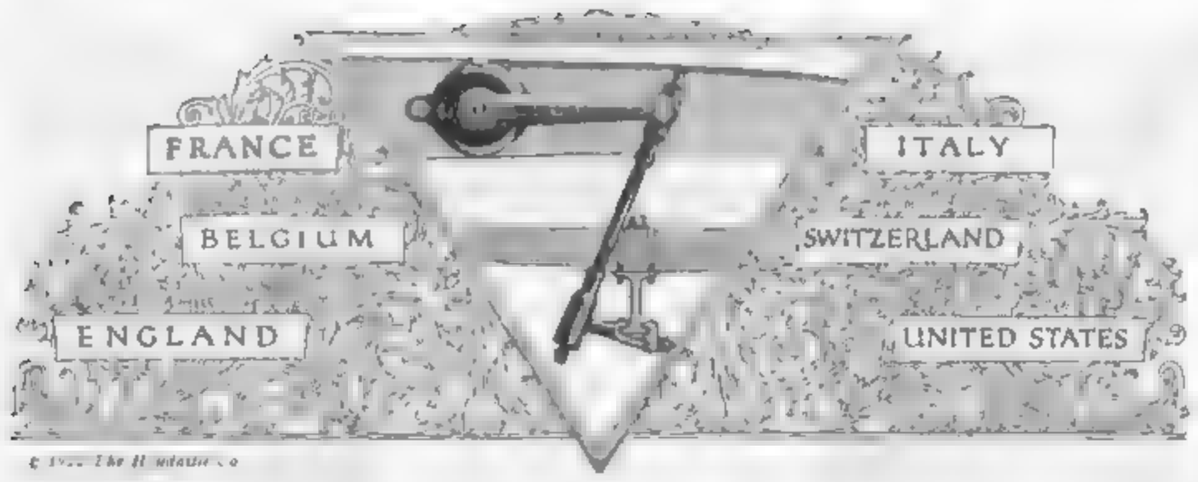
When it comes to selling furs, carpets, tobacco, fruit, wool, Dutch bulbs and other commodities to professional bidders—men who think, dream and eat values—the auction becomes less exciting as a sporting event, perhaps, yet full of interest and speed nevertheless. Very often the bidding is in code, so that competitors will not know who is bidding or what particular lot he is bidding on. Such auctions are held in rooms fitted up for the convenience of the buyers, who sit at desks, like a lot of schoolboys, catalogues in hand, and excitedly wigwag code bids at teacher, the auctioneer on his rostrum. In this class falls the Dutch auction, common in the sale of Holland's bulbs, cheese, eggs and other products. The auctioneer starts each lot at a high figure, and begins lowering the price bit by bit until some bidder agrees to take it at a price, when the lot is knocked down to him. The up-to-date auction in Holland is conducted electrically, with a clock face around which a pointer travels from high to low. Buyers watch it, each sitting at a desk with a numbered push button. When the pointer reaches a price some bidder is willing to pay he presses his button and his number appears over the dial, and the eggs or tulips are his.

Endurance counts in auction selling, for very often the auctioneer is on his feet, talking continuously, for five or six hours a day and several days in succession, or ten or twelve hours in a big one-day sale. He must therefore have the health and good temper of the man selling to individual customers, plus the ability to keep a crowd interested and buying. Long before he feels fatigue his crowd will probably get tired and become indifferent. Then he has to liven it up with his own vitality.

Most of all, he must be able to talk continuously during these long selling periods; so voice training is part of the course where

Identified by This Red Woven Label
MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries
The B.V.D. Red Woven Label is the Trade Mark by which The B.V.D. Company assures you the far-famed comfort, long wear and dependable quality of its product.
The B.V.D. Company
New York
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF "B.V.D." UNDERWEAR
"B.V.D." Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits. Pat. U.S.A. Men's $1.50 the suit, Youths $1.00 the suit.
"B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 85c the garment

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE
Exclusive Weaves Shaped by Hand in a Variety of Distinctive Designs for Discriminating Men
C & K Straws
MADE FOR THE BETTER SHOPS BY
The CROFUT & KNAPP Co. FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.



Just as the brain and spinal column are protected by a liquid shock-absorbing system, so the liquid cushion of Hoo-Dye protects the motorist from "road shell shock" and fatigue.

Hoo-Dye operates with absolute certainty in softening the softest blow or holding as in a vise the car body to its mean line of travel over the worst roads at the highest speed. By its curb on springs' enthusiasm, it makes longer trips possible, and it turns what was a tiring journey into a day of restful relaxation.

In Europe and America the application of the hydraulic principle to the control of the motor body as developed in the Hoo-Dye Shock Absorber has opened a new era in motor car comfort.

The great majority of the finest foreign cars are Hoo-Dye equipped, and in this country it is the standard equipment on Cunninghams, while many thousands have been applied to Packards, Pierce-Arrows, Cadillacs, Studebakers, Mercers, Hudsons, Buicks and other of America's best cars.

If motoring wearies you or makes you conscious of your tired nerves, send for our book "How Motoring Shocks Affect the Nervous System" by R. Kendrick Smith, M. D., D. O., one of America's foremost physicians and osteopaths. For your own health's sake you should have a copy—send for it today and learn the health way of motoring. Ride easy with Hoo-Dye Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

THE HOUDAILLE COMPANY, 1416 West Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
Manufactured by the Houde Engineering Corp
Canadian Dist., Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co., Ltd., Montreal

Distributors in all large cities. Call Tel-U-Where for our nearest distributor

HOO-DYE
(HOUDAILLE)
HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder

Shake It in Your Shoes

Use It in Your Foot-Bath

USE IT IN THE MORNING

And walk all day in comfort. At night, sprinkle it in the foot-bath, and soak and rub the feet. It freshens the feet and takes the Friction from the Shoe.

IN PEACE AND WAR for over 25 years Allen's Foot-Ease has been the STANDARD REMEDY for hot, swollen, smarting, tender, tired, perspiring, aching feet, corns, bunions, blisters and callouses. Nothing gives such relief.

Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller, and shoes and stockings wear longer. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease have solved their foot troubles.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by the United States Army and Navy during the war.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere.

auctioneering is taught. To talk steadily through a sale the voice must be strong and pleasant; also, the auctioneer must have something to say. In taking on a student or an apprentice the auctioneer who teaches his kind of salesmanship puts the candidate through a physical examination for health, strength and sound lungs. Then his body is built up by exercise, and his voice trained for clear enunciation, carrying power, agreeable tone and endurance. The novice talks, speaking as plainly as possible and increasing carrying power. When everybody in a large room can hear him distinctly he practices talking a little faster, and faster yet, until he can hold the attention of a crowd not merely by steady speaking but by what he has to say. For the latter purpose he must be well informed about the goods he sells, and therefore the successful auctioneer is a leader and investigator in his line, whether it be livestock, city lots, secondhand furniture or Chinese porcelains.

The real test in this line, says one auctioneer, is ability to grind, which brings in that interesting institution, the grind shop, the more or less crooked establishment where flashy jewelry, bric-a-brac and other merchandise known as slum are sold for as much above their real value as the auctioneer can get. The grind shop is found in most cities, but in only a few well-chosen locations. It succeeds in well-traveled streets, where people are mostly strangers or working folk; or near depots and markets, where country people come—for these are its chief customers. Working people seldom complain when cheated, for fear that they will be held up to ridicule as suckers, while the farmer and stranger in town keep a bad bargain quiet for fear their names will get into the newspapers and be read back home. Good grind-shop locations are not numerous and bring good rents. If such an establishment began business among middle-class or professional people, accustomed to insisting upon their rights, it would soon be closed by the police.

Grind-Shop Methods

The grind shop originated in pawnshop sales of unredeemed jewelry, about the same time jewelry merchants discovered that legitimate auction selling solved certain problems in their trade.

The jeweler's merchandise tied up a great deal of money, and was often slow selling; so much so, sometimes, that he was driven into bankruptcy. Auctioneers were called in to sell bankrupt jewelry stocks, and jewelers learned that the auction could be used to forestall bankruptcy. It is widely used to-day to liquidate surplus stocks, the jeweler getting his capital back quickly, and purchasers getting honest goods at reasonable prices.

Pawnshop proprietors found that anticipation of bargains made people bid freely at sales of unredeemed jewelry; so the grind shop with its secondhand watches, brass jewelry and thin-plated silverware was quickly established to meet the demand. It is altogether unlike the legitimate jewelry auction—indeed, very harmful to the latter. The grind-shop auctioneer takes pride in trimming customers. He would rather sell a brass watch for three dollars, making a dollar and a half profit, than sell a good watch for twelve to twenty-five dollars and make double the profit. Curiously, this sort of establishment does not make great profits, nor do its auctioneers earn anything like the commissions that might come to them in honest selling. They are often gifted salesmen, but have fallen into the grind-shop habit and find it hard to break away. The grind-shop proprietor is usually a small merchant with no regular customers. He employs two or three auctioneers who relieve one another through the long business day, often lasting until midnight. The term "grind" grew out of the fact that the auctioneer talks continuously, even though there be nobody in the place. To be able to talk to bare walls in a good tone of voice without growing tired and all the time keeping up an appearance of selling and be ready to sell if a single rummy, or victim, drifts into the place, is considered great salesmanship and recommended as practice to auctioneers in other lines.

"Gather right inside!" chants the grind-shop auctioneer, with nobody around except two or three shillabers, or confederates, who upon the appearance of a single prospective customer will begin making fictitious bids. "Gather on the inside, right on the inside! The sale is just starting, we are just starting the sale, come right in, be right in time, the big sale is just starting. And I am bid five dollars, I'm bid five dollars, I'm bid five, I'm bid five, five, five! Come right in, right on the inside, just starting the big sale. Come right in and look over this beautiful stock of diamonds, watches, jewelry, cut glass and silverware. Gather in, gather in, gather in! The first article I am going to offer is this big vase. It is worth fifteen dollars of anybody's money. It was made on the far-away shores of Japan, ten thousand miles away, and it is all hand painted and beautifully ornamented in bright Japanese gold. Pure gold! Gold, ladies and gentlemen, g-o-l-d! And it's worth twenty-five dollars! And I'm bid twenty-five cents, I'm bid a quarter, I'm bid twenty-five cents, five, five, twenty-five ——"

An Hereditary Title

Ten or fifteen people are a fine crowd in a grind shop if there are one or two real bidders among them. The shillabers, or by-bidders, as they are also called, are not even paid, in many cases, but simply use the auction room as a loafing place or are friends of the proprietor or auctioneer. The paid confederate is employed usually where buyers are hard to attract. There are fake auctions that make sales if only a single rummy drops in. The stranger, drawn by the small crowd and the grinding, thinks it must be an honest auction sale because there are so few people. The auctioneer obligingly offers to put up anything he wants to bid on. The shillabers bid, and make comments upon the value of goods. Articles are knocked down to them, and they step briskly up to the counter to pay for their purchases, throwing down a silver dollar and getting back two fifty-cent pieces in change. If the single customer can be interested he is kept buying as long as possible, probably paying three to five times the actual worth of everything purchased.

Yet the outstanding fact about the grind shop is its small turnover. Fifteen to twenty dollars an hour is considered satisfactory selling, and fifty dollars an hour fine business. Cheap auctions of this type are often conducted with twenty-five or fifty dollars' worth of merchandise, and if some providential rummy drops in and buys the one brass watch unexpectedly it is necessary to hurry a shillaber around to the nearest pawnshop to get another.

A final word about the country auctioneer, the word he is invariably known by—"Colonel." People have wondered why, and asked him, but he seldom knew himself. Recent investigation by a well-known auctioneer in the Middle West shows that the title was first applied to the late Col. James W. Judy, a famous auctioneer of the last generation. Colonel Judy was the pioneer in pure-bred livestock auctioneering, and his title of colonel was won in military service during the Civil War. Many another auctioneer was anxious to become known as a second Colonel Judy, and thus the title "Colonel" was given those who succeeded.

NERACAR

"MOTORING ON TWO WHEELS"

For the Entire Family

85 to 100 miles to the gallon

Neracar is Cheap—Clean—Convenient—Safe—two wheel transportation for the entire family—father, mother, brother and sister.

Cheap The first cost is $225. The upkeep is extremely low. One gallon of gasoline for 85 to 100 miles. No garage or parking difficulties.

Convenient Use the Neracar to the store or office. For work or play, to school or country club. You are independent and operate on your own schedule.

Clean The broad fenders protect the rider from mud, dust and grease. Can be ridden by either sex in whatever clothes befit the occasion.

Safe Maximum speed 35 miles per hour. The low center of gravity (below the hubs) makes for easy handling and balance, and practically prevents skidding. The low saddle position permits the rider's feet to rest on the ground at start or stop.

300 miles for a dollar

SPECIFICATIONS

CHASSIS: Automobile type construction with pressed steel frame.
MOTOR. Two-cycle 2½ H. P.
CRANK CASE: Aluminum. Shaft mounted on roller bearing front; ball bearing rear.
CARBURETOR: Single jet automatic float feed with flexible wire control to right-hand grip.
DRIVE: Friction, five speed. Countershaft mounted on self-aligning ball bearings.
IGNITION: High tension magneto.
ELECTRIC LIGHTS: Two head and one tail. Magneto generator.
STARTER: Kick starter direct to engine shaft.
MUFFLER: Pressed steel with baffle plates.
TIRES: 26 x 3" nonskid.
WIRE WHEELS: Mounted on ball bearings
WEIGHT: Approximately 175 lbs.
SPEED: 35 miles per hour.

NER-A-CAR CORPORATION, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

DIRECTORS

F. P. Assmann, Vice Pres. The Continental Can Company, Syracuse, N. Y.
D. R. Bullen, General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.
Alexander H. Cowie, President Rochester & Syracuse Railway Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Huntington B. Crouse, President Crouse-Hinds Company, Syracuse, N. Y.
King C. Gillette, President Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, Mass.
Egbert H. Gold, President Vapor Car Heating Co., Chicago, Ill.
Charles L. Lee, Treasurer Ner-A-Car Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y.
C. A. Neracher, Syracuse, N. Y.
J. Allan Smith, President Ner-A-Car Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y.

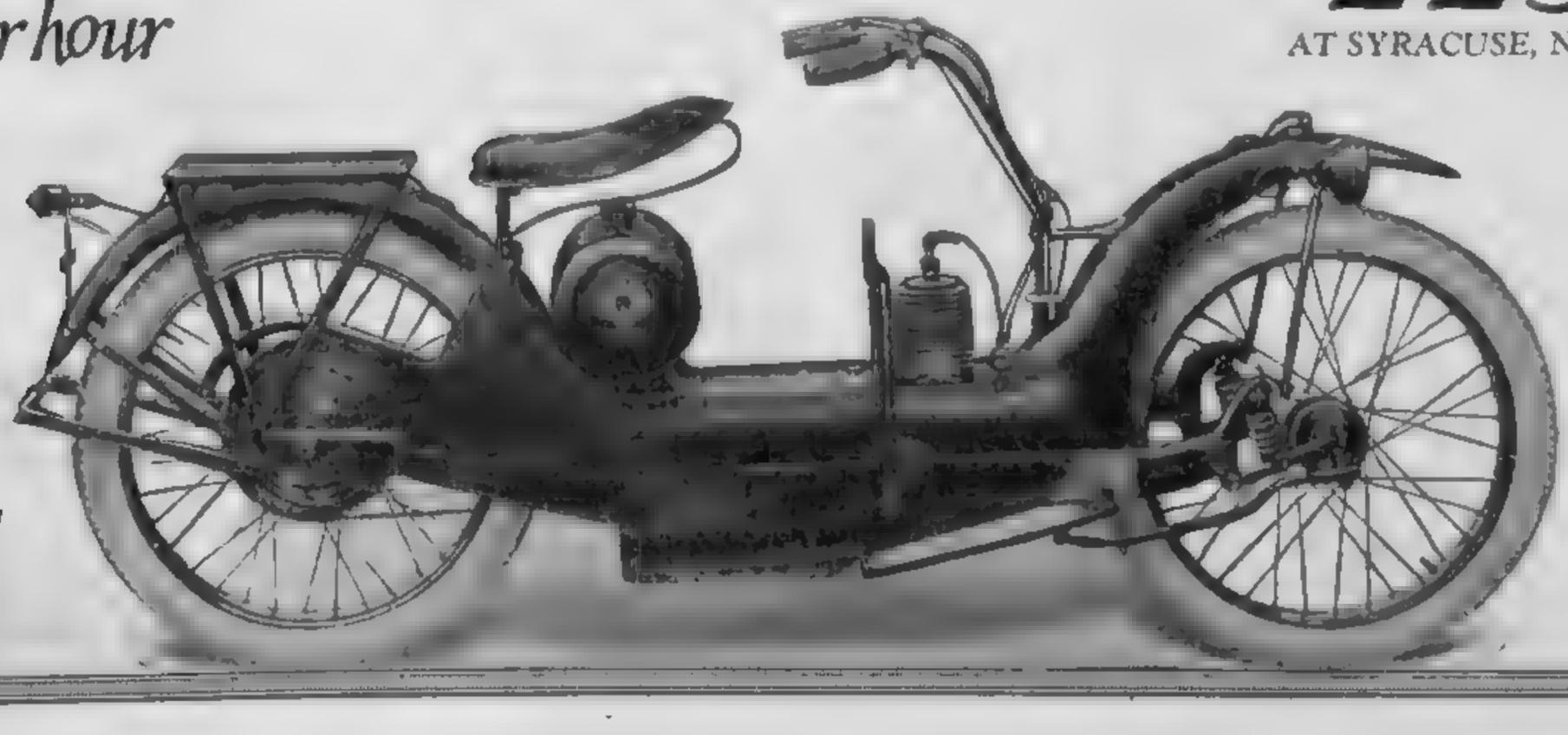
35 miles per hour

Business or Pleasure

FULLY EQUIPPED—NO EXTRAS!

$225 *Price includes 2 Electric Head Lights, Tail Light, Luggage Rack and Tools*

AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Dealers!

If none in your City, write for our plan.

Send for descriptive folder

REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.

Thermo Knitted Sport Coat

Guaranteed ALL Virgin Wool

$6.00

With Belt 75 cents extra

GOLFERS and men everywhere who enjoy other outdoor sports know the comfort of the ThermoSport Coat. It combines long service, comfort and style.

For golf
" outings
" motoring
" tennis
" gardening
" hiking
" office or
" homewear

Guaranteed all virgin wool assures you of getting the best value to be had in a wool garment.

Made in newest heather mixtures that look like cloth,—yet is elastic.

If your retailer cannot supply you write us.

Swansdown Knitting Co.
349 Broadway Dept. M New York

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

DEAF?

Ask for Proof that you can Hear!

For fifteen years we have been urging every deaf person to try the Acousticon for ten days, absolutely free of cost or obligation—this because we are confident that our constant and expert effort has succeeded in keeping it more efficient than any other device. We again urge you to accept the

1922 ACOUSTICON
For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL

No Deposit — No Expense

If you learn of another hearing device which claims equal efficiency, ask for the same free trial which we offer and compare the two in your own home. We will be very happy to have you choose the one which suits you best and return the other. Let no one convince you but yourself

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORP.
1301 Candler Bldg. 220 W. 42 St., N. Y. City

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

BALLIOL

(Continued from Page 13)

"Right. But he's not quite a pup. He's almost two."

"I'd the like of him in '78, when I was a lad. Bought him of Phil Mendoza, that had a shop in Seven Dials." Conor whistled two bars of the jig and tickled Balliol's nose with a cruel thumb. Then he said, "You'll be a son of Lord Bretherton of Sholes, sir. I mind His Lordship. They was spongin' the blood off me after I fought Billy Jevons in '79. His Lordship came up and said, 'Damn you, Conor, you've cost me thirty guineas!' A fine big man then. He'll be older now."

"I fancy you're thinking of my grandfather. My father was never at a prize fight in his life, and he'd have been at school in 1879."

The man tilted back his unwrinkled face and grinned. He said, in the same melody of sliding vowels, "God be above us all! But that's true. It'd be your grandfather, then. Eh! Doesn't time pass over us and we grow old easy? And childer put black shame on us and a laugh will be in every fool's mouth."

"You don't look an old man," said Noel.

"I can do my day's work still, and ask no man's help in it."

He stood up. It was a boy's motion. He took his hat from a round head and became old, so that Noel started. His curly hair was white to the roots. His eyes were of dull smoke, congealed and held between black lashes. The blue shirt rose on slabs of muscle as he breathed.

He said, "I'm sixty-three. But you'll see I'm still a strong man, sir."

He looked over Noel's head at the cars. Noel had to turn. The twins were staring. Nate Sears was rubbing his arms with cotton waste. At this group of young bodies the old man looked and began to whistle the gay little jig, treating its few notes kindly. He had been very still. Now his flat, handsome face wrinkled gently about the mouth. He whistled, and the sound hurt Noel's reason. Balliol pawed the Irishman's shoe.

"The pup likes me fine, sir," said Conor.

"I'm sure he does," Noel murmured.

"Eh," said Conor; "a pup's diff'rent from a woman, now. It's women that grow up to be clever and look out of windows at young fellows pitchin' snowballs under the trees." He sat down again and took Balliol against the amazing chest. The dog licked his chin. The old man spoke over the dancing red tongue. "Like in the tale. The girl looked out of the window and saw a young lad with black hair and red cheeks tramping the snow. Well, a dog's better. I've never been lucky with women. Is it a thing to be sad for? I don't know. Little dogs like me, and tall women run off from me. I'd best buy a dog, sir." He smiled.

Noel cleared his throat. The old man whistled, rubbing his chin on Balliol's head. From the big door at the top of the runway men were staring down. The fellows on the basin's edge were idling, their poles in their hands. These many eyes centered on Conor and the hot air was burdened. Everyone watched as if the whistle held them silent.

"What is that tune?"

"The name of it is Deirdre in Scotland, sir," Conor said.

He looked up. His eyes changed. The dull smoke dissolved and something glowed terribly, then was gone. Balliol barked, nuzzling his friend's neck. Conor let his head drop on the white fur and said, "Eh! I've no sons, sir. I like dogs. I had the like of this one in 1878. I bought him of Phil Mendoza, that had a shop in Seven Dials. I was known for a good fighter in them days, sir, and gentlemen would speak with me quite public in Piccadilly. But I'm not lucky with women."

Noel gently lied, "I've heard of you often."

"It's likely. I'll be gettin' home now. Good day to you, sir. You've the look of your grandfather, but you're not so tall a man."

He covered his white head and went strolling past the flat cars. The whistle rose and was shrill as a tortured violin. The boys sat immovable. Nate's hand was pressed on the side of his black shirt. Conor passed slowly into the village, and turned through the gate of a tiny house in whose yard flowers bloomed.

A man rapped his pole on the planks and cried, "It'll end in a killin', Nate!" and men murmured all about.

Noel walked through the beginning of a discussion and mounted his horse. The twins smiled happily, enjoying this tense battle of attitudes. Nate Sears stared at Noel with another look.

"It's too bad."

"Yeh," said the engine driver; "it's too bad. He's a nice old feller and always treated her fine. But what can I do? I ain't sore on him. I like him. Did you see his pants?"

"No."

"Gun in his left pocket. Hear him whistle when he walked by us?"

"It's incredible," said Noel. "I say, you lads, do keep out of the old chap's way! It'd be such a pity if -- -"

"He acts like we was laughin' at him," Nate Sears complained.

The twins said, "We ain't. Not much! A person that had any sense wouldn't laugh any place near him," and got down from the car to play with Balliol.

Noel let Balliol follow them along a rocky path that led to the whitewashed bridge over the mouth of the basin. The engine driver stalked by Noel's horse and drearily whistled this ominous jolly tune.

He confided, "It's awful hard on her, stayin' with this aunt I've got in Oil City. She's homesick. And misses the kids. 'Cause they was in school with her, and used to fetch notes from her to me, see? But she's scared of Conor. It ain't like he'd said a word either. We've been home a week and he ain't said a thing to nobody. It's awful unsatisfactory! You see why I wanted a gun?"

"Perfectly," said Noel, and pulled in on the bridge.

He saw, too, a house of red boards in the thin woods near the water. It seemed to cower against the base of a tree that floated its branches on the paling sky.

"That's our place," Nate Sears told him. "Dad built it. He used to run the engine, back before I did. Died of ptomaine poison from eatin' somethin'."

"How tall is that tree?"

"'Bout two hundred feet. Awful old, San Rawling says. Five feet thick at the roots. Yeh, it's a big one. Well, you tell San about this. So long."

He walked away and overtook the twins. Balliol sat on the bridge and looked up at Noel. Seeing his lord moody he whined and stood on his hind legs. Noel watched the Sears tribe pass under some petty trees and walk up an open patch of rough grass to their door. The colossal cedar shaded the roof of red tin. Its branches must swell twenty or thirty feet in all directions. It was superb. The house crouched below the tower of bark and dull-green boughs like a discolored pup at heel. The three brothers sat on the doorstep and were trivial.

Trivial people lost in a scented valley! Noel worried. This matter distressed him. It ought to be settled, healed up. The girl must be pretty. It seemed to be nobody's fault. He turned his horse. Conor was too old for reason, probably vain. People had chaffed him. He had an old man's sterile passion for this girl. That was all. Noel found his mouth pursed. He was whistling the jig.

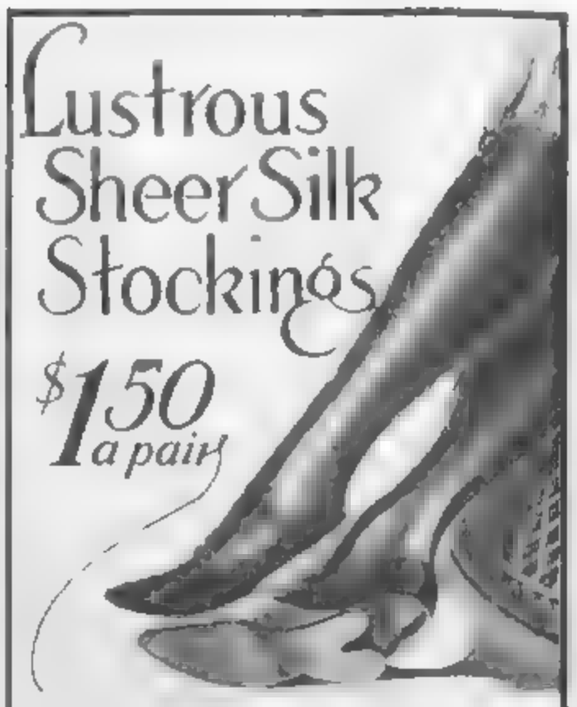
Balliol sat on a bathroom stool and watched his master bathe. Noel slapped water over the edge of the tub and said, full of gloom, "Distinctly none of my business, dear heart, and I should muck it all up if I tried to interfere. And, after all, San Rawling will buzz in by midnight. Damn that tune!"

Balliol was alarmed when Noel began to walk about the library after dinner, whistling and neglecting his pipe. The dog sat in the center of the rug and watched his lord stalk to and fro. Occasionally Noel paused to toss out some sentence. "Ridiculous! Watched them bury two thousand men in Flanders. Getting into a sweat over this! Sentiment, you know!"

Balliol flapped his tail on the rug. His master's stiff shirt front creaked. Noel ran his hands over his dark hair and sighed. Balliol sighed, suffocating with sympathy. Why didn't the deity go to bed if he wasn't going to read a book or smoke? He found the jig doleful.

The god said, "Preposterous! And, really, there's no such thing as civilization. One sits under an electric lamp and looks out. Idiots killing each other about flappers. It's absurd!"

Lustrous Sheer Silk Stockings



$1.50 a pair

Every woman will love these lustrous silk stockings.

All can afford the luxury of silken clad feet at this moderate price. Just think—pure thread silk, 8 inch extra elastic hem top, four ply heel and toe, high spliced silk heel, back seam and fashioned marks, all the appearance of full fashioned hose, with *seamless* comfort in the foot. Price only $1.50 a pair (East of the Rockies)

Exceptional durability is assured by the Iron Clad trademark.

All popular colors may be had .... black, white, cordovan brown, gray, navy, African brown, silver gray and Russian calf; also Nude, the new shade. Sizes 8 to 10½.

Ask your dealer for Iron Clad No. 903—get several pair. If he doesn't carry them, order direct, enclosing remittance and stating size and colors desired. Your order will be promptly filled postpaid.

Cooper, Wells & Co.
312 Vine St. St. Joseph, Mich

Iron Clad

HYDE

PROPELLERS

OUR BOOKLET "PROPELLER EFFICIENCY" WILL INTEREST YOU
May we send you a copy

HYDE WINDLASS COMPANY
P. O. Box 329 BATH, MAINE

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself. Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Booklet free. Write today. Do it now.
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 133, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

RAG JAZZ Piano, Saxophone or Banjo. Lessons by Expert Instructors. Christensen Schools in most cities, or learn easily by mail. Gain social success or make money teaching. Write Axel Christensen, 22 E. Jackson, Chicago

He kicked the rug with his shiny, black feet. Balliol was wary of those shoes. He doubted the quality of American blacking. They'd been much better licking at home. The god whistled and then flung himself down at the piano. He made the same tune come from the shimmering box. Balliol climbed a soft chair and peeped in at the vibrating silvery wires.

"Deirdre in Scotland," said Noel, lighting his pipe. "Who the devil was this Deirdre? Used to know. Where's the encyclopedia?"

Balliol was pleased. His god settled into a chair and pulled books from a shelf. The dog came to sit at Noel's feet and sniff the book.

Noel read out: "'In Keltic mythology, Deirdre was the daughter of an Ultonian chief. At her birth it was prophesied that she would bring ruin on Ulster. King Conchubor'—what a name!—'King Conchubor had her secreted in a lonely fortress, planning to marry her. However, having seen at a distance the beautiful Naisi, oldest of the sons of Usna, she fell in love with him. Naisi married her and, with his brothers, carried her off into Scotland. After some time, King Conchubor lured the fugitives back into Ireland. Naisi and his brothers were treacherously slain at Conchubor's orders, and Deirdre became the old king's bride but presently destroyed herself.'

"Oh!" said Noel and sat staring at Balliol over the book.

His pipe turned slowly in his teeth and red ash sifted to the page. He started and slammed the volume back into its slot on the shelf. Then he said "Oh!" again, and walked through the windows to the rail of the veranda.

A new moon had set already. The valley was obscure under stars, but bulbs speckled the village and a wind went with delicate sounds among the nearer trees. The coachman was playing a concertina behind the house. He debauched some melody on his wheezy instrument. After a time some men tramped along the road and one of them sang in a high and whining tenor that sent words to the veranda with a dreary insistence:

Give me some covers, honey,
I'm feelin'—
I said I'm feelin',
Feelin' cold.
Oh, the cold ain't touched ye!
You're just a good man gettin' old.

The silly rhythm crawled like an aching muscle. Noel shivered, went back into the lit room and kicked the rug. He told Balliol, "My conduct is unworthy of the name of Briton! I shall be seeing ghosts directly. Did you ever know that there's a ghost at home? In that room with the blue wall paper and regency furniture. Cousin Ursula saw it distinctly one night after she'd lost twelve rubbers of bridge. We'd best go to bed. And absolutely no policemen in the whole bloody valley! Married her and, with his brothers, carried her off to Scotland. Became the old king's bride, but presently —— I dislike this heartily, Balliol."

Balliol barked. "Oh, shut up!" said Noel. "You're not enlightening. I confide in you and you squeak like a beastly seagull. But I don't like this. They're all so bland and simple. Now what would happen at home?"

Nothing would happen at Sholes. It wasn't conceivable that anything of this sort could happen at Sholes. The owner of the best public house in the little market town was a retired prize fighter, of course, but how tame! The man grew fuchias and had nineteen grandchildren, with two daughters yet unmarried.

"Feudal," said Noel. "Ab-so-lutely feudal! Grandfather lost thirty guineas on Conor in 1879. And Conor's got a revolver in his left hip pocket."

The twins should have revolvers. What earthly good would Nate's revolver do the twins if they came on Conor suddenly in one of these glades among this pestiferous underbrush? The butler came in with a tiny jar of Scotch whisky and an icy bottle of soda on a tray.

Noel said, "Thanks. I was rather wanting that."

The butler beamed. He uncapped the soda and filled Noel's glass slowly. Certainty entered the room with his glazed shirt front and bald head.

Noel asked, "You've been here some time, Cooper?"

"Ten years, sir."

"Conor," Noel heard himself asking, "how long has he been here?"

"Quite a long time, sir. About thirty years, I think. This business between Conor and young Sears, sir," the sleek little man pronounced, "has disturbed the people considerably. Mr. Rawling's quite annoyed. The young fellows have bets on it, you see. I believe Sears is the favorite. He's a very fine shot."

"Do they kill each other very much hereabouts?" Noel demanded.

"Oh, dear, no, sir! Not often. Mr. Sanford Rawling has a way of—what one might call heading them off. But of course—there's a woman in this business. Very disturbing. Thank you, sir."

Noel gave Balliol the empty soda bottle and watched the dog worry it. A wind breathed into the room and ruffled white hair between Balliol's ears. The whole business was silly, disturbing. And how very American to make bets on the slaughter! A thousand people sitting about and waiting for a charming old fool to kill a handsome young fool or be killed by him! And the twins were so pleased by their importance.

"Come along," said Noel; "we'll go to bed."

The clock struck half past ten. Noel walked up the shallow oaken treads of the staircase and Balliol climbed after him diligently, much enchanted. Then he saw his master turn and start down the stairs again.

Noel said, "They should have guns! That old ass is quite as likely to pot them as he is the big chap! It's preposterous!" in a loud jarring voice; and went striding to the closet beside the butler's pantry. From this armory of shotguns and revolvers the young man picked out two weapons and jammed them into the pockets of his dinner jacket. Then he said, "Come along, old thing! They deserve some protection. I do hate the way that old maniac whistles."

It was stifling under the trees in the village. Noel saw men lounging inside the stone smithy, whence blew a chilly air, flavored with horse. A baby cried in one of the cottages. A lad whose bleached hair shone ran across the road and bawled at a lit doorway, "Hey, mamma, it's a girl!"

Noel walked slowly. Before one of the last houses a girl was saying, "Well, I'll see you at the pieshers t'-morrow night, Jimmy. I got to go in now," and her drawl threatened Jimmy with all the displeasures if he didn't protest. He did. She said, "Well—I can'stay a minute." And the night put a question on the following giggle. If Jimmy hadn't kissed her, Noel thought, he was an ass.

Birth and love went on in this tunnel of trees. The basin was a fog of brilliance under the stars. Points of glitter appeared between floating logs. Noel paused to look. The little lake seemed to palpitate as though the burden of wood made its bosom pant.

He stumbled on the ties of the narrow track and came to the whitewashed bridge, where dew was dripping from the handrails. The smell of pine was burdensome in the tepid air. Noel halted on the middle of the bridge.

The door of the cottage below the giant tree was ruddy. Nate Sears and the twins would be awake. Perhaps it was too hot for sleep. The twins had been sleeping out last night, on a blanket, by the water, from which rose a cooler influence in the panting darkness. Noel lit a cigarette and leaned on the rail.

Directly Nate Sears said underneath him, "Hey! What you doin'?"

"Where the devil are you?"

The twins chuckled. Noel stared down and made out a blot of blackness. He lit another match and beheld the Sears family sitting on a raft of four logs, dangling their legs in the water. Six blue eyes took his match flame and sparkled.

"We're keepin' cool," said Nate. "Got any more cig'rettes on you?" He stood up on the raft and stretched his white arms under the rail. Noel shoveled cigarettes into his palms. The big man drawled, "Thanks a lot. Hey, there's the pup! 'Lo, pup! Gimme a light, will you?"

Noel gave him a match and said, whispering, "I say. I've got two guns for the twins. I'll leave them in your cottage, eh?"

"You're a good guy. Yeh. Do that. He's fetched you guns, kids."

The twins said, "'S fine. Thanks a lot," and splashed their legs in the water. Noel thought how unsafe it was to sit with one's

GOTHAM

The Underwear of a Gentleman

GOTHAM

Underwear is designed to meet the demand for finely tailored, scientifically proportioned garments that assure with the utmost in comfort the utmost in service . . . . .

GOTHAM *Athletic* UNDERWEAR

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. Troy, N.Y.

It Pays!

AUBREY LAWRENCE HILSCHER of Washington says: "I have done several kinds of work in my spare hours—I have worked in a bindery, and in a printing office; I have sold household appliances and I have clerked in a store. But I can truthfully say that *in one evening I make as much and sometimes more with your work than I made last year in an entire week's spare time.*"

Let Us Pay You Cash for Your Spare Hours

MR. HILSCHER is a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He finds that most of the people he knows and meets are interested in at least one of these popular publications. So it doesn't take him long to pile up a handsome profit for an evening's work.

We have an opening for more men and women of ability and determination who wish to earn extra money in their spare hours. No experience is needed. Shall we tell you about our offer? Mail the coupon at once.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 656 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Yes, you may tell me about your spare time profit offer. I'm interested, but I assume no obligation in asking.

Name

Street or R F D

Town State

he has the

SIMPLEX
AUTO·THEFT PROOF·LOCK

Positive protection. Locks steering post rigid so car can't be steered. Made of case hardened steel. Guaranteed for life of car. Reduction in theft insurance premiums more than pays for it.

Conveniently located. Easy to operate. Installed on any car in 20 minutes without changing original construction. 200,000 in use. Sold by 10,000 dealers. Send for booklet.

Your dealer has or can get a Simplex Lock for your car.

SIMPLEX CORPORATION 2214 Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

"I had no experience, yet I obtained ten orders my first hour."

Robert T. Robinson

"BUSINESS is dull in my part of the state," writes Robert Robinson of Connecticut, "but people will buy a product of high standard. I was without experience in this sort of selling, *yet I obtained ten orders my first hour.* I do not know of any other way that one might spend time to better advantage, or receive better profits."

Do You Want More Money?

What if business has seemed dull? The demand for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is as steady as a rock. As their subscription representative you have an opportunity to make big profits for whatever time you have to spare. Send the coupon below for full details—without obligation.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
658 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: This is my request for details about your cash offer for my spare time. I am assuming no obligation in asking.

Name_____ Street or R. F. D. _____

Town State

trousers soaked and smoke cigarettes on a raft in a pool at night. But was anything safer for the Sears family? Nate pulled himself up on the bridge and touched Noel's arm.

He seemed to be barefoot. His soles made no sound as he followed Noel a few yards up the planks.

"Look here. A feller came over and told me, right after supper, that Conor's gone off up the valley. This guy seen him walkin' off up past the graveyard. I don't like that. Looks like he was sneakin' over to our side of the creek off where nobody'd see him. Gimme them guns and don't go near our place. 'S why I've got the kids out of the way. They don't know it."

Something in Noel rose against this disorder. He said: "This is simply preposterous! The fellow won't shoot me. Here, take these guns. I shall go talk to him if he's hanging about your place. This is utter rot. Simply abysmal."

"Look here," said the engine driver: "Gimme them guns and go home to bed. Sure this is all rot, like you say. Only I and the kids can't go and sit in the blacksmith's and let folks say we're scared of Conor. But I don't want the kids shot up; or me neither. I ain't tired of life, and she likes me better without any holes in my stummick or an eye plugged out. Conor's dippy about her and this is tough on him. He ain't reasonable. Gimme them guns and go home."

Noel handed over the revolvers. Then he said, "I shall certainly see if this ass is hanging about your house, and if he is I shall send him about his business. This sort of thing simply doesn't do. It's the twentieth century. Keep the twins quiet."

He stalked off, aware that Nate Sears called something after him softly, but not caring to hear. He walked from the planks of the bridge to the soft earth of the road, fuming. Conor must certainly be spoken to sharply!

Trees made the lit door of the cottage blink and twinkle. The monstrous cedar behind it was a blur. Noel strode into the shadow of some smaller growths, which he fancied birches, and looked up a stretch of meadow at the glowing door. Balliol whined uncomfortably in this gloom and Noel found the door depressing. With the cottage empty behind its genial doorway this lamp was a mockery of welcome. He stood listening for any sound of a man among the trees, any sight of a shape on the meadow. There was nothing. Balliol worried a branch of low brushwood and sniffled. What a silly business! But Conor might be lurking behind the house or in the shadow of the great tree. It towered upon the stars and assumed, somehow, a male shape.

It was a misty giant threatening the little house. Noel said "Stuff!" loud, and walked from the brush into the meadow. Balliol pattered ahead of him.

Then Balliol turned and barked, and a hand shut on Noel's shoulder.

Conor said, "Come back, sir! Come back! Come out of this! You shan't go near them, sir!"

His voice rolled and sobbed. He dragged Noel back toward the shadowy brush. Noel shook his hand off and cried, "Ridiculous! Look here! I'm frightfully sorry for you! It's a beastly shame. But you're ever so much older than this girl and she's married this lad and he's quite all right. You should stop to think ——"

"I'm destroyed with thinkin' of it! It's a sorrow in me till I can't eat nor drink nor sleep. Come away, sir, and let them be. Mebbe she'll think kinder of me, that's an elderly man and not bad in any way but unlucky with women, when she can't see their black heads nor the red in their cheeks—like blood on snow, as it is in the tale that old women tell. I'm an old man and a decent man and she never had an unkindness from me. What does it matter to you, sir? Oh, come away!"

Noel found his eyes hot. He said, "I'm frightfully sorry for you. Look here: Do go home to bed. I—it's —— But Sears is a decent lad and he's sorry for you, and I ——"

"God be above us all, day and night! Is it any better that he'll be sorry for me? With her ——" The music of the tearing voice stopped in a jerk. Conor dashed his hat from his head, which gleamed in this shadow. He screamed, "Whistle him back to you! Call the dog back to you, sir! Don't let him go near them!"

Balliol's white fur was wandering up the meadow. Noel stared. What madness! Even a dog mustn't go near the empty house which Conor thought held his enemies who weren't enemies.

He said, "Oh, that's all right, Conor! But ——"

"Call him back to you, sir! It's a fine pup! Call him!" Conor howled. Then he whistled terribly and ran up the meadow. His white hair raced. He was running desperately and calling, "Puppy! Here, here!"

"Mad," said Noel. "Mad as a ——"

Balliol barked. Then the earth rose. The lit door became a fan of spraying flame in a shivering world. Noel was shaken by a sea of motions. Through this vapor he saw the great tree bending slowly forward. A rippling shrill sound bit Noel's ears. He thought, "Shells! Shells!" Something lashed his face cruelly. He put up a hand and found that he hadn't a helmet. He flung himself down on the turf. Bits of stone seemed to be rattling about him. He smelled uptorn soil.

There was a mighty but soft noise with cracklings in its softness. Then there was nothing to be heard.

Noel sat up and found blood running from his temple, blinding his eyes. But he had something to do, not certain about its terms. There was certainly something. He got up, found a slim trunk, a sapling, near his hand, and clung to it. His ears ached with the noises. He leaned on the tree and called, blinking. He shouted, "Balliol! Here! Come here, sir. Balliol! Here!"

A horrible aching came into his knees. He licked his lips and pursed them for a whistle. Then Balliol jumped against his leg and whimpered. Noel sat down and felt the dog's fur with shivering hands. He mumbled, "You're all right? Nothing hit you? You're all right?"

Balliol wriggled and twisted and began to bark. He danced on Noel's shirt with his happy paws and sniffed between his barks.

Ovals of light shone suddenly into the branches of the fallen tree and made the green boughs unreal, like strips of torn paper. Men shouted. He could hear Sanford Rawling giving orders.

"Find Mr. Bretherton! Look! Get into the tree and look for him!"

A motor had driven almost to the crushed branches. Noel saw his host standing in the machine, with lanterns dancing all about. He got up and lurched along, with Balliol twisting in his arms. Then he collided with two bodies running close together, very wet.

"Here!" said Noel crossly. "Mind what you're about! I'm afraid Balliol's hurt."

The twins screamed, "Hey! Hey, San! Hey, Nate! Here he is! He's all right!"

"Oh, bring a light here!" Noel yelled. "I want to see whether Balliol's ——"

Everything stopped.

He woke up in the library and saw Balliol lapping a bowl of milk on the pleasant green rug. Noel admired his dog's composure in trying circumstances. Balliol looked like a sensible fellow doing the reasonable and orderly thing. The Sears twins were eating bread and butter on a couch side by side and looking sympathetic while Sanford Rawling tied a medicated bandage about Noel's head.

The butler was holding a tray with a glass of sherry on its silver. Noel reached for the glass.

"Dynamited the tree. Made a machine with an alarm clock," said Rawling. "He was clever about things like that. Made toys for me when I was a kid. Feel all right inside, Noel?"

Noel coughed. "Quite, thanks. He was quite mad. The tree fell on the cottage, of course? I couldn't very well see."

He rose and strolled across the room to the mantelpiece for a cigarette. Someone was crying miserably near at hand. Noel saw Nate Sears sprawled on a chair in the bright hall with his head in his arms.

"Nasty business," said Noel. A hope trembled in him. He looked at Sanford Rawling and murmured, "About Conor? I dare say ——"

"He can't have felt anything. Big branch hit his back. Better go to bed, Noel. You look all shaken up."

Balliol had finished his milk. He came trotting to nose his master's feet. Noel didn't dare look at him. He lit a cigarette. The first smoke rolled about the spark of the match and dulled it as if a mad eye glowed for a second and then was quenched in mercy.

The FRANKLIN

NEW PRICES

Touring Car - - $1950
(War price $3100)

Sedan - - - - - $2850
(War price $4350)

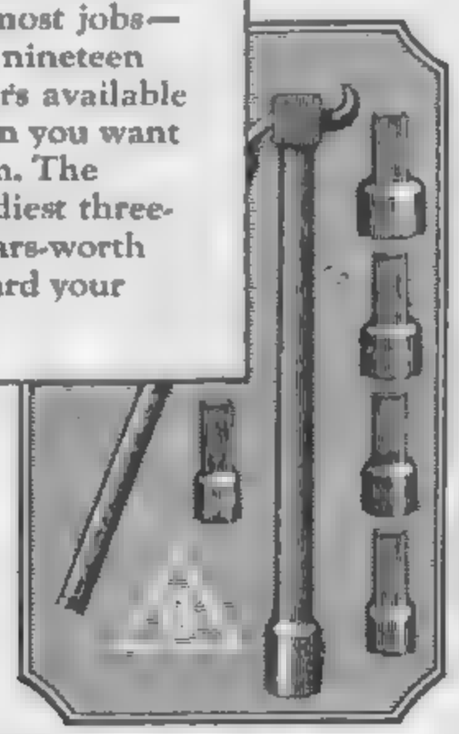
Other types in proportion
f. o. b. Syracuse

FRANKLIN cars are selling today at the lowest prices in the history of our six-cylinder types, extending as far back as 1906—with the single exception of a four-month period in 1916.

Franklin construction and quality of material are not surpassed in any car made anywhere.

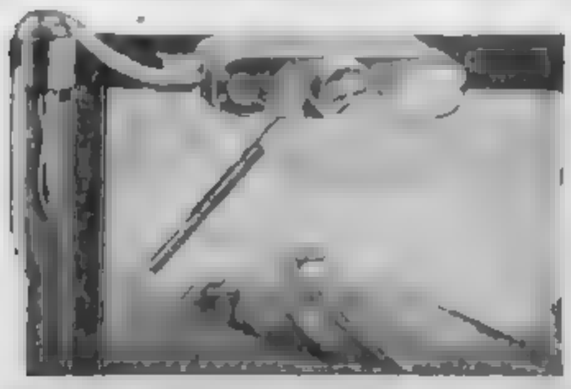
FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
(H. H. FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE FRANKLIN CAR)
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Here's a socket wrench set that slips nowhere except in your pocket—with all the sockets you need for most jobs—and nineteen others available when you want them. The handiest three-dollars-worth aboard your car.



The Billings & Spencer Co
Hartford, Conn.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
Eveready
Automatic
Windshield Cleaner



CLEAR VISION—AVOID COLLISION

This convenient device is not merely an accessory—it is a positive necessity—something that is protecting thousands of motorists from serious and many times fatal accidents. Keeps the windshield free from rain, fog, mist, dust and snow. Ideal for winter and summer driving. The protection is well worth the price $7.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you order direct. Money refunded if not satisfied. Fits any gas car or truck. Approved by leading automotive engineers.

Canadian price $10.50

APEX ELECTRIC MFG. COMPANY
1410 West 59th Street Chicago, Ill.

The Troutdale
Colorado's Finest Mountain Resort

Easily accessible [illegible] west of Denver
a new modern [illegible]

In the Heart of the Rockies

Special [illegible] golf, tennis and dancing [illegible] rooms. Hot and cold running water in every room.
30 Log Cabins. Live in your own little cabin, if you prefer.
Rates $3 per day and up, American plan. Make reservations [illegible]
Open June 10th.

The Troutdale, Evergreen, Colo. Chas. E. Owen, Mgr.

THE CHAP UPSTAIRS

(Continued from Page 11)

She it was who made the next remark.

"Have you seen lots?"

"Seen lots?" he repeated dully.

"Wives," she answered.

He presumed it was one of those modern jokes or catches. He knew the one about "Isobel necessary on a bicycle," but "Lot's wife" was new to him. It was only civil to reply in kind.

"No," he said; "she was turned into a pillar of salt before I was born."

His humor was wasted, however, for Mary was occupied staring at the decorations of the room. She did not seem to hear. She had a pleased smile about her lips. To cure himself of noticing these details John assumed a businesslike air.

"You wished to see about—er ——"

"About the situation, please."

He screwed up his forehead.

"The situation?"

"Yes, please."

"Whose situation?"

"Yours."

"But I haven't one," he replied. "I have a position of sorts, but no situation."

"The one you offered," she explained.

"I didn't, did I?"

"Advertised for."

"My dear young lady, I've never written an advertisement in my life."

"But you have," said Mary. "I brought it with me." She started rummaging in the pocket of her skirt.

"I saw it on a piece of paper that Mrs. Carter—she's the old lady who keeps the all-sorts shop at Ponder's End—it's a post office, too, and you can buy string there, and buttons, and there are bottled sweets in the window—Greengage Bounders—Bulls' Eyes—Clove Balls and Pevensey Humbugs—Ponder's End is in the country—it's where I live and very pretty."

John Harvey was beginning to feel dizzy.

"I may be unusually dense," he said, "but were all these details printed on this piece of paper to which you refer?"

"Oh, no," said Mary, shaking her curly head so hard that the little Mercury cap fell off and lay unnoticed on the floor; "it was a piece of newspaper and was wrapped round some Demerara sugar I bought, because the blue bag had a hole in the corner and was leaking. It's in my pocket somewhere. I cut out the advertisement with my scissors—at least they aren't really my scissors—but then, no scissors are anybody's really own scissors—are scissors?"

A man's nerves need to be in good order if they are to remain under control after such an utterance. John Harvey stumbled to his feet and made pretense of looking for his glasses, mumbling as he did so, "Perhaps you would be good enough to convey to me the substance of this mysterious advertisement."

And as though it were the simplest thing in the world she answered, "You advertised for a wife, and I thought perhaps I would do."

John Harvey knocked over a pyramid of books and upset a vase of tulips. The spilled water trickled into his shoe and calmed him.

Mary had come to her feet to make her announcement and was picking out the creases in her blouse, smoothing her skirt and generally presenting herself to the best advantage. The ingenuousness of her actions was inconceivable.

"Good heavens!" gasped John. "Show me this advertisement at once!"

A mere glance at the cutting was enough to allay his fears. He turned to Mary with a gasp of relief.

"This is a mistake!" he exclaimed. "You've made a serious mistake. The advertiser's address is Number 9, Melbourne Court. Mine is Number 7. You can see for yourself I don't want a wife. Certainly not a newspaper wife."

But Mary did not move. The glad expectancy died out of her face, her mouth went down and her chin dropped.

"Will you please tell me what I ought to do?" she pleaded.

He shook his head.

"I really don't know. I—I have very little experience in these matters."

"Should I go up to the flat and ask there?"

Strange that the bare thought of such a thing should have put him out of temper.

"Certainly not," he replied, "unless you know the man who lives there."

"But I don't. Do you?"

"Not personally. I've heard him moving about, but I've never seen him."

"But he wants a wife," said Mary, "and as I've come all this way ——"

John Harvey put out a restraining hand.

"My dear young lady, I forbid you to go about from door to door being a wife at every one of them. It—it isn't decent."

He was surprised at his own valor; so, apparently, was Mary. She raised her eyes with a look of submissive admiration.

"What must I do then?"

He pointed at the chair and bade her sit down again. She was oddly willing to obey. As she marched toward it the absurd feather boa fell off and revealed the gentle lines of her throat and shoulders. The absence of the boa and the little Mercury hat made a remarkable difference to her appearance. She was beginning to look less like a picture and more like a human. But for the shortness of her skirt, the domino effect of boots and stockings, and a totally ridiculous piece of ribbon that imprisoned her hair in a knot at the top of her head, she might have passed muster in any company. It was as though a latent homogeneous sense was superimposing upon the characteristics of Los Angeles the simpler seeming of South Kensington. Already she had ceased to appear out of place in John Harvey's flat, a fact which he recognized with uneasiness and alarm.

He cleared his throat.

"Sit down," he said, "and let us consider what is best to be done."

"Yes, but it isn't fair to take up your time," Mary persisted. "You don't want a wife."

He hastened to assure her that this was so.

"No, you don't," she repeated pathetically. "Do you?"

"I have already told you I do not," he replied.

"But he does," said Mary with a nod at the ceiling.

"Then he must go without," said John Harvey. "A man who has the effrontery to insert such an advertisement has no right to expect applicants. It's a shameful proceeding."

"But if he was lonely ——" Mary suggested.

"That has nothing to do with it," he answered with heat. "I am very disappointed in the man who lives upstairs; and I had formed such an agreeable opinion of the fellow too."

"Had you? Why?"

He turned to answer. The knot of ribbon had disappeared from the top of her head. Her hair, with its crooked side parting, had fallen serenely over her ears. The change it wrought in her was magical and so surprised John that he lost track of what he was about to say.

"Won't you have some tea?" he said. "You're sure to be tired after traveling. It makes people tired. Do have some tea. There's a crumpet—I know there's a crumpet. We could share the crumpet if you care for crumpets."

Mary looked so pleased.

"I like crumpets," she nodded. "They ring bells for crumpets the same as for weddings."

All conversational roads between the sexes lead to or away from the altar. To cover his embarrassment John Harvey rang a bell—for tea. Roberts' satisfaction on receiving the order was too obvious to be tolerated. He inquired whether he should secure the services of a second crumpet.

"Do," said John severely. And then with an effort to relax he remarked, "Are you aware, Roberts, that they ring bells for crumpets the same as for muffins?"

"Weddings," said Mary correctively, and Roberts retired with a smile.

A silence followed Roberts' departure, broken at last by Mary.

"If I'm to stop, may I please change my shoes? I brought another pair in case there was a party."

John murmured an inaudible assent and went and looked out of the window. Night was falling and the window glass had the impertinence to reflect the room and its occupants. He could not avoid seeing what happened. Mary opened the parcel she had brought, and it was a bird cage with a pair of slippers inside it. She sat on the floor with her back toward him, and presently he saw her take out the slippers and put the deplorable boots and the pair of

"Just like rolling up the shades—that's what new Luxeberry Enamel does to a room. It glows with a soft, subdued lustre unlike the hard, glassy glare of ordinary enamels."

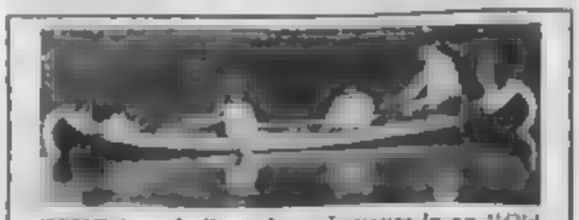
Luxeberry
ENAMEL
The Finish Immaculate

BERRY BROTHERS
VARNISHES
ENAMELS STAINS

PENNSYLVANIA
QUALITY
LAWN MOWERS

A lawn mower is known by the service it gives. That's why Pennsylvania Quality is known as the standard of satisfaction and economy.

At Hardware Dealers and Seedsmen



THE joy of all outdoors is yours in an "Old Town Canoe." For "Old Towns" are the easiest canoes to paddle. They are the fastest and steadiest canoes made—the lightest and strongest canoes you can buy—and the lowest priced. "Old Towns" last for years. $54 up from dealer or factory. *Write for new catalog showing all models in colors. Free.*

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
205 Fourth Street Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

"Old Town Canoes"

DO-IT-ALL TRACTORS
An Actual Plowing Scene
The Vertically Adjustable Bail Wheels Keep DO IT ALL Level

"DO IT ALL" TRACTORS pull a 10 inch plow. They [illegible] power. They [illegible] for the small [illegible] operates your lawn mower. So easily handled a ten year old boy can run it. Costs only $247.00. Information without obligation. Ask for catalog PS.
"DO-IT-ALL" TRACTORS CORP., 39 Park Place, New York City

BE A BOSS
Build your OWN business, wholesaling Chocolate-Bars, Chewing Gums, Candy-Mints, etc. Attractive packages. Exclusive proposition.
KELMET PRODUCTS FACTORY, Cincinnati, Ohio

Corns

Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

The Road To Health and Beauty

A daily check on your weight marks your progress on the road to ideal health and beauty. Know exactly the progress you are making; guessing is dangerous. Weigh yourself daily without clothes—it is the only safeway. The

HEALTH-O-METER

"The Pilot of Health"

will gauge your health correctly and conveniently. Just step on and read your correct weight on the dial. Thousands are in use. See, try and examine the Health-O-Meter at our expense. Our illustrated circular gives the all-in-your-favor details. Write—right now.

Continental Scale Works
2128 W. 21st Place, Chicago

She Doesn't Guess —She Knows!

For Every Home

Write For 10 Day FREE TRIAL OFFER

3000 Bargains

Nemco Bargain Supply House
400 Loretta Street, Chicago, Ill.

Delivered to you Free

12 Months to Pay

Tires

Mead Cycle Company Dept. B-55 Chicago

Write us today for free catalog

white stockings into the bird cage. This done, she again wrapped it in the piece of oil cloth, stood up and shook out the folds of her skirt. By some astonishing process it seemed to have increased its length by four inches.

The reflection in the glass revealed a perfectly normal and very attractive young lady—simply clad in a white blouse, a black skirt, black silk stockings and black satin shoes. The rosette had disappeared altogether.

"I've finished," she announced, and turned for his inspection. "It was kind of you to ask me to tea."

He was too confused to talk sense.

"Tea is not a kindness," he stammered. "I gravely doubt if it is even a courtesy."

Mary shook her head at him.

"Do you always talk round the corner in that funny way?" she demanded.

"Really, I don't know. I have never been round the corner to see."

"And do you live here all alone?"

He admitted to the charge of solitude, but added that he had his books for company.

"No friends?" she queried.

"Very few."

She sighed.

"I haven't any friends either. I'm very lonely too."

At which he hastened to reply, "I never said a word about being lonely."

"But it is lonely to live all by oneself with nothing but books."

He refused to be drawn, and she proceeded:

"Still, I suppose in a great big place like London one can't really be lonely—and in a great big place like these flats one can't be lonely either. There must be something very sociable about living in flats."

The denial came from him in spite of himself:

"You're entirely wrong. There is probably no more lonely existence in the world than living in a flat." And in answer to the surprise she revealed: "You wouldn't understand that because you come from the country, where everyone knows everyone else, and everyone is part of everyone else. But here in London one is only part of oneself; often quite a small part too."

Tea appeared, which was tiresome, until Roberts disappeared.

"Would you like me to pour out?" asked Mary

"If you would," said John. "Thanks."

Strange how pleasant it was to watch a woman performing this simple feat. He was quite captivated and followed the movements of her wrist and fingers with a curious sense of basking. The experience was so novel. As she passed his cup their eyes met.

"Do go on talking," she said.

"Ah, we were discussing loneliness."

"Yes."

"You wouldn't understand how it feels to live with people to right and left, people above you and below—about whom you know nothing. You meet them, perhaps, in a lift, on the stairs, hear their voices in laughter or raised in argument, and yet they're strangers. It's queer, isn't it?"

She nodded sympathetically.

"And you don't even know the chap—the man who lives upstairs?"

"No; he's a mystery to me."

"Ah, well," said Mary practically, "I don't expect you want to know him."

"It's curious you should say that. You're wrong. I do. I want to know him very much. Until—until to-day his life has interested me extraordinarily."

He seemed reluctant to proceed, but the kindliness in Mary's eyes persuaded him.

"In some curious way I feel there is a bond of union between us. Every morning he gets up at the same time as I do, and he has his bath at the same time as I have mine. I actually enjoy hearing the water splash when he turns on his tap; enjoy it. It gives me a solid sense of companionship."

He caught a smile flickering at the corners of her mouth and stopped abruptly.

"You are laughing at me. I can hardly blame you."

"But I wasn't; I wasn't, really," said Mary. "Do go on."

So he went on, and he told of the delight he had to hear the waste water go plonking down the pipe outside his bathroom window.

"It gurgles away so merrily as I rub myself down with a towel. In a way I think it hyphenates his mysterious existence with mine."

Mary nodded appreciatively.

"Yes; and then?" she said.

"And then he walks back to his bedroom. I imagine he must have linoleum in the hall."

"Why?"

"Because you can hear his footfalls so distinctly. Light footfalls they are, and absurdly enough I try to keep step. Left, right—left, right. But I never succeed; I never can step short enough. Then, click! The bedroom door shuts and a heavy-pile carpet muffles all the rest. We shut our bedroom doors at the same instant every morning; only he shuts his gently and I bang mine."

"Why?" she asked again.

"Because I think if I bang mine he'll bang his, and so we shall contrive some kind of early morning greeting. Bang—bang. 'Top of the morning to you, sir, whoever you may be.' Did you ever hear a stupider idea than that?"

"I think it's rather pathetic—very pathetic." And although there was obviously no reason for them a hint of tears glistened in her eyes.

"Pathetic?" repeated John. "I fail to see where the pathos comes in."

"So far as I can see," she returned, "it never goes out. Oh, it's very pathetic that anyone could have so little interest in life that they listen to a few poor footsteps overhead, some soapy water splashing down a pipe, and try to get someone they don't know to bang a door. It's very pathetic indeed."

"I wonder," said John. "Perhaps it is."

For the first time he looked at her without conscious uneasiness.

"Do you know, it has been extraordinarily pleasant to me to have met you in this rather unconventional way. I—er—I've never spoken to a woman with any comfort before."

"Haven't you?" said Mary.

He shook his head.

"Oh, well," she said, jumping to her feet, "I think I'd better be going."

He stretched out a hand to delay her.

"But not upstairs," he pleaded.

She hesitated—half hurt, half doubtful. Then, "Well—if—if you say I mustn't."

"Ah, that's good-natured of you," he warmly applauded. "I'm sure these rash marriages are a great mistake. Would you, I wonder, let me drive you as far as the station in my car? It would be a real pleasure."

"I suppose it would," she acknowledged ruefully. Then a sudden twinkle showed in her eyes. She beckoned him to approach.

"I say, do you think, from what you've heard of him—the chap upstairs could have been pleased with me?"

She raised her chin, their faces were only a few inches apart. It was John Harvey's first experience of a close-up, and it shook him to the bone.

"I think it's exceedingly probable," he replied huskily.

Mary Merrow backed a pace with a ripple of pleased laughter. The sound of it—the sex of it—awoke something elemental in John Harvey's nature that had never proved its being before. A sudden fury possessed him, and he stamped across the room to the door.

"And I think I'll go upstairs," he cried, "and tell that fellow precisely what I think of a man who acts as he has acted!"

"Oh! Please don't!" she implored.

"I feel it a public duty. A man has no right to take short cuts to the state of holy matrimony."

"Yes; but I was just as bad."

"Nothing of the kind. With you it's entirely different."

"Oh, is it?" said Mary, with the strangest smile. "Is it? Oh!" The last "Oh" sounded peculiarly satisfied.

He turned, came back and took her hand in his. "Are you really so keen on this marrying business?"

"I think everybody ought to be married," she said. "I think it's rather silly not to be married when you can be, and it's certainly very sad not to be when you can't be."

He sighed and her hand dropped from his.

"I suppose women look at things in a different way."

"Sometimes they have to," she answered with her smile again. "You see, I haven't any bath water running down a pipe outside my window."

The words were spoken innocently enough, but they had the strangest effect on John Harvey. He swiveled round and looked at her, his hands came up from his sides and floated about in the air as though they were trying to find something, he seemed to be

Why we want you to try ten cigars

We believe you can't judge a cigar properly by buying only one or two. Smoke ten El Nelsors before you decide whether you like them. A letter brings a box of fifty to you, postage prepaid. If, after the tenth, you are satisfied, send us $3.75. Otherwise, return the remaining forty at our expense.

Test El Nelsor under all conditions. Perhaps you light the first one outdoors. That is not much of a test.

The second you may smoke in the office in mid-afternoon. You don't notice it particularly.

After dinner you are surprised at the satisfaction the third El Nelsor gives. Another later in the evening tastes still better.

Then you order. You have become one of the thousands of smokers who during the last twenty years have felt they have been getting a bargain, an even-burning, delicately flavored cigar worth more than the 7½ cents we charge.

Consider that you are getting a cigar of long, high-quality Cuban-grown Havana leaves blended with Porto Rico for filler. Genuine Sumatra leaf wraps them up. Skilled adult cigarmakers working under the most sanitary conditions produce them.

Our offer is simple: Let us send you a box of 50 El Nelsor cigars, postage prepaid. Smoke ten at our risk. Then, if you decide the box isn't worth $3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days. You are under no obligation whatever.

In ordering please use your business stationery, or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Order direct from us and get the benefit of the jobber's and retailer's profits.

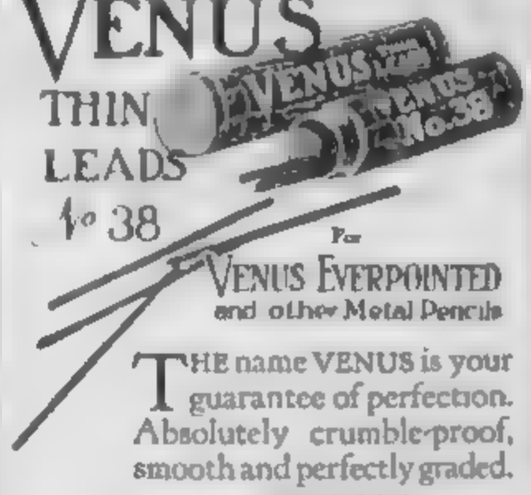
Our catalog sent free on request shows other sizes and shapes, including a fine line of clear Havana cigars.

Shivers' El Nelsor EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
25 Bank Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

VENUS

THIN LEADS No 38



For VENUS EVERPOINTED and other Metal Pencils

THE name VENUS is your guarantee of perfection. Absolutely crumble-proof, smooth and perfectly graded.

7 DEGREES

2B soft & black	H med hard
B soft	2H hard
F firm	4H Extra hard

HB medium -for general use

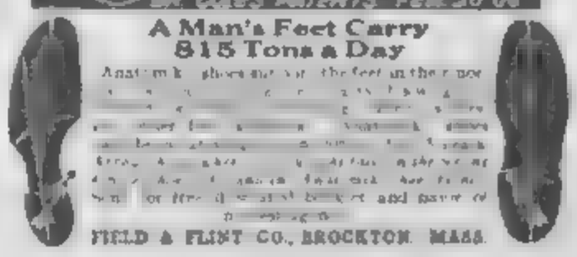
15c per tube of 12 leads; 2 tubes for 25c

If your dealer cannot supply you write us.

American Lead Pencil Co.
218 Fifth Ave., Dept. P, New York

Ask us about the new
VENUS EVERPOINTED PENCILS

A Man's Feet Carry 815 Tons a Day



FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

drawn towards her. It was only by a miracle he saved himself—and dived for the door.

"Roberts!" he cried. "I want a taxi."

But Mary did not move. Her brows had come down a trifle in something resembling a frown. "Not for me," she said. "I'm going upstairs."

The sentence rang with a note of desperate resolve.

John Harvey turned and faced her with clenched hands. Then with unexpected rapidity he whipped off his coat.

"Whatever are you doing?" the girl demanded.

"About this time," he answered, "the chap who lives upstairs generally comes in and sits on a chair that has a squeaky spring. I, too, am going upstairs."

The meaning was unmistakable.

"I shouldn't," said Mary. "He's sure to be late to-night."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because"—she hesitated, approached and put a hand on his arm—"because, you poor lonely and very old young man, I am the chap who lives upstairs."

"What nonsense! You ——"

"I am the chap who lives upstairs, and I hear your bath water splashing into the bath, and I hear your slippers flapping down the passage, and I hear your door bang out its greeting. And all these things have become part of my life in some awfully silly way, that only people who live the awfully silly lives you and I seem to live would understand."

He had sunk into a chair and was staring at her blankly.

"But the advertisement in the paper?"

"I put in that advertisement." She sounded very ashamed of herself.

"Those extraordinary clothes."

"I've often sat beside you at the cinema and seen how your eyes lighted up when the orphans came in."

He nodded, and she went on: "At first I was only mildly interested in you, then I got more interested, and at last dreadfully interested; and when a woman gets dreadfully interested it can't stop there. I didn't know how I could get into this flat and see it—and you—so I thought of this very elaborate and rather deceitful and a little bit disreputable plan."

She was staring at the carpet when the confession came to an end.

He rose and took a turn up and down the room. He stopped before her.

"Well," said he, "and now you've seen the flat and its owner are you sorry you came down from upstairs?"

"No—I'm glad," she answered.

"And are you an orphan?"

She nodded.

"Yes, please. But I had to buy those dreadful boots. Mine were too smart. I'm afraid I'm rather a rich orphan."

But he would not allow that.

"As yet we're both poor orphans," said he. "Our fortunes await us."

With a sudden inspiration he raised his head to look at the ceiling.

"You're listening," said Mary.

"No."

"Surely you believe I am the chap who lives upstairs?"

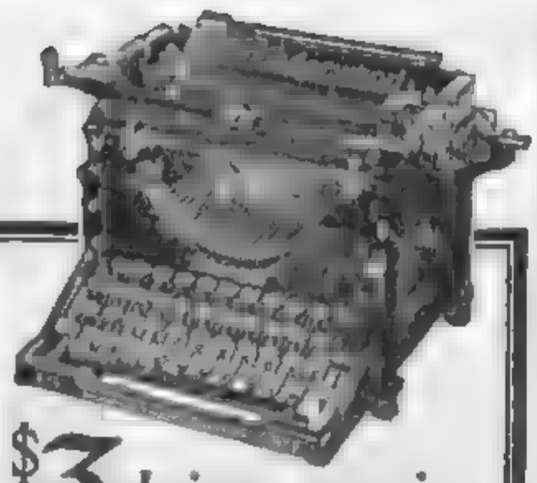
"I believe it."

"But you're still listening."

"No, I'm wondering," he replied. "I'm wondering if two flats could be converted into one. I'm wondering if a landlord would approve the idea of a spiral staircase that ——" He turned and looked at her fearlessly, possessively. "Shall we sit down and talk this thing out?"

And she answered, "Yes, if you please, Daddy Longlegs."

When Roberts came in to clear away the tea things a few minutes later they were sitting side by side on the sofa and he was calling her Pollyanna.



$3 brings genuine
UNDERWOOD

Yes, only $3 down puts this genuine standard Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood in your home. Then—small monthly payments, or if convenient, pay cash. Either way you get the *world's standard* typewriter at a big cash saving.

WHY PAY RENTAL?

Think of it! You pay little more than rental and [illegible]. We offer the same three-model [illegible] Underwood Typewriter which [illegible]. Shipman-Ward machines are prized users and are rebuilt like new by experts. [illegible] all from brand new machines. Visible writing, the [illegible] keyboard. Two color ribbon, back spacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, etc.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

See for yourself! Try the typewriter ten days. You must be satisfied or the entire transaction [illegible]. Act today. Get our big illustrated catalog and full particulars. Write NOW

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Typewriter Emporium
SHIPMAN-WARD MFG.CO
2755 Shipman Bldg., CHICAGO

Send by return mail Bargain Offer No. 2755 of a Standard Visible Writing Underwood. This is not an order and does not obligate me to buy.

Name

Street or R. F. D. No

Postoffice State

The Business for You!

Make and sell Crispettes. Delicious confection. Everybody loves them. Can't get enough. Come again and again for more. Easy to make. Raw materials plentiful and cheap.

Quick success [illegible] anywhere. Here, small town, [illegible] Amusement [illegible] offers [illegible] big profits [illegible] parks, [illegible] grand [illegible] fairs, [illegible] drugstore, and so on. Possibilities [illegible] experience. Little capital starts you on road to phenomenal earnings.

Write—Get My Help—Begin Now!

Others are making money—lots of it. Letters just received during this year tell of wonderful successes. You can succeed, too. Start is all you need. I'll gladly help you. Furnish everything—complete outfit, materials, secret formula, full directions, wrappers, etc. Send post card for illustrated book of facts. Tells how to start. Explains most successful methods. Gives all information needed. It's free. Write now!

LONG EAKINS COMPANY
556 High Street Springfield, Ohio

Learn Languages at Home

French, Spanish, German, etc.
Quickly, Easily Learned

In your home in spare time at a trifle [illegible] and now I am able to [illegible] by the Berlitz Method. [illegible] Berlitz Schools [illegible] Method [illegible] Berlitz Method [illegible] Berlitz Schools [illegible] vantage of [illegible] great opportunity. Write at once for full particulars.

THE BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
Dept. A, 30 W. 34th St., New York City

[illegible] in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Detroit, Chicago, Paris, London, Madrid, Rome, Berlin, and over 200 other cities.

PATENTS
BEST RESULTS

BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

May 13, 1922

Cover Design by Thomas H. Webb

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Wasps—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	5
The Chap Upstairs—*Roland Pertwee*	10
Balliol—*Thomas Beer*	12
The Test of Lochinvar Bobby—*Albert Payson Terhune*	16
The Ninth Way—*Carl Clausen*	26
Henry Gets an Assist—*Jonathan Brooks*	36
The Hotel Remember—*G. Appleby Terrill.*	52

ARTICLES

From McKinley to Harding—*H. H. Kohlsaat*	3
How Do They Get That Weigh?—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	8
The Inside Story of the A. E. F.—*George Pattullo*	14
Selling to a Crowd—The Auctioneer—*James H. Collins*	18
Slow—Sound Horn—*Courtney Ryley Cooper*	19
Inside the Bootleg	24
Business as the Farmer Sees It—*E. Davenport*	29
The Print of My Remembrance—*Augustus Thomas*	30
Balanced Work—*Woods Hutchinson, M. D.*	40
The Credit Trimmers—*Edward H. Smith*	88

SERIALS

The Covered Wagon (Seventh part)—*Emerson Hough*	20
Rita Coventry (Fifth part)—*Julian Street*	22

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	28
Out-of-Doors	66
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	68

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Corns?

—just say

Blue-jay
to your druggist
Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 20, for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet"

Make Your Garden A Wonder Garden

It's easy. Market growers know the secret. Follow it and [illegible] largest [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] Use [illegible] Vigorous [illegible] potash—clean and odorless.

For crops in rows, set the tablets a foot apart along the row [illegible] tablets, one every ten days, in the hills make [illegible] No dish. Melons and vines fairly jump [illegible] apart [illegible] use three to four tablets, [illegible] tablets two feet apart, extending from the trunk as far as the longest branches.

Fine also for greenhouse benches and pot plants.

Four tablets dissolved in a gallon of water, used in place of liquid manure, is less trouble and gives better results than [illegible]

[illegible] Sturdy plant [illegible] is effective in feeding and forcing. Market Gardeners use them in large quantities. [illegible] $3.50.

If your dealer hasn't it, order from the makers.

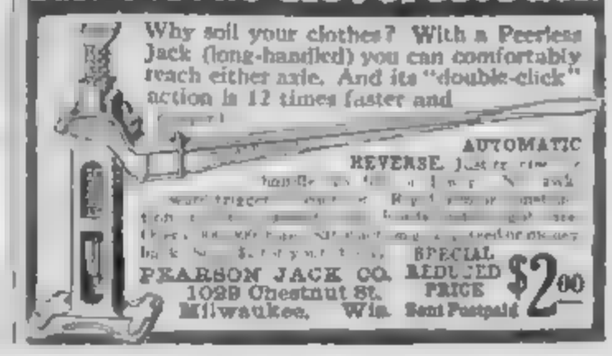
EARP-THOMAS CULTURES CORPORATION
80–86 Lafayette St., New York

More Money for YOU

Many of our subscription representatives will earn $200.00 or more extra this summer. Why not you? No experience needed. We furnish complete equipment. For details, without obligation, write:

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
657 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

America's Cleverest Jack



Why soil your clothes? With a Peerless Jack (long-handled) you can comfortably reach either axle. And its "double-click" action is 12 times faster and [illegible]

AUTOMATIC REVERSE. Just [illegible]

SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE $2.00

PEARSON JACK CO. 1028 Chestnut St. Milwaukee, Wis. Sent Postpaid

LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

Your first ride in a LINCOLN *car will disclose to your delight that the developments and betterments which distinguish it are neither slight nor theoretical*

The moment you engage the clutch and the car is under way, you *know* that here is a mechanism whose very character is different from anything you have ever known.

From that first moment your experience is one of constant revelations.

These revelations continue day after day, and month after month, until you have encountered the entire range of diversified road conditions with which a motor car must grapple.

You discover that not only does the LINCOLN annihilate distance with less apparent effort and with greater comfort to its passengers, but that it triumphs over adverse travel factors in a way that is more masterful and more confidence inspiring than you ever thought was possible in a motor car.

TWELVE BODY TYPES

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LELAND-BUILT

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

For a successful shortcake—every time

Your shortcake crust is delicious when made with Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard.

It is just the right consistency for blending well with the flour, and really "shortens" the shortcake.

For dependable results use the lard that is always the same—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand—uniform in quality—pure—just right to work with.

Comes in sanitary 1 pound cartons, and in tins of three convenient sizes,—2, 5, and 10 pounds.

Use this recipe. Sift together 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 4 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. With a fork, work in 4 tablespoons of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, then add ¾ cup of milk. Pour the dough into a well-greased pan, and spread it out evenly about ½ inch thick. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven.

Split in two, spread with butter and fill with mashed strawberries. Cover the top with whipped cream and decorate with whole berries.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

For Your Sun Porch Inset-Tile Linoleum

ALL your ideas about linoleum will change when you see the new kind of linoleum that good stores are offering as permanent floors for modern homes.

The sun porch in the picture has a floor of Armstrong's Inset-Tile Linoleum—one of the newest and most distinctive designs in which this improved linoleum is made.

Here is a typical case where the floor blends right in with the color scheme. The pattern is simple and the furnishings can be changed to suit the season.

This floor is easily cleaned, and an occasional waxing keeps it in perfect condition.

A sun porch of average size, 12 x 14 ft., can be floored with the Inset-Tile Linoleum shown in the illustration at a cost of about $73.00 (slightly higher in the Far West). This linoleum is cemented down firmly over builders' deadening felt. A floor so laid always remains tight, smooth, and absolutely waterproof.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"
(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of many pleasing and artistic designs.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
939 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the
CIRCLE A *trademark*
on the burlap back

The
Sun Porch

Wicker furniture, chintz coverings, and a floor of Inset-Tile Linoleum give this room an unusual and pleasing decorative effect.

Kitchen Economy

Old Dutch is safe to use on porcelain and enameled surfaces. The soft, flaky particles remove all dirt quickly without injury. Contains no lye, acids or hard, scratchy materials. Economical—goes farther; does better work.